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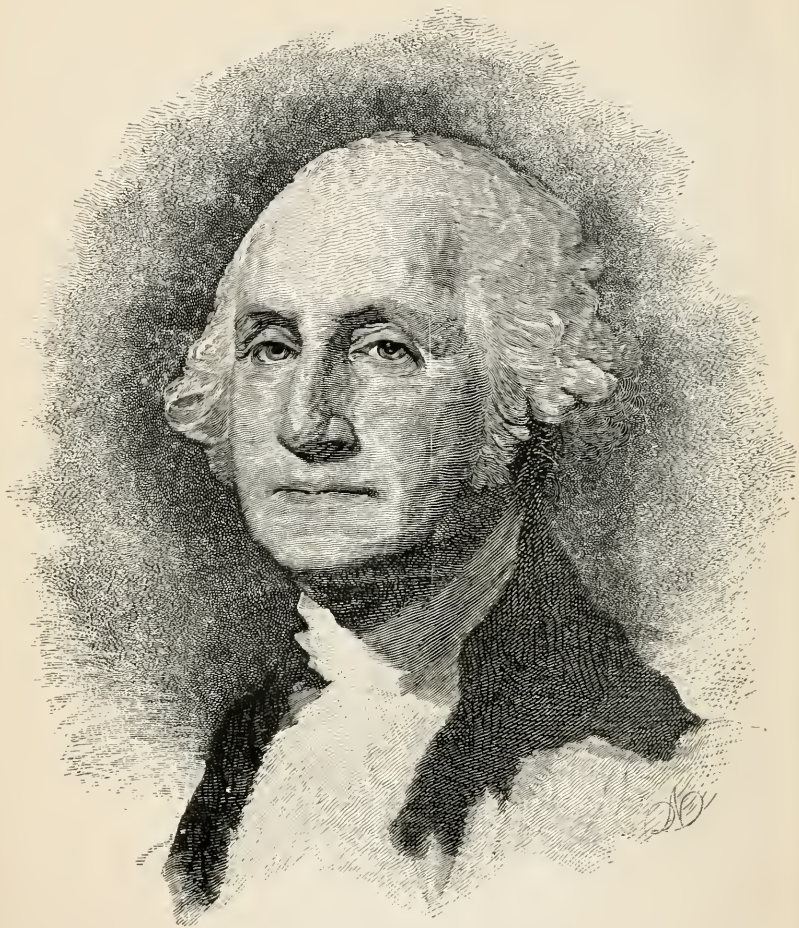
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THE BOOK OF
AMERICAN WARS

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GEORGE WASHINGTON

From the Athenæum portrait by Gilbert Stuart

THE BOOK OF AMERICAN WARS

BY

HELEN NICOLAY

Author of "PERSONAL TRAITS OF ABRAHAM
LINCOLN," "OUR NATION IN THE
BUILDING," "BOYS' LIFE OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH
PORTRAITS AND MAPS



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TO
AMERICA'S BOYS IN THE
PRESENT WAR

PREFACE

The United States is a country dedicated to freedom and to peace. Yet, first and last, it has been called upon to do a deal of fighting, and has done it well.

This volume does not pretend to go into details. It does not even touch upon the longest of all our wars, the one that continued intermittently for over two hundred and fifty years between hostile Indians and white men who were not always blameless.

It is an attempt to tell in a few words and in broad outline why our principal wars were fought, and how; to point out how one American war has differed from another in glory; and to show that wars, like mountain ranges or human beings, have personal characteristics of their own.

Washington, D. C.
September, 1918

H. N.

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PART I
COLONIAL

THE BOOK OF AMERICAN WARS

CHAPTER I

OUR HERITAGE OF COURAGE

IT took courage to become an American. To-day it is hard to realize how much was necessary. Discoverer, explorer, and settler crossed the Atlantic, each in turn endowed with a different kind of courage. That of the settlers was not the least, for the discoverers and explorers, from Columbus down, were sustained by the spirit of adventure. They were out to see strange sights; they hoped to gain fame and fortune; but whatever their luck, they had always the sustaining hope of returning home to share with friends and countrymen the memory of their travels.

With the actual settlers it was very different: they expected to live and die in the wilderness. No matter how unhappy, or even tragic, their lives had been up to that moment, it must have seemed like stepping into an open grave when they set foot upon the uncomfortable little boats that

brought them across the Atlantic. They had looked for the last time on home and kindred. And when, after tossing about for weeks and even months, suffering everything that the sea and their own thoughts could inflict on them, they came to land, it was to find that while they had left oppression and injustice behind, they had also left behind much that was agreeable. In place of the smiling, cultivated fields of the Old World, they saw only forests or forbidding rocks or, at best, untilled, grassy glades. For the herds and granaries of Europe they had only the small remnants of musty food left from the long voyage. Until something could be improvised on shore there was absolutely nothing for shelter except the ships they had come in. They had to send the ships back for supplies or they would indeed perish. It was not only food that they lacked. With good luck they might expect to provide that for themselves. But they had been able to bring with them only the smallest outfit of tools and clothing and guns, or even of ammunition for the guns they had; and there was not a place for the making of any of these articles within three thousand watery miles. Whatever their feelings as they stepped aboard the ships to leave home, it was like the closing of a grave to watch them fade into the blue distance, eastward bound. The sea

never looked so vast or the forest so full of danger as when they turned again toward their makeshift dwellings. It was for better, for worse, for all of life, and until death made them part of its very earth that they had given themselves to the New World.

It happened that settlers from England had most to do with founding the colonies that afterward became the United States; but we cannot understand our own history without giving a moment's thought to their neighbors. Columbus, as we all know, never saw the mainland of North America. Five years after his wonderful first voyage another man, John Cabot, an Italian navigator in the English service, landed somewhere on the Atlantic coast between Labrador and Nova Scotia, and took possession of it in the name of the English king, Henry VII. Thus England entered her claim to North America very early indeed. During the next hundred years Spaniards had the greatest success in such enterprises. Following the lead of Columbus, they sailed toward the south, saw the wonders of Mexico and Peru, looked upon the Pacific Ocean, and pushed as far north as our Southern States. Then England and France came again to the front, and France made thrilling voyages of exploration, taking a northerly route, sailing up the St. Law-

rence and into the Great Lakes and following the Mississippi down to the Gulf of Mexico.

Although the English put in their claim early, for ninety years they did virtually nothing in the way of settlement or discovery. Spain had many ships; the English had few; and it was only after Drake's victory over the Spanish Armada in 1588 that they could sail where they would. After that happened, they confined their attention to the stretch of North Atlantic coast that they called Virginia, leaving extended inland explorations to the French. Yet, despite the many years that passed between John Cabot's voyage and the sinking of the Spanish fleet, there are those who believe they see in that voyage of the Italian explorer the beginning of England's victorious navy. Cabot reported that he had encountered great schools of fish, numerous enough to stop a vessel. These reports encouraged fishermen to venture out to capture them. Stout ships had to be built to live in those stormy northern seas, and strong, able sailors were the only kind to man them. From these, as a beginning, grew the skill and the fleets with which Drake swaggered joyously and victoriously around the world.

Almost every expedition of importance tried to make some sort of settlement in America, but ill luck dogged them. Hardship does not always

sweeten human nature, and in the little groups that made up these first settlements there were persons of varying degrees of wisdom and selfishness; some who were friends by instinct and others who were enemies without knowing why. Sudden danger, such as an Indian raid, might unite them all while it lasted; but in seasons of comparative prosperity quarrels were sure to arise. When we consider the danger from Indians, the danger from pestilence and famine, and the danger from explosive human nature, it seems a miracle that America was colonized at all.

It was very difficult. The Spaniards only succeeded in making one settlement that was destined to last and become part of the United States. This was St. Augustine, founded in 1565, almost three quarters of a century after the first voyage of Columbus. Jamestown was established in Virginia by the English in 1607; but England had been trying vainly for twenty-nine years to found a colony. France was unsuccessful in Canada and Florida for sixty-eight years before she laid the foundations of Quebec in 1608. Meantime, because of famine or sickness or attack by Indians or by white explorers with whom their country happened to be at war, settlement after settlement, begun in high hope, disappeared utterly. What became of some of

them is not known to this day; the tragic fate of others was learned only too well by later comers.

Although a large amount of American territory was soon covered, and returning voyagers brought back strange plants and animals and even Indians to prove their wonderful stories, these stories were wild indeed. One was that North America was inhabited by fauns. Only enough was known to arouse curiosity. Not only kings and nobles and rich merchants talked about it; there was scarcely a man so ignorant that he did not repeat fables and indulge in guesses about the New World. Perhaps this was just as well, for if the early settlers had realized what they would find here or had dreamed of what they must suffer, they would never have come.

But they did come, and settlements began to multiply. It was a time of great unrest and longing. Changes were taking place in trade, in politics, in religion, in ways of thinking, and ways of living. Ever since Europe had possessed a history the strong had ruled the weak, and the poor had been virtually the slaves of the rich. Very great things had been accomplished under these conditions. Immense castles had been built for the glory of kings, and immense and beautiful cathedrals raised to the glory of God. Universities had been founded; wars had been waged,

great fortunes made. The need to safeguard the fortunes and to keep order so that the other advantages of civilized life could be enjoyed were bringing about increased respect for law and justice. Men with clear minds and warm hearts were beginning to use their reason, and to ask whether any human being, even a king or a pope, had the right to be absolute master of another man's mind. The discovery of America greatly quickened such thoughts, and in time our New England colonies were peopled by sturdy men and women who came to find out the answer to just such questions.

From the beginning the Spanish and the French on the one hand and the English on the other entertained totally different ideas about their American colonies. To make this plain it may be said that the Spaniards and the French looked upon America as a mine, while England thought of it as a farm. The first two took riches from it greedily, but were unwilling to put improvements upon it in return; England, however, desired to make permanent settlements and to develop the country,—to make real colonies.

Explorers from Spain had gone in search of gold. They believed tales about rivers of diamonds and trees that bore rubies. They imagined cities where every lintel was studded with

emeralds, where every man was a silversmith, and every woman wore a golden chain. Also, they searched for a fountain of eternal youth. The story of their early explorations reads like a wonderful romance. Not only did they start out in search of fairy tales; they saw very marvelous things, and their adventures lost nothing in the telling. Brave to the point of recklessness, they feared nothing on earth. They feared a great deal in Heaven, as they imagined Heaven, and, being religious after their fashion, laid great stress on converting the natives to Christianity. But they treated them as only fit for slavery, and at times were shockingly cruel.

The more practical French had not much faith in fables about golden cities and fountains of eternal youth. Their main object was to gain territory for their king; and like the Spaniards, they were eager to convert the Indians. They went about it in a kinder and more sympathetic spirit and, on the whole, managed to keep the friendship of the red men better than other Europeans. Many priests accompanied their expeditions; but their story is no less marvelous and dramatic than that of the Spaniards. It tells of remarkable devotion, and of torture and suffering of all sorts endured as they carried loyalty to their king and the banners of their saints through end-

less leagues of our northern woods. Though their explorations led them through a region that has since become famous for its mines of copper and iron, they did not dream of all this hidden wealth. They saw a country rich in furs, which might be bought from the Indians for a handful of trinkets, and in this the French government recognized a mine well worth working.

As far as the records show, the English had small concern for the Indians' immortal souls. Yet they thought themselves, rightly enough, God-fearing folk. Three classes of people made up their growing colonies in the New World. There were men who had money to "adventure"; who were ready for any sort of speculation that promised well. Then there were the planters, who did not care for that form of gambling in a savage region, but who came intending to clear the land and engage in agriculture. Last and most important in the making of our history were the earnest and pious men and women, interested in questions of right and wrong, who emigrated to America because they could not live in England as their consciences dictated. The first had the courage to risk their fortunes. The second risked their lives as well. The third came bringing the courage of their convictions.

Between them all, the English settlers and

those from Spain and France, they planted upon fertile American soil most of the kinds of courage that have been potent in making the world's history.

CHAPTER II

HUNTERS OR HUSBANDMEN

AS the years passed, and the English colonies grew, each went on working for itself. What little heed they paid to neighbors was usually in the nature of criticism, for no two were alike, and each strongly preferred its own ways. Yet there was a family resemblance among them, and all were loyally English. The men and women who, for religion's sake, had sailed across the ocean to settle in the region of Massachusetts Bay, had preferred the privations of a colony in the wilderness to the hospitality of any nation where their children might lose affection for England or forget their mother-tongue. The well-to-do planters of Virginia and Carolina, whose interests were bound up in the growing of tobacco, sent their sons "back home" to be educated, and imported from England the books and good furniture and good wines with which their mansions were well stocked.

Individually, the colonists of both regions, rich and poor alike, were sturdy and independent. A century and more of colonial experience had

taught them many things. They had learned to do without much that was considered necessary at home, and to do the essential things for themselves. Because they were far away they had been forced to decide matters of government without waiting for permission from king or Parliament; and because distances were vast even between the settlements of the same colony, these settlements got into the way of sending men to represent them and to look out for their interests at the place where the colonial governor had his residence. From this custom colonial legislatures developed almost of their own accord. The form of government differed in detail for each colony; yet there was one feature common to all that differed from any form of local government in Old England. England had nothing to say about local taxes in the colonies. That was a question for the colonial legislatures. Each decided for itself how much money should be raised and how it should be spent. This must not be forgotten, for it is the basic fact of much American history.

One other thing that Americans learned in their years of colonial experience was the great lesson that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. They had not grown from a mere handful of Europeans living behind stockades, within sight of

the ocean, to their present condition of thirteen prosperous colonies without having to fight for peace. They had been trained in battle from the very beginning. Indians had been the bane of every new settlement, and Indian massacres the cruellest visitations of pioneer life. The very necessity of the case had made every settler an expert marksman. He kept his loaded weapon beside him as he tilled his field, and carried it on his shoulder when he went to church. Inside the cabin it rested on a rack, ready to his hand. As settlements grew, and some of the cabins gave way to fine houses for rich folk, the habit remained. The southern planter had his guns and his horses and his dogs. The main difference was that he owned more of each than his equally prosperous New England brother.

It was not only against the Indians that the colonists had been forced to defend themselves. Time and again the French in Canada had allied themselves with the savages and descended upon English settlements. During the final seventy-five years that the French owned Canada there was open hostility about half the time. "King William's War" lasted from 1689 to 1697. Between 1703 and 1713 there was a decade of fighting known as Governor Dudley's Indian War, Governor Dudley being at that time gov-

ernor of Massachusetts. Governor Drummer's Indian War occurred between 1722 and 1725. Between 1744 and 1749 there were five more years of fighting; in 1754 war was again declared, and continued until 1763, when France gave up her Canadian possessions to the British. This last is the struggle known as the French and Indian War, the only one with which, for the purposes of this volume, we have to concern ourselves.

Reasons for such wholesale hostilities were several. In the first place, loyal colonies were supposed to be ready to do battle whenever the mother countries went to war, and England and France had long ago formed the habit of flying at each other's throats. Then there was the standing quarrel as to which country really had the best right to Canada. England based her claim upon John Cabot's landing in 1497. France pretended to believe that this never happened, and pointed to her actual settlements. French explorers had pushed farther inland than the English ever thought of doing; French trappers and fur-traders had managed to link Canada with far-off Louisiana by a chain of posts on the St. Lawrence, on Lake Erie, near streams that led into the Mississippi, and on that mighty river itself. Even before 1700 the French real-

ized the great importance of this, and one governor of Canada implored those in authority at home to send out ten thousand men and women to settle in the Ohio valley.

This brings us to the third and most important reason. Canada was rich in furs, but too far north for the profitable growing of corn, and in order to make the most of her great game-preserve north of the St. Lawrence River, it seemed evident that France must either gain a foothold on the Atlantic coast far enough south to grow grain, or keep supremacy in the valley of the Ohio. The country farther to the north and west that has since produced such wonderful crops of wheat was then unknown and uncharted. Even the country between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi was hardly inhabited by white men; but the English were increasing rapidly, and their settlements crept steadily forward. It was the part of wisdom, therefore, to take steps that would prevent their spreading farther. So the real and fundamental issue was the possession of territory,—was whether the opening wilderness of North America should belong to French Canadian huntsmen or to British farmers.

As there were no roads back of the settled districts near the Atlantic, it was impossible for any large number of white men to travel in company

into those regions except along the natural waterways. Consequently, the government that held the few points to which these waterways inevitably led possessed the whole region. With this in mind, a single glance at the map shows how important was the line held by the French. They could sail along the St. Lawrence to Lake Erie, travel only a short distance by land, and reach streams that flowed into the Ohio, which, in turn, carried them into the Mississippi and through the center of the continent to the Gulf of Mexico. If they chose, instead, to leave the St. Lawrence at a point not far from Montreal, they could follow the Richelieu River to Lake Champlain and go on into Lake George, known at that time as the Lake of the Holy Sacrament, from which it was only a step to the upper waters of the Hudson River which led straight south into the very heart of British colonial possessions.

Every decisive battle of the French and Indian War took place on one or the other of these lines: at Fort Duquesne, near the forks of the Ohio, where the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers come together to form that stream; or on Lake Erie; or somewhere on the St. Lawrence River or Gulf of St. Lawrence; or in the neighborhood of Lake George. Although dominance in the West was the prize, most of the fighting occurred

in the East, because population was thicker there, and because the St. Lawrence, Lake Champlain, and the Hudson formed a direct route between the main strongholds of the two combatants.

France was the most powerful nation of Europe at that time, and this in itself gave the Canadians one advantage over their opponents. They lived under a strong central government whose orders had to be obeyed without question whether they were good or bad. When they were told to furnish a certain number of men, those men had to be forthcoming if it was physically possible. In the British colonies each separate legislature discussed such matters, voted whether or not to send out soldiers, decided how many should be raised in case any were raised, for how long a time they should be enlisted, and the rate at which they should be paid. It was rare indeed for two colonies to settle such questions at the same time or in the same way, and the resulting confusion can be imagined. In the long run it proved a blessing, for even the mistakes trained the people in self-government until they were fit to become an independent nation; but it distinctly hurt their cause in the French and Indian War.

Two things made war in America different from war in Europe. The first was that it took place in a new and uncleared country. Battles

were fought in thick woods where the most skilful general ever born could not have marched and deployed his troops or conducted his campaign as was done over the field and roads of a long-settled country. War in America had something the character of the old border forays between England and Scotland, where a few men under daring leaders swooped down upon temporarily defenseless towns or upon laborers in the field, captured, looted, and burned, and returned to their own territory with prisoners and booty. But it was even more primitive, for the fields were only clearings in the forest where corn grew between stumps of trees. Instead of old gray-stone cities, there were new settlements, scarcely begun; and in place of castles, square blockhouses built of heavy logs and surrounded by palisades of upright logs planted side by side as a protection against Indian attacks.

It was, however, the Indians who gave to these wars American peculiarities that lasted long after the Indians themselves had passed on to other hunting-grounds. Both the English and French feared them as enemies and sought them as allies; and both, be it said to their shame, allowed them to do battle after their own savage fashion, with details too horrible to dwell upon. Although they were not always to be trusted as friends, it

may be said in a general way that the Algonquins and kindred tribes living in Canada sided with the French, while the smaller, but more ferocious, group known as the Six Nations, among which were the Iroquois and the Mohawks of western New York, fought on the side of the British. Indians have proverbially long memories, and Iroquois hatred of the French dated back to 1609 when Champlain, just to show his power, pointed his loaded harquebus straight at an Iroquois chief and fired. Two Indians fell dead at the shot, and the rest fled; but the deed was never forgiven. Had it not occurred, it is possible that the northern boundary-line of the United States might have curved much further to the south.

The French Catholics had been more successful than British Protestants in gaining the friendship of the Indians and converting them to Christianity. Indeed, the British seem to have been almost insultingly indifferent to the red men's natural likes and dislikes; but the French, with greater sympathy and understanding of their natures, worked hard to keep their good will, and indulged their fondness for feasting and display, even at times when they themselves had to go hungry. A few who were not above turning religion to base uses tried to inflame race hatred by telling them that Christ had been a French-

man, cruelly murdered by the English. Those who did not go so far as this made much of a fact that the Indians were just beginning to comprehend, namely, that the British intended to cultivate the land and would drive the Indians away from it forever. As far as the Indians could see, the French cared only for the hunting and were quite willing to share it with its original owners. All in all, it is small wonder that they preferred the French.

Official records seem to prove that the French authorities in Canada, having gained their friendship, fitted out scores and perhaps hundreds of parties of savages, paid and fed them, and sent them, either alone or in company with French soldiers, to make dashes upon the homes and farms of their British neighbors, committing all the barbarities of savage warfare. They shot down men at work; killed their animals and cut out their tongues; seized women and children, braining such as they did not choose to carry into captivity, and, loading the others with packs of their own looted goods, drove them into the wilderness. If they became too weak to stagger along under their heavy burdens, they were killed, and their scalps torn off and, on the return of the expedition, exhibited at headquarters for the sake of the bounties France paid on such bloody tokens.

The English record is not without similar stains. The French seem to have done such things oftener, but British colonists were quite willing to treat the Indian according to his own code of warfare, and accounts of such expeditions give inordinate praise or scathing blame for the very same acts according as they were committed by friend or foe. There is a book, called a "Diary of Depredations," which contains a long list of such horrors. It not only leaves the reader sick at heart, but wondering how the frontier ever came to be settled. But such books gather within the limits of a few pages incidents and outrages that extended over a long frontier and a long term of years. There were intervals of peace, or comparative quiet, lasting until the settlers took fresh courage and dared push forward to open up new fields. If the Indians showed themselves at all during such times, it was to lounge about farms and settlements, demanding food and gifts, making themselves a nuisance, but apparently harmless.

But their very presence, indeed even their absence, held tragic possibilities. Any one of these brown loafers might change in an instant to a fiend incarnate. Any tree might hide a lurking enemy. More than a century of such evil possibilities, alternating with their actual happening,

had trained American men in sharpness of sight and correctness of aim unknown abroad, and in habits of fighting behind shelter quite out of keeping with current ideas of honorable warfare as it was practised in Europe. All of these habits and practices had to be proved and tested in blood during the battles of the French and Indian War.

CHAPTER III

WASHINGTON'S BAPTISM BY FIRE

ALTHOUGH fought for an American object, on American soil, this most important of American colonial wars was really a part of the great Seven Years' War in Europe, in which France, Austria, Russia, Sweden, and Saxony banded together to destroy the power of Frederick the Great. England sided with Frederick, and since England and France had such large possessions in America, each hastened to send soldiers to guard its own territory and, if possible, capture that of its adversary.

The British were not indifferent to the rich prize of the Ohio Valley. As early as the autumn of 1753 Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia sent a tall young man out into western Pennsylvania to warn the French away from certain posts that they were establishing. Although only twenty-one, this young man had been adjutant-general of Virginia forces for two years, having been given the office with the title of major at the age of nineteen, when his half-brother, Lawrence Washing-

ton, who held it before him, had to retire on account of ill health. The younger Washington was not uncomely, though his face was pitted with smallpox; and he was far from awkward, despite the fact that he was still so young that his hands seemed disproportionately large. He had an easy bearing, and held his naturally hot temper so well under control that his unruffled calm impressed older men as indicating unusual strength of character. Lawrence was a man of large property, but George was comparatively poor, for the Virginia law gave the lion's share of a father's estate to the eldest born. Fond of outdoor life, and not much of a student, he had left school at fifteen, and had since spent three years in the woods, following the profession of surveyor. He was no stranger, therefore, to the kind of country into which Governor Dinwiddie sent him. He carried his message, and was received and treated with personal courtesy by the French officer to whom he delivered it, but was given an answer that amounted to a notice that the French intended to build forts where they pleased, with the gratuitous advice added that the English had better keep hands off. This answer he brought back through winter woods in a journey that did not lack exciting moments. Once he was a target at close range for an Indian's aim; and

having miraculously escaped death in that form, he had the misfortune to slip from a raft into the icy, rushing waters of the Allegheny River.

The French answer could have, of course, only one meaning, and the following April saw young Washington once more on his way West, this time as lieutenant-colonel at the head of a few hundred men sent to the forks of the Ohio to reinforce some Virginians who were building a fort of their own. Before the reinforcements arrived, however, the fort had been captured, to be finished according to French plans and named Duquesne in honor of the Canadian governor.

Learning that he had come too late, Washington turned homeward, but was attacked at a place called Great Meadows. Here his men held off a mixed force of about one thousand Canadians, French, and Indians from ten o'clock in the morning until sundown, and that night took refuge in a stockade which they called Fort Necessity. An Iroquois chief who witnessed the battle said contemptuously that the English behaved like fools, and the French like cowards. Only one who thoroughly understands the Indian mind can tell just what this really means. It probably means, however, that some of the wounded Canadians showed their suffering, and that the English fought in the open. According to the red man's

code, both were exceedingly bad form. It was a point of Indian honor never to show pain, and a matter of skill and prudence never to fight in the open so long as there was a bush or a stone behind which to take shelter.

Fort Necessity held out as long as possible, but in the end was obliged to strike its colors. As luck would have it, this first and last surrender on Washington's part, the outcome of his first real battle, took place on a date familiar to Americans for reasons not at all connected with defeat. It was on the fourth of July, twenty-two years before the Declaration of Independence that the future American commander-in-chief and his little army marched out of Fort Necessity; but they did so with colors flying and band playing, with all the honors of war.

Since both sides had acted under orders from their home governments, it was evident that this was no mere border disturbance, but the beginning of serious war. That far-seeing man, Benjamin Franklin, was sure that in the troublous times ahead the colonies could do much better if they worked together rather than each for itself. Even before the battle of Great Meadows he had printed an account of the capture and renaming of Fort Duquesne, illustrating it by a woodcut of a rattlesnake divided into thirteen pieces, with

the legend, "Join or die." After the battle he drew up a plan for uniting the thirteen colonies under one government for purposes that concerned them all, while leaving each free to manage its local affairs; but he was twenty years ahead of his time, and the colonies refused to consider it.

In laying plans for the war, England decided that four things were necessary. Fort Duquesne must be recaptured in order that English settlers could pour at will into the Ohio valley. "The exceeding strong city of Louisburg" on Cape Breton, with its walls and its guns, must be subdued, for only so could England control the Canadian sea-coast and the Newfoundland fisheries. The French fort at Niagara, guarding the water route between Canada and Louisiana, must be taken; and last, but not least, Quebec, Canada's great post for supplying all her inland settlements, must pass into British hands. Once these four places were captured, French power in North America would be gone.

In the spring of 1755 Admiral Boscawen was sent over with a fleet to keep French ships from entering the St. Lawrence, and General Braddock, a brave old soldier of forty years' experience, came to take command of the land forces. He brought only two regiments with him, for

England meant to accomplish her results with the help of colonial troops. But the English authorities had so little confidence in American militia officers that they decreed that Americans should have no rank at all in the field when English officers were present. Furious at the injustice of this, Washington and a number of others offered their resignations.

Little as he esteemed colonials, General Braddock had to admit that the leading men of the colonies knew more about their own people and country than he had been able to find out in London; therefore his first act was to call a conference to which four of the governors came, with Washington, Franklin, and some others. England not only meant to carry on the war with colonial troops, but with colonial money, and Braddock did not conceal his annoyance that a goodly sum was not already collected and ready for him. The order relating to American officers had not increased cordiality or made it easier for the people to unite whole-heartedly in contributing troops and money for the war; but conditions along the border were so menacing that Pennsylvania, New York, and Virginia, where the danger was greatest, quickly stifled their resentment and voted the needed men and supplies. In June, General Braddock was able to set out against Fort Du-

quesne. Washington, who knew the country thoroughly, evidently made an impression on the old general, and he did the wisest thing of his stay in America when he invited the tall young Virginian to become a member of his staff. Washington accepted the offer.

There were mountains to be crossed and streams to be bridged on the line of march. Part of the distance lay through virtually trackless forest, and the army had literally to build the highway it traveled upon. Progress was therefore very slow, as week after week the men toiled at "the most diabolical work of road-building" through the mountains, felling trees, dragging away boulders, establishing some sort of grade over the Alleghanies, and smoothing a way not only for their own feet, but for countless pilgrims who were to pass west over "Braddock's old road" long after he and his ill-fated army were dust.

Perhaps it was his forty years of success that proved Braddock's undoing. He was as opinionated as he was brave, a stubborn believer in discipline and in doing things according to rule. Above all he had no mind to take advice from mere Americans, and when they tried to tell him about Indian methods and to warn him that European tactics could not be used against such a

foe, he answered that, of course, raw American militia was easily routed, but that his trained men would have no trouble. So mile after mile his army crawled through the forest, advancing as nearly as possible by the rules it would have followed over the turnpikes of the old country, and totally unaware that Indian eyes watched every move.

It was on the ninth of July, after a month and eight days of such weary progress, when at last the expedition was within a few miles of its goal, that the forest suddenly rang with hideous war-cries. The astounded general had momentary glimpses of French and red men, hundreds of them apparently, running between tree-trunks from cover to cover. Each tree became a separate fortress, sending out death. The king's troops formed in regular ranks, as they had been taught to do, and fired as best they could at their unseen foes. But their red coats made pathetically fatal marks, and they fell as they stood, in ranks, but continuing to fight as long as life lasted. The colonials broke for cover, to respond with the enemy's own methods; but the stubborn old general forbade them to do this, and for two hours they endured a useless test of courage. One Virginia band that had entered the battle

with three companies came out with less than thirty men.

Braddock himself fought as such a general would fight, and his officers were no whit behind him in bravery. It was when mounted on his fifth horse, four having been killed under him, that he received his mortal wound. Washington was one of the few who went through unscathed, though he lost two horses and had twice that number of bullet-holes through his clothing. Out of about fifteen hundred officers and men under Braddock two thirds were either killed or wounded, while the attacking party lost altogether about seventy. Needless to say, Fort Duquesne remained in French hands. Indeed, the British retreat became a rout, though there was no pursuit. According to their gruesome custom, the Indians stopped to plunder the dead, and their allies, apparently satisfied with their victory, returned to the fort. Braddock, who had been shot through the lungs, lived four days. It fell to Washington's lot to read the burial service over him when they made his grave at Great Meadows where the remnants of his force halted to reorganize.

It was not until three years later that the English gained possession of Fort Duquesne or,

rather, of its smoking ruins. The general plan of campaign did not change in all that time, but interest centered more and more in the region of the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain, and, consequently, Fort Duquesne was left very much to one side. It was only after the fortunes of war had gone against the French elsewhere, and they knew it could no longer be permanently defended, that its garrison applied the torch and scattered to the four winds. Washington, commanding nineteen hundred Virginians, formed part of the expedition that finally brought this about, though in the long months after Braddock's defeat he had been given only the vexatious and inglorious duty of trying to defend several hundred miles of frontier with a totally inadequate force. Forbes, known to his soldiers as "Head of Iron," was the English general under whom the young American was now serving. Against Washington's judgment he decided to force a new and shorter path through Pennsylvania instead of following Braddock's old road. Once again the army crawled forward, moving even more slowly than it might otherwise have done, because General Forbes, suffering from a fatal illness, had to be carried in a litter. Once again, as they neared the fort, a body of English skirmishers, sent forward to reconnoiter, was set upon in force, and once again

there might have been a massacre, had it not been for the coolness of Washington's Virginians. As it was, the English were badly beaten. Several weeks later when the commander, whose physical strength ebbed perceptibly day by day, came up with the main body of his army, a council of war decided to advance no farther. But soon after this Washington learned that the Indians were deserting Fort Duquesne and that the commander had felt obliged to send away part of his white garrison. He immediately despatched twenty-five hundred picked men who made a march of great swiftness over paths wet and sticky with melting November snow, and arrived to find the place a smoking ruin. The British flag was raised over the embers, and a party pressed on to Braddock's Field to bury their comrades killed three years before. One young officer recognized in two skeletons, still locked in an embrace of death, the mortal remains of his own father and brother.

Although Duquesne was in ruins, the position was too important to be abandoned. A few huts were built and enclosed by a stout stockade. All the supplies that could be spared were collected, and two hundred men, the largest number that could live through the winter on this food, were left in the little post, which the general named

Fort Pitt in honor of his friend the British premier. This was the beginning of Pittsburgh, an iron city. General Forbes, "Head of Iron," was carried by painful stages back to Philadelphia, where he died a few months later. But this last victory of his life won the Ohio Valley for his own people.

CHAPTER IV

MADNESS

ONE of the hard things to remember, about war, and to endure, is the slowness of it. In the course of the French and Indian War there were perhaps seventeen important battles, the decisive action in all of them occupying considerably less than a week. Yet between Braddock's defeat and the time France surrendered Canada, there were at least three hundred weeks, during every hour of which men had to be fed and clothed; women and children suffered, and soldiers who would gladly have died upon the battle-field were gripped in the slow torture of disease. It is hard to believe that "they also serve who only stand and wait"; yet that is always the greater part of war's grim business.

For the sake of our story it is not necessary to dwell upon even seven of the seventeen battles, let alone the long stretches of inactivity. While there was no other defeat in 1755 so disastrous as that on Braddock's Field, the remaining exploits of the year were as humiliating, for they

showed no more wisdom and far less courage. The British sent an expedition against the Acadians, the French inhabitants of Nova Scotia, whose presence had been a cause of quarrel and ill-kept treaty between France and England for a century and a half. They were devout and simple people, who tilled the soil and obeyed their priests, and had remained strongly French through several nominal changes of authority. To offset their growing numbers the English had lately founded Halifax, with four thousand colonists. The Acadians were still in the majority, however, with leaders who resented the forced labor and heavy taxes imposed by the English. Differences of religion doubtless aggravated the trouble on both sides. The Acadians refused to take an oath of allegiance demanded of them, repented over night, but were not afterward allowed to do so. Finally the decree went forth that they should be driven from their homes. In June their two forts, Gaspareaux and Beau Sejour, had been captured. In September a ruse that could only have deceived simple folk made the Acadian men prisoners. The forced embarkation, begun in September, continued with great hardship in bitter winter weather, seven thousand pious, hard working peasants, practically the whole population, be-

ing sent into exile. It was a bit of tyranny as stupid as it was cruel. Shorn of some history and embellished by much poetry, Longfellow has told of the crime in "Evangeline." Let us leave it to him as chronicler.

An expedition conducted by Governor Shirley of Massachusetts against Niagara failed utterly. He expected to be joined by Braddock's victorious army, and when he learned of its defeat he abandoned the whole attempt and contented himself with building a fort at Oswego.

The British scored success in the neighborhood of Lake George. William Johnson, the most picturesque, though by no means the most saintly, white settler of the Mohawk Valley, was almost the only man of his race and region who knew how to handle the red men. He lived among them in a rude sort of splendor with his Indian wife, and it was he who gathered a force of Indians and colonial militia and marched to attack Crown Point at the southern end of Lake Champlain, a vital spot on the route from Canada to the Hudson River that the French so longed to control. He met and defeated a force of about fourteen hundred on the shores of the Lake of the Holy Sacrament, capturing the wounded French commander and virtually wiping out the French regulars. The surprise of

the engagement, however, was the action of some Connecticut militia, who, though they fought just as they had come from their farms, with no equipment and little drill, yet displayed the steadiness of veterans. Perhaps they even astonished themselves. In honor of this victory and as a compliment to the king, Johnson changed the name of the lake to Lake George, and he built a fort, destined to a tragic end, which he called William Henry after the king's grandson. To hide the failure of larger hopes, the English Government made much of these things, Johnson being given a grant of five thousand pounds and a title, and praised as a hero on both sides of the Atlantic.

The outcome of the defeats and alleged successes of this year was to rouse the colonies to the seriousness of the conflict, and to convince the English Government that means should be found to raise a permanent fund in America for carrying on the war. The plan of taxing the colonies directly from England was considered. It was not then carried out, but when the Earl of Loudoun came over the next summer to replace General Braddock, with General Abercrombie as second in command, he brought powers that made them both quite independent of the will of colonial assemblies, even of colonial gov-

ernors appointed by the king. In addition, they claimed several small, but irritating, privileges that showed the growing disposition to treat the colonies less liberally than heretofore.

The year 1756 was as unlucky for the English in America as 1755 had been. The French sent over Montcalm, with Lévis and Bougainville under him. This gave them three good generals pitted against two who were, to say the least, unfortunate. After Loudoun and Abercrombie arrived, weeks later than their French adversaries, they were slow to make plans, and still slower to execute them. In August the French crossed from the Canadian side of Lake Ontario and destroyed the fort at Oswego, leaving on its site "two boastful trophies" to impress the Indians. Upon this Loudon retreated toward New York, felling trees behind him to block pursuit, but Montcalm, whose army was only half as large as Loudon's, had no notion of pursuing, and took up a strong position at Ticonderoga at the northern end of Lake George.

With the exception of building a fort on the Tennessee River to protect the English settlers from the French in that region, and a fight with the Indians near the forks of the Ohio, little of note happened before winter set in. Then the English generals quartered their troops upon the

unwilling inhabitants of New York and Philadelphia, and gave themselves up to a few months of ease and social gaiety. The French did the same at Montreal; but the Indians and hardy colonial troops of both sides, for whom ice and snow had no terrors, continued to make border raids all winter, repeating the scenes of cruelty that had taken place ever since red men and white began to dispute possession of the soil. The Earl of Loudoun gave part of his time to planning a campaign that he meant to make some day against Louisburg. He was indefatigable at planning expeditions that somehow failed to materialize. Somebody compared him to St. George on an inn sign, always on horseback, but never getting anywhere.

In August of the following summer inaction was turned to blackest disaster by a massacre at Fort William Henry, the fort that Sir William Johnson had built after his victory at Crown Point. Montcalm moved upon the fort from Ticonderoga with a force of eight thousand French regulars, Canadians, and Indians. The latter made up fully a quarter of the whole number, and some of them came from as far west as Idaho, a region then very remote. They speedily became unruly, showing a will to make war in their own fashion, even going to the hideous ex-

tent of cannibalism. They had some strange, even complimentary, notion of taking the bravery of their enemies into their own bodies by thus eating them, which makes the act more understandable if no less revolting.

Smallpox was raging within the English fort, where the commander had five hundred men, with seventeen hundred in camp near by. He called for help on Fort Edward, where there was a garrison of twenty-six hundred men; but only two hundred were sent him, more being refused on the ground that it also was in danger of attack. Messengers were despatched in haste to New York and New England, but long before aid could come from that great distance the tragedy was over. The fort held out for five days, surrendering only after three hundred of its defenders were dead and as many more wounded. Montcalm granted honorable terms, and on the morning of August 10 the English garrison marched out with all honors as Washington had done at Fort Necessity. The French exacted a promise from their Indian allies that they would respect the white man's rules of war; but the last of the garrison was hardly out of the fort before they were scaling the walls and wriggling through embrasures, bent on murder, attacking the sick, and mangling their corpses. Finding very little

plunder, they turned their angry attention to the camp where the prisoners of war waited to be escorted next day on their way to Fort Edward. The French guard held its ground, and Montcalm hurried to the scene to threaten and cajole. The savages appeared to submit to his authority, but at dawn their fury broke out afresh and they attacked the camp, killing right and left, and carrying off two hundred prisoners, while the fort was literally pulled to pieces and its timbers converted into a huge funeral pyre. Perhaps Montcalm could not have prevented this massacre, but the atrocity, committed under his very eyes, did much to fasten the accusing name of French and Indian War upon the struggle.

Indignant colonials rushed to the relief of Fort Edward from all quarters, but as Montcalm did not follow up his advantage, they found little to do, and most of them returned to their homes. The winter of 1757-58 passed as the previous one had done, with the British general in New York and the French general in Montreal, the regular troops on both sides inactive while Indians and colonials made raids and counter-raids across the snow. Finally the Earl of Loudoun took himself back to London, cursing the Americans for all his misfortunes. At the time he went home France held possession of the St. Lawrence and the Mis-

issippi and every portage between. This gave her control of five-sixths of the North American continent, the small remainder being divided between England and Spain.

It was only after William Pitt became prime minister of England that better days dawned. He had been a friend of America for years, and it is believed that he outlined the plan with which Braddock came to open the war. But at that time he held only a minor office and could not choose the men to carry it out. He had an eye for real ability, and now that he was in power he chose four excellent generals. One was Lord Amherst, prudent and capable, if cold in manner. Another was Lord Howe, beloved by everybody. A third was General Forbes, whose American history we already know. The fourth was young James Wolfe, slight and homely, but the greatest of them all. Although the old plan of attack was kept, it was decided to begin this year at the other end, and work inward from the sea. Amherst and Wolfe were to begin by taking Louisburg and push on to Quebec. Lord Howe was to join Abercrombie in an attack on Ticonderoga, while the capture of Fort Duquesne was intrusted to General Forbes.

“Louisburg, for warlike power, the pride and terror of these northern seas,” was regarded by

the French as the key to their holdings in America. All that portion of the coast was relatively of much greater importance then than now, not only because it was the part of the American continent nearest Europe, but because those schools of cod reported by old John Cabot had proved a lure to fishermen and had made it the seat of well established industry long before the coast to the south was fairly settled. Louisburg was a walled and fortified town of stone houses, quite like those of Europe, guarded toward the sea by frowning cliffs, and on the land side by a marsh. Along the shore outside its walls, and for miles beyond, masked batteries were cunningly hidden. General Drucourt, the French commander, had an ample garrison, but the French ships sent over to offset Admiral Boscawen's fleet fared ill, and only twelve arrived. Six of these were immediately sacrificed, being sunk in the channel to block the way.

This made it impossible for Admiral Boscawen to approach the town, but he could still hurl shot at it from his guns, and it was under cover of such a bombardment that General Wolfe and his soldiers made a landing on June 7, 1758, at a point where the sea and shore were so wild that small boats were dashed to pieces and twenty-two men of the landing-party drowned in the attempt.

Wolfe was about to give it up as too foolhardy when he saw that one boat had succeeded in running its prow aground. Leaping into the surf, he hurried ashore, demanded who had been first to land, gave a guinea to each of the two tall Highlanders pointed out to him, and, armed with only a slight stick, led the men now swarming after him, in an assault upon the nearest battery. After the affair was well over he admitted that it had been madness, which should have resulted in the death of all who followed him; but the French, overcome perhaps by such audacity, gave way. The English pursued them and captured other batteries, until the French feared their retreat might be cut off, and fled into the city four miles distant, leaving cannon and fresh provisions behind them. It is hard to say which of these prizes was more joyfully seized by the soldiers just off their uncomfortable ships.

The seven weeks' siege was carried on in a manner worthy of this spirited beginning. General Amherst was sure to do the gallant thing in a proper way, and Wolfe, second in command, could be trusted to do the surprising thing in a gallant way. He had been a soldier since the age of thirteen, when, as a "remarkably ugly boy with a shock of red hair and a turned-up nose," he had enlisted. The one thing he could not stand

was inaction. "There is no certainty where to find him," wrote a companion-in-arms, "but wherever he goes, he carries with him a mortar in one pocket and a 24-pounder in the other." In addition to his batteries which spouted shot from the most unlikely places, he had a pet body of light infantry trained to make sudden onsets where least expected and to retire as rapidly behind the sand dunes for shelter. One of his fellow-officers said that such moves reminded him of a description of warriors in Xenophon, and Wolfe smilingly acknowledged his debt to the old Greek for the idea.

Such generals gave the inhabitants of Louisburg a lively time, "a good run for their money." Though it never relaxed, it was a war tempered with courtesy. General Drucourt rather sarcastically offered his enemies the services of a skilled physician, should they be needed. Amherst replied by sending Mme. Drucourt, the "good angel" of Louisburg, a gift of West Indian pineapples, and she returned the compliment with a case of excellent wine.

When the buildings behind the French lines had become untenable and there was a breach in the walls of the fort, honorable terms of surrender were offered and accepted, and more than five thousand prisoners were sent across the sea. But



GENERAL JAMES WOLFE

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the French general had served his country well by prolonging the siege until it was difficult for the English to decide upon their next move. Was there enough of the short Canadian summer left to warrant pushing on to Quebec? While Amherst pondered this, Wolfe fumed. "We are gathering strawberries, with seeming indifference about what is doing in other parts of the world," he wrote bitterly.

Then came news that Lord Abercrombie had been defeated in his attack on Ticonderoga, although it had been made with the largest army yet assembled in the war, six thousand British soldiers and nine thousand provincials under such leaders as Israel Putnam and Captain Stark, men who were to be heard from in years to come. It was a gallant and imposing army that on the fifth of June had sailed down Lake George toward Ticonderoga where Montcalm commanded a garrison of only about one quarter as many men. These were hungry and ill-equipped, but they had unbounded faith in their general and worked with a will to make the most of their defenses, burning two bridges that the English must cross in order to get over the protecting swamp, and felling trees on the land side "for the distance of a musket-shot" from the fort, so that they lay with their trunks toward the fort and their limbs bristling

outward. It was a woodman's device, not so cruel as the barbed-wire entanglements of to-day, but no mean obstruction.

It was while scrambling through ravines and over fallen logs in the wake of guides who did not know their way that Lord Howe and Israel Putnam, who were in the lead, came suddenly upon a band of French skirmishers on July 6. Lord Howe, "the noblest Englishman . . . and best soldier in the army," fell at the first round. With his death all intelligence seemed to go out of the expedition. Two days later when the English appeared before the fort, they brought no artillery to clear a way through the maze of tree-tops, nor did they attempt to plant cannon on Mount Defiance, a near-by height from which they could have raked the fort. Instead, they marched straight upon the obstruction with orders to carry the place at the point of the bayonet. The French could not believe their eyes, and some four hundred of Sir William Johnson's Indians, who had climbed to the summit of Mt. Defiance, looked on with contempt as once every hour during the long summer afternoon the madmen repeated the suicidal manœuver. Abercrombie, safe out of harm's way in a sawmill at the rear, sent the word to charge, and six separate times his men dashed forward. At sunset two thou-

sand lay dead, while he, and his unused artillery and the soldiers who remained alive, were in retreat. Then the Indian allies of the French swarmed out to do their dreadful work. "A braver or more stupid conflict is not recorded on the pages of history."

Stunned perhaps by his misfortune, Abercrombie retreated to the head of Lake George, where he remained until autumn and then returned to England to vote in Parliament against the colonists and to blame them for his failures. It was during this season of inaction that one of his gallant officers, named Bradstreet, obtained permission from a council of war, against the commander's will, to make a dash across Lake Ontario and capture Fort Frontenac, where supplies had been gathered for the French posts farther west. His easy success did much to revive the spirits of the army, and to impress the Canadian Indians, who were now beginning to waver in loyalty between the English and the French. By breaking the line of French posts also, this capture made it so difficult for the French to hold Fort Duquesne that its commander finally destroyed it.

The news of disaster at Ticonderoga determined Lord Amherst not to attack Quebec that year, but to go with part of his army to General

Abercrombie's assistance. So Wolfe, who was left behind, exchanged picking strawberries for a few weeks of unpleasant duty on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, "robbing fishermen of their nets," he called it, and was then allowed to return to England, where he arrived ill in body and much out of patience with American service.

CHAPTER V

“VALOR GAVE THEM A UNITED DEATH”

THERE is an old and not altogether decorous story called “America Ahead.” Every schoolboy knows it and has his own opinion of its propriety; but our American part in Europe’s Seven Years’ War seems to bear out its truth. Fighting began on this side of the Atlantic two years before England officially entered the conflict, and although the treaty of peace was not signed until 1763, the decisive battle, so far as our continent was concerned, was fought at Quebec in the autumn of 1759.

The taking of Louisburg and the loss of Fort Duquesne during the previous year had been a great blow to the French. Vaudreuil, the governor of Canada, and all his subordinates were corrupt, and each one helped himself from the money and supplies sent over for Montcalm’s army. Montcalm protested, but was powerless to stop such thefts. His men were half starved, and the Indians, deprived of the feasts and presents they had come to expect, showed an inclination to go over to the enemy. Canadian settlers,

who had heretofore been deceived by the governor's boastful words, were suffering from poor crops and resented the heavy contribution they were expected to make from their harvests. They had found, moreover, that soldiers from France were not agreeable guests to have quartered in their little cabins close to their wives and pretty daughters.

General Montcalm was an optimist by nature, but this was a state of things to make him desperate. Hiding his apprehensions under a cloak of cheerfulness, however, he set about following the orders from France, which bade him confine military operations during the summer of 1759 to posts so close together that they could assist each other. The English, on their part, encouraged by recent success, planned an extensive campaign. It was agreed that General Stanwix, at a new fort named in his honor near Oswego, was to hold all the frontier between Fort Pitt and Lake Erie. William Johnson with his Indians and as many provincials as he could gather should advance upon Fort Niagara; and Lord Amherst, now commander-in-chief in America, was to take the main army to Lake Champlain and wait his chance to push north up that water highway into Canada and unite with the force that was meanwhile to sweep up the St. Lawrence to attack

Quebec. It was the old plan of former years. Those parts of it not yet accomplished were to be carried out, and the capture of Quebec was to crown the summer's work.

English colonists responded loyally to demands for men and money, and the early stages of the campaign developed as planned. Fort Niagara was taken. The English put to flight a French force that had gathered to recapture Fort Pitt. Amherst sailed down Lake George with a splendid army against Fort Ticonderoga. The French had assembled a hundred cannon on an island in the River Richelieu and now held Ticonderoga only as an outpost. After a skirmish they withdrew, first to Crown Point, later from Crown Point also. But for some reason Lord Amherst at this point became strangely slow and spent the rest of the summer building a costly fort at Ticonderoga, letting the siege of Quebec go on without his help.

It will be remembered that Wolfe had sailed back to England ill and out of patience. He felt little desire to return to America and small respect for colonial soldiers. They were lazy, he said, and good for little except scout duty. He hoped to regain his health and then rejoin his old regiment, which was fighting in Germany. He believed that his real place was in the cavalry,

because, as he confided to a friend, Nature had given him "good eyes and a warmth of temper to follow the first impression." But rumor persisted that he was to be sent back: "It is my fortune to be cursed with American service," he wrote his old captain.

One day William Pitt sent for him and gave him his orders. He must have left that interview with his head whirling. "I am to act a greater part in this business than I wish or desire," he informed his uncle; but he kept his counsel as to exactly what "this business" was, even when offering positions in "a very hazardous enterprise" to the army friends he hoped might accompany him. Although he was only plain Colonel Wolfe and was to continue to hold that rank in England, in America he was to be major-general and, until Amherst joined him, to have supreme command on the St. Lawrence. This meant that, young as he was,—barely thirty-two,—he had been given entire charge of the attack on Quebec. He chose his officers to suit himself, opposing even the king to get the men he wanted. Pitt, who had faith in the young man, advised the king to let him have his way, pointing out sardonically that unless this were done, he could not be blamed for failure. Busy days followed, doubly busy for Wolfe, since he was

laying siege to a lady's heart as well as planning the capture of a city. Then he sailed away, happy in her promise and his new commission.

Montcalm, meanwhile, gathered in and near Quebec virtually all the fighting force of Canada, sixteen or seventeen thousand men, exclusive of the Indians who could no longer be trusted.

The town has naturally one of the strongest and most beautiful situations in the world, being built on a three-hundred-foot bluff that juts into the St. Lawrence where the river sweeps round it in a great protecting curve. Guarded in this way on the south and west, and on the north by a smaller stream, the St. Charles, which enters the St. Lawrence, there is only one possible approach by land, and this from a direction the English could not reach. Art had done much to strengthen the natural defences. Batteries and mortars had been placed in position as far as Cap Rouge, eight miles distant, to guard the heights above the city. Down-stream the banks are low for a short distance, but rise again in bluffs at a point seven miles away where the falls of the Montmorency tumble from their height to mingle with the waters of the St. Lawrence. The low shores were defended by earthworks, the higher ground by ramparts. Thus the river bank was protected for a distance of fifteen miles. One

hundred and six pieces of artillery guarded the town itself, which was built partly at the water's edge and partly on the bluff over which the citadel loomed on still higher ground. The citadel was considered impregnable, and though Montcalm knew that there was never a fort built which could stand against famine, he hoped to hold out until winter came to his assistance and drove the English home.

In attacking such a place ships were of the first importance, and Wolfe had the invaluable assistance of that fine officer, Admiral Saunders, who was great enough to play his subordinate part without jealousy. The way his ships came up the difficult river channel was a revelation to the French. They considered the channel in itself no mean defence, and had, moreover, closed it with a chain. They thought the British sailors must be in league with demons to pay so little heed to the dangers of the course.

It was on the twenty-sixth of June that the English fleet, bringing an army of about eight thousand men, came to anchor near the island of Orleans, a few miles below Quebec. In studying his problem from maps in London and on the way, Wolfe had come to the conclusion that he must find some means of getting behind the city and attacking from the land side; but a long

month of reconnoitering failed to reveal a single unguarded spot. Meantime there was no lack of thrills. He speedily took possession of Point Lévis opposite the city, and though the upper town and the citadel were too high to be damaged by his guns, the lower town on the water's edge was quickly set on fire by red hot balls thrown into it from the fleet. The French on their part, hoping to damage the British ships, set adrift fire-boats and fire-rafts daubed with pitch and freighted with all manner of old guns, harquebuses, and cannon loaded to the muzzle with bullets and scraps of iron. While these were bursting and the night sky was lighted by flames, the plucky British tars grappled the blazing craft and pulled them ashore, or shoved them into the channel where they would float harmlessly away. There were frequent encounters also, between small bands of Indians and soldiers near the British camps.

Then Admiral Saunders sent part of his fleet boldly past the citadel to take up its position above the town. This forced Montcalm to send more troops to guard the heights opposite which the British ships had anchored. Soldiers soon followed the ships, and though this in reality divided and weakened the English position, it disheartened the Canadians who could not under-

stand that Montcalm was doing everything humanly possible. On the last day of July Wolfe lost four hundred and fifty brave men in a foolhardy attempt against the French at the Falls of Montmorency. During the month he had lost altogether more than eight hundred men, for disease was at work in his camps. In the almost daily skirmishes it seemed to the English that the Indians were growing more revoltingly Indian in their acts, and that Montcalm's strength was increasingly hourly. Canadian boys of fifteen and men of seventy fought sturdily beside the French soldiers. Wolfe could not know how much of this apparent enthusiasm was desperation. Montcalm's supplies were growing scarce; the line by which he received them was menaced by the English force above the city; and his frightened Canadian levies were already beginning to desert him.

As time dragged on Wolfe made up his mind that Amherst was never coming and that he must take Quebec alone. He learned, too, about the French lack of provisions, and that Montcalm had felt it necessary to send a force of eight hundred to the assistance of Montreal, which he thought in danger of an attack from Amherst. Wolfe still preferred his original plan of landing somewhere below the town and attacking from

the rear, but anything was better than the inaction which had made him sick again in body and almost in mind. His officers agreed that this was the moment to strike. When they also agreed to a new plan he laid before them, his health and spirits revived. Turning his gift of keen eyesight to account, Wolfe had discovered in a little cove comparatively near the city the beginnings of a zigzag path that led upward over the cliffs. His plan was nothing less than a proposal to scale the precipitous wall of rock above Quebec and force a battle on the level land called the Plains of Abraham—that lay like a shelf between city and river.

The French were well aware of increased English activity, but interpreted it to mean that their enemies were about to take their departure. Instead, as secretly as possible, Wolfe's main camp was being deserted, and troops and stores brought up-stream. When the French learned their mistake they could not determine where their foes meant to strike, for Admiral Saunders played his part well and the English fleet passed up and down, taking many useless soundings and making false and ostentatious preparations to land. For almost a week before the great battle the French wore themselves out dashing from point to point to guard against surprise.

The time set for the attempt was two o'clock on the morning of September 13, when the tide would turn and the boats could slip easily downstream. Wolfe felt a strong presentiment that he would not survive the battle, and gave to a friend his sweetheart's miniature and a message to be delivered to her. But now that the time for action had come such forebodings had no effect on his courage or on the enthusiasm he instilled in his men as he went from boat to boat to see that everything was in order.

Despite strict silence, the moving boats were discovered and hailed with sharp questions. The challenge was answered by a quick-witted Highlander in a way to mislead the French into believing them to be their own freight-boats bringing supplies. Then they slipped on again and the cove was reached; but grounding a little too soon, the vanguard had to make its way up without a path through darkness such as only those who have tried to walk in dense woods at night can imagine, over steeps that could only be scaled on hands and knees. Others found the path, but found it obstructed, and these barriers had to be cleared away. Admiral Saunders meanwhile thundered with his guns at an entirely different point, making a feint at landing that completely deceived the French.

Wolfe waited impatiently below for the signal which was to show that his men had reached the top. After an eternity it came; and dawn found a force variously estimated at from thirty-six hundred to five thousand safely on the Plains of Abraham, which they had so ardently longed to reach. With them were two cannon that they had managed to drag up the steep cliff. But they were in a position of great danger between two large bodies of French, Montcalm's main army on one hand and the force that had been guarding the heights toward Cap Rouge on the other. At their back was the precipice over which they had just climbed, while on the north the land descended precipitously to the St. Charles. They quickly chose the most advantageous point for defense, planted their precious cannon, and awaited the French attack.

Montcalm had suspected nothing until he heard the firing of the outposts. Very like Wolfe in character, though older by a dozen years, he did not wait the return of messengers; he threw himself upon his horse and rode forward. As the red-coats met his vision another surprise confronted him; part of his men refused to go where he ordered them, claiming that in self-defense they must guard against Admiral Saunders's attack. He might have waited for the troops from

Cap Rouge, but that would give the English time to entrench. The officers near him were eager, as he was, to attack without delay, and about ten o'clock he gave the order to advance.

The British had been waiting since dawn. Such waiting is the severest test of courage and morale. It began to rain as the slow hours dragged on, each seeming a century long; but they stood the test as Wolfe's veterans should. "The men will remember what their country expects of them," he had reminded them in orders, and he moved among them exerting his magnetic power. Then they became aware that the French were approaching in an impetuous, irregular rush, meaning evidently to force them back over the precipice. Their two cannon opened fire, but the guns in the hands of the British infantry remained silent until a scant forty paces separated the combatants. Then at a quick word of command three volleys were fired. Clouds of smoke rolled over the plain, and out of it came cries and groans. The French line was seen to waver; then it began to rush back as it had come. Wolfe gave the order to charge, and his men sprang eagerly forward. He had been wounded on the wrist and was struck again, but kept with them, paying no heed. He received a third wound, which he felt to be mortal, and quietly ordered

that he be carried to the rear, so that his soldiers should not be discouraged by seeing him fall. He refused medical aid, knowing it to be useless, and soon fell into a stupor from which the cry of those near him,—“They run! See how they run!” roused him to ask who ran. Assured that it was the French, and that they were giving way on all sides, he rallied long enough to give quick intelligent orders about cutting off the retreat, and then sank back, dying, he said, “happy.”

Montcalm also had been wounded and, like Wolfe, had paid no heed to his injury. He conducted the retreat clear to the city gate, and there, while holding his force to protect other flying remnants, he was struck a second time, some say by a shot fired by his own people. He was carried into the town and lived until the next day, calling his officers around him before he died, to tell them that they must rally the army and fight again to save New France. But it was not to be, and five days after the battle Quebec surrendered.

The French general was buried in the chapel of the Ursuline convent, in a grave that had been partly dug by the explosion of an English shell. In after years a monument to the two commanders was raised in the governor's garden. It bears on one side Wolfe's name and on the other that of Montcalm, with an inscription that

reads: "*Mortem virtus communem, famam historia, monumentum posteritas dedit.*" ("Valor gave them a united death, history a united fame, posterity a united monument.")

Although the Peace of Paris was not signed until 1763, the fall of Quebec marks the real passing of French power from American soil. This French and Indian War happened long before we became a nation, but it had important bearings on our national life. Its opening years gave Lieutenant-Colonel George Washington his first training in active military service. Its closing scenes swept the French from Canada. It had even greater influence, for it was during this time that the American colonies felt the first stirrings of resentment against English rule that finally led to the Declaration of Independence.

PART II
REVOLUTION
A FIGHT FOR NATIONALITY

CHAPTER VI

SMUGGLERS IN SELF-DEFENSE

WHILE peace negotiations were in progress the fate of Canada hung in the balance, and it seemed possible that France might not be driven away after all. England had captured certain West Indian islands, and she appeared willing to give up her claims in the North, if only she might keep Guadeloupe and Martinique, which were very rich, if very small. Franklin and others protested however, and she was saved from stupidly throwing away with the pen the treasure she had won by the sword.

England was much stronger than she had been at the beginning of the Seven Years' War, having gained not only Canada, but important territory in India as well. She now found herself in the position held by Spain when America was discovered and later occupied by France, that of the most powerful nation of Europe. Just as in the case of a person whose fortune has suddenly increased, she seemed almost forced to make changes in her way of living and of conducting her business. As a business proposition it ap-

peared fitting that those colonial possessions of hers should be self-supporting; Parliament and the king's ministers began to try to make them so. They reasoned that the French and Indian War had been fought for the benefit of the colonies, and that these ought to pay for it. Also, that in future they ought to pay a greater part of the cost of colonial government, not in the haphazard manner of former years, but through a direct tax collected by England. It is only fair to remember that England never proposed to raise money in America and spend it elsewhere.

But the colonists thought they had already paid their full share of the French and Indian War. They had taxed themselves heavily; they had furnished as many troops as England had sent over; and these had fought as bravely. In addition to this, the British troops had been fed and lodged without protest in American homes. As for the new way of managing their affairs, they objected to that also. They had never taken kindly to receiving orders. That was why Wolfe did not like our militia, and why General Montgomery, a few years later, complained that American privates were "all generals." They were quick to seize an idea, and could manage things with a dash in their own way, but that was a privilege which they valued highly.

Massachusetts and Virginia, the richest of the colonies, already had one hundred and fifty years of purely American history behind them, and in this time they had developed a sturdy self-reliance without which the Revolution could not have been begun, much less carried on to victory. They agreed that Parliament had the right to make general laws for them; but they regarded questions of taxation and of how much salary they should pay the men sent over from England to be colonial governors and judges as purely local matters. Such men might be good or bad; they considered it a great safeguard to hold the purse-strings, for this gave them some control over officers who might otherwise pay little heed to their wishes.

They noticed also that the laws Parliament made were usually to their disadvantage. For instance, England had never taxed the colonies, but she had encouraged and even forced them to trade through her; and as she reaped the profit, this amounted in the end to the same thing. It had come about naturally enough. In the early years when they were weak and struggling they had not been able to send ships to the Orient for tea and spices, or even to France and Flanders for luxuries to be bought there. When they grew, and tried to do a little trading on their own

account, or to start manufactures at home, this had been strictly forbidden.

These restrictions were irksome even before the French and Indian War, but during the war mere questions of trade, and even stubbornness on the part of the colonists about raising and spending their own money, had to give way to the need for soldiers. As soon as peace returned, such questions became more bothersome than ever. Remonstrances and petitions were unheeded. Indeed, Parliament seemed to go out of its way to make laws obnoxious to the colonists. Smuggling became not only exceedingly profitable, but almost a matter of necessity, if merchants were to continue in business. Virtually everybody took a hand in it, sometimes even the colonial governors. Additional laws were made in order to stop smuggling, and the enforcement of these increased the hard feeling. "Writs of assistance," which gave customs officers authority to invade a man's dwelling by day and his ship or shop or cellar at any hour of the twenty-four, and to break open packages of all kinds in the search for contraband goods, were particularly unpopular.

It was against such laws that James Otis and Samuel Adams of Massachusetts lifted their voices in eloquent protest. Yet for many years after this the colonists did not dream of separa-

tion. Their grievance was not against England or the king, but against unjust treatment by Parliament and the ministers in power. Probably even those who suffered most from such unjust laws and whose fathers and grandfathers had been born on American soil thought of England, with its green fields and clustering villages and gray old towers, very lovingly as "home," and were proud of the part their ancestors had played in making English history.

As years passed and the situation grew worse instead of better, men began to cherish in their hearts a growing conviction that matters could not continue as they were. "Single acts of tyranny," wrote Jefferson, "may be ascribed to the accidental opinion of a day; but a series of oppressions . . . pursued unalterably through every change of ministers, too plainly prove a deliberate and systematical plan of reducing us to slavery." Men began to think about rebellion, and some even to speak of it; and after that an ever-growing proportion seemed to feel that nothing short of independence could bring about the reforms they asked.

Meetings of protest were called. Some of these turned into organizations of minute-men pledged to leave farm or business at a moment's notice and come armed and ready to defend their

threatened liberty. Other meetings formed committees of correspondence, which sent messengers and letters to far-away towns and colonies, urging all to act together. These were a very great factor in bringing on the Revolution, because without some such means of united effort no amount of feeling could have accomplished anything.

At first few men of wealth and position joined in such demonstrations. As is often the case, it was the men who had little to lose who were most willing to risk everything. Their rich neighbors were too cautious, and looked upon them as enthusiasts who fortunately were unable to do much harm. Samuel Adams of Massachusetts, with his constantly nodding head, his red cloak, and his tie wig, was so morally incorruptible and had displayed such "conspicuous ineptitude for trade" that his wife was forced to practise all sorts of economies to keep the household clothed and fed. James Otis, that "great incendiary of New England" had been foolish enough to resign a fine position as advocate-general, because, forsooth, he felt himself too good to argue in favor of writs of assistance. James Warren, who had invented the committees of correspondence that were spreading discontent over the land, was Otis's brother-in-law, and he had a sister worse than he,

a strong-minded woman who wrote books and presumed to teach men their duty. Benjamin Franklin had espoused the cause of the patriots, —but every one knew Franklin. His was the eccentricity of genius. As for Patrick Henry, who was pouring incendiary eloquence over the Virginia Assembly with his “Tarquin and Cæsar had each his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third [cries of “Treason!”] may profit by their example! If *this* be treason, make the most of it,” he was a slovenly, fiddle-playing incompetent, with an odd gift of oratory, who had been slow at his studies and had failed twice at clerking and once as a farmer before he decided to practise law. This he had the assurance to do after a paltry six weeks of preparation. If the country had to choose between government by such a rabble and government from England, conservative and well-to-do Tories preferred the one three thousand miles away.

The king, who was more stubborn than wise, took a personal interest in the quarrel. He and his ministers held that the British Government had a perfect right to tax the colonies when and how they chose. Otis and Adams and Warren and their friends contended that “Taxation without representation is tyranny,” and that, since the colonies were not represented in Parliament, the

Government had no such right. They argued that because of the distance and other obstacles it was impossible for people living in America to be truly represented in London. The suspicion arises that they were not very eager for such representation, and that this question of not being represented in Parliament was the one point on which both sides were fully in accord. By this time the patriots really preferred independence, while the king's friends realized that if the colonies were allowed representation and continued to grow as they had been growing of late, the hour would come when they would outnumber the rest of Parliament and make laws for England as well as for themselves. Neither side was quite frank or quite consistent. As a matter of theory, both could advance good arguments. In the colonies the arguments of the Americans gained in favor. By 1775 such men as Jefferson and Washington, Robert Livingston, Gouverneur Morris, and scores of others had added the prestige of their names and fortunes and inestimable personal service to the cause. But Washington did not give up hope of settlement by peaceful means until early in 1776.

It never became a case of all the colonists united for independence against all England bent on putting down the rebellion. There continued

to be a large party of Tories in America, in addition to the thousands who emigrated to Canada or the West Indies. In England there was an influential minority that sided with the colonists. William Pitt was always their friend, and when it came to war, his son refused to take up arms against America. On the other hand, the son of that sturdy patriot Benjamin Franklin became the last royal governor of New Jersey, and one of its most malignant Tories.

CHAPTER VII

MOBS AND MOTIVES

SOMEbody has said that revolution is “essentially organized disorder.” Our War of the Revolution undeniably began in rioting and mob violence over questions of taxation; but it speedily grew into something finer, to flower in the Declaration of Independence, and bear the fruit of nationality. It is not unusual for such changes to take place during the progress of a great war. Men do not die willingly for a trivial cause.

Our final break with England came over a very small matter, a tax on tea so slight that it brought in virtually no revenue. Experiments in taxes of various kinds had been tried for years in the hope of finding some form to which the colonists would not object. Even the Stamp Act of 1765, which raised such an outcry, had not been intended as an insult. It was chosen merely as an easy and convenient way of raising money; and when the astonished English Government found that America objected to it with special fervor, it offered to substitute some other form, provided

the colonists could suggest one more acceptable to themselves. The Government seemed genuinely anxious to please the colonists if it could but have its own way and maintain the principle for which it held out. But it was the principle to which the colonists objected. In 1770 taxes far more burdensome were removed, but this slight one on tea was kept, because, as a British lawmaker observed, a peppercorn paid in acknowledgment of England's right to tax the colonists was worth more than millions without it. Americans were furious. They formed societies called Sons of Liberty, a name, by the way, first given them by an advocate in Parliament. These Sons of Liberty pledged themselves to buy no British goods and to do everything in their power to resist England's evident desire to take away privileges they had long enjoyed. Pony expresses carried hot and angry messages between widely separated committees of correspondence, and the excitement grew until only a spark was needed to kindle a very large fire.

The wonder is that the blaze was delayed so long. Five years passed before the battle of Lexington. But in truth it is hard to tell just when the Revolution began. Those five years were full of unrest, and assuredly the years before that had not been peaceful. It was in 1769 that James

Otis was attacked in a coffee-house, because of a political article he had printed, and so badly beaten over the head that he became insane. The next year a mob gathered to menace the store of some Boston merchants who were suspected of being friendly to the Government. English soldiers appeared. They did not fire, but somebody else did, and the shot killed Christopher Snyder, a little boy of eleven. Great crowds attended his funeral and paraded silently through the streets, their ominous quiet being more eloquent than many curses.

A week later the Boston Massacre occurred. It was a mere street brawl in numbers, and was begun by the citizens who annoyed a passing file of redcoats by pelting them with ice and snow. The soldiers lost patience and fired into the crowd, killing three or four and wounding others. In due time there was a trial, and two of the soldiers were convicted of manslaughter, branded, and set free again. But meanwhile, on the very day of the trouble, there was a mass-meeting, and Samuel Adams was made chairman of a committee to demand that every soldier of the two regiments quartered in Boston be removed before sundown to Castle William, a fortified island out in the harbor. The authorities offered to compromise by removing one regiment. Adams re-

plied that if they could remove one they could and ought to remove both, and it was actually done. So the outcome was that the king's troops meekly took orders from the citizens of Boston, and Parliament, although indignant, seemed afraid to interfere. This added not a little to the patriots' increasing sense of power.

Next year troubles in the South culminated on May 10 in the battle of the Alamance, near the Cape Fear River in North Carolina, between more than a thousand English troops under Tryon, the cordially detested governor of the colony, and an equal number of patriots. Although these put up a gallant fight they were routed after a battle lasting two hours; their best lands were confiscated, and an example was made by hanging seven of their most popular leaders, one of them on the spot "in chains, as an outlaw."

There were minor encounters elsewhere, but the best known and most picturesque of all these technically lawless efforts to let the king see that his American subjects were very much in earnest was the famous Boston Tea-party of December 16, 1773. By this time so much tea was smuggled from Holland that even those who were unwilling to go without their favorite drink had no temptation to buy it from England. If they could not be forced to do this and pay the duty,

the Government must own itself defeated. It tried to send over cargoes and sell them so cheaply that merchants could afford to pay the hated tax and still dispose of it for less than the smuggled article. This was adding insult to injury, for it amounted to the challenge that Americans cared more for their pocketbooks than for their principles. Mass-meetings were held in every port where such cargoes were expected, and different towns took different ways of meeting the situation.

In Boston the ship was allowed to come to anchor near Griffin's Wharf. After that it could not lawfully sail away again before unloading, without permission of the customs officers or a pass from the governor. Unless unloaded within twenty days officers could unload it by force, and the duty would have to be paid. The owner of the ship was quite willing to have it sail away again, and nineteen days slipped by in fruitless efforts to obtain the desired permission. On the twentieth day there was a great mass-meeting, and several thousand people who could find no room inside the Old South Church crowded the streets near by. The ship's owner was sent to make a last appeal to the governor, and the rest waited through the darkening afternoon. Night had fallen and candles had been lighted and

brought in before he returned, unsuccessful, as had been foreseen. Then Samuel Adams rose in the dim church and, with real emotion trembling in his impressive voice, announced, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." His speech might have been a signal, so quickly was it answered by shouts and cries, Indian war cries, as forty or fifty men dressed and painted like Mohawks sprang up from nobody knew where and rushed on board the ship to begin ripping open the chests and throwing their contents into the sea. Although the wharves were black with spectators, nobody could be found afterward to say who took part in the affair; and this despite the fact that "next morning the shoes of at least one reputable citizen of Massachusetts were found by his family to be unaccountably full of tea." Samuel Adams was in church, as we know, and there is a tradition that the stairway in the house of John Hancock, a rich merchant, creaked that night under the tread of moccasined feet.

It was plain that Massachusetts was the leader in all this disorder, and to punish her, Parliament passed what are known as the Intolerable Acts. It took away her charter and appointed a military governor; it closed the port of Boston in order that neither food nor goods should enter until the destroyed cargo had been paid for; it ordered that

men arrested for certain crimes should be sent to Halifax or England for trial, where public opinion would presumably be against them; it directed that soldiers might be quartered wherever the military authorities chose, regardless of protests. There was a fifth law that raised great opposition though it was not directed against Massachusetts. It permitted the free exercise of the Catholic religion in large parts of Canada.

The order closing the port of Boston went into effect on the first of June, 1774, so thoroughly that not a rowboat was allowed to land with provisions. It caused great inconvenience, but the inhabitants did not starve, for public sentiment was with them. The other colonies observed the day as a solemn fast, and food and money and equally precious messages of sympathy were sent from far and near. The fishermen of Marblehead drove cartloads of their dried fish by roundabout ways over many miles of rutty roads. Rice came from Carolina, and Washington wrote from Virginia, "If need be, I will raise one thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march myself to the relief of Boston." He had inherited property that made him one of the richest men in America, and this from him was no idle boast.

General Gage ruled as military governor of Boston, where red-coated soldiers once more

lounge at will. Gage was a mild-mannered man, well enough liked and well known, for he had commanded the king's troops in America for years. He believed that the best way to increase the trouble would be to make martyrs of the unruly colonists, who were, he felt sure, in the minority. Boston received him with personal respect, but he was astonished to find how little attention was paid to him or his soldiers outside of the city. The people of Massachusetts ignored the new courts that he tried to organize and took their orders from a dignified but totally unauthorized provincial assembly that they elected themselves.

While it had been the part of prudence not to inquire too closely into the work of those "Indians" who turned the waters of Boston Harbor into brackish tea, since that, after all, was little more than a college prank, this was real rebellion. Gage had assured the home Government that four regiments ought to end the matter, since at the first show of force the colonists would "undoubtedly prove very meek." Now he asked for more soldiers and in September he began to fortify Boston Neck, the narrow strip of land connecting the town with the mainland; but he did as little as possible in the circumstances to rouse popular ill-will. Before winter was over,

however, things reached a pass where he felt obliged to take some notice of the fact that Samuel Adams and John Hancock were preaching rank treason, and that the Massachusetts Assembly was encouraging warlike preparations.

In April he learned that the patriots had stored a considerable quantity of ammunition at Concord, about six hours' march away. He determined to seize and destroy this, and on the night of April 18, 1775, he sent eight hundred men on this errand, with orders to stop as they passed through Lexington and arrest Adams and Hancock, who were not only preaching sedition, but had recently been chosen delegates to the rebellious Continental Congress soon to meet in Philadelphia.

Pickets were carefully posted in order that news of the little expedition should not get abroad, but before the soldiers were out of Boston a light appeared high in the belfry of the Old North Church. A moment later another shone beside it, and men on the lookout for just such a signal knew not only that the troops were afoot, but the route they were to take. Two of the watchers sprang upon waiting horses and galloped away to rouse the minute-men. Paul Revere was challenged by a sentry, but his horse bounded forward and took him out of harm's

way. Then, as Longfellow tells the story, there was:

“A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight; a bulk in the dark;
And beneath from the pebbles in passing, a spark struck
out by a steed . . .
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night.”

Lexington was warned in time, and Adams and Hancock dressed and slipped quietly away through the fields. Fortunately, the two riders were joined by a third as they galloped on toward Concord, for suddenly they came face to face with a group of British officers. The new-comer managed to dart over a wall and escape, but the others were halted and questioned at the point of the pistol. Just as matters became most critical for them, a church bell pealed, then another and another, until the officers became fearful of capture in their turn and fled, leaving the prisoners to their own devices.

The alarm had reached Lexington so far in advance of the British and the response came so promptly that, after waiting through the chill of the small hours, the one hundred and thirty minute-men who had assembled on the village green were dismissed to rest. When the sound of a drum called them together again at dawn about

sixty appeared, one third of them without arms. Their leader, Captain Parker, sent them into the meeting-house for guns,—only in colonial New England would the weapons have been kept in such a place,—while he led the rest to the end of the green where he formed them to await the king's soldiers, forty against eight hundred. But the main body of British troops passed on toward Concord without casting a glance in their direction. Only one company wheeled out of line to attend to them.

They made rather a pitiful array, and Major Pitcairn probably thought them hardly worth an oath, let alone powder and shot, as he halted his regulars within fifty feet of them and, calling them rebels, ordered them to lay down their arms. They showed no will to do this, and his next order, addressed to his men, was, "Fire!" Only a few obeyed. Perhaps it looked, even to soldiers, too much like murder. But the ragged line still stood defiant, and there came a raking volley which left seven dead and nine wounded. The remainder of the forty turned and ran, and the soldiers, mocking and jeering, swept on toward Concord. It was not much of a battle either in numbers or time, but as our orators love to tell us, that shot fired at Lexington was heard round the world.

When the British reached Concord about seven o'clock of the spring morning they found that two hundred minute-men gathered to defend the town had taken up their position on the hills across the river, carrying most of the hoarded ammunition with them. The British helped themselves to the little that remained and hunted up and down the valley an hour or so looking for more; but they had orders to respect private property, and did small damage beside destroying the liberty-pole and setting fire to the court-house. The smoke rising from this served as a beacon to scores and hundreds of minute-men who were on their way and now began to pour in from every side. Emboldened by such reinforcements, their comrades on the hill descended to the attack. The British tried to take up the planks of the bridge to prevent their crossing, and the bridge itself became the center of a hot combat at the end of which two of the king's soldiers lay dead. It was all over in two or three minutes, then the British turned homeward. English and some American historians claim that they did this voluntarily, and it seems impossible to believe that eight hundred British regulars could have been routed so easily by untrained farmers. Presumably the soldiers were obeying their orders not to "rouse" the country-side.

The patriots drew their own very natural conclusions, however, and hurried after them jubilant with victory. They took aim in the deadly American way learned from woods and Indians, firing from behind trees and bushes. Rarely more than ten could be seen at one time; yet the band of pursuers continued to grow, and as the ammunition of one minute-man gave out, there were two ready to take his place. Thus the running fight continued, the English turning occasionally to fire a volley at their almost invisible foes, then pushing ahead, leaving their dead behind and encumbered by an increasing number of wounded. At Lexington they were gladdened by the sight of twelve hundred of their comrades under Lord Percy coming to their assistance. These formed a hollow square, in the shelter of which the fagged and tired men dropped down to rest, "their tongues hanging out of their mouths like those of dogs after a chase." Even this reinforcement did not deter the elated patriots, and at the end of a short half hour it was deemed best to arouse the fugitives, and the British continued on their troubled way toward Boston. It was after sunset when at last they were ferried across the water to safety.

At Lexington and Concord, where the losses

had been very small, the Americans suffered quite as much as their enemy, but in the course of the afternoon they lost only one third as many as the British, whose casualty list mounted up to two hundred and seventy-three, more than the number killed and wounded in the assault upon Quebec when Wolfe fell. The rebels were only American farmers, without ammunition, with very little equipment, and absolutely no discipline; but they had won the first point in the war.

Having come thus far with increasing excitement and success, they now sat down to the siege of Boston. Although "an army of generals," such as Montgomery scoffed at, most of these plain farmers were as intelligent as generals, and all realized the gravity of the step they were taking. As Franklin expressed it later, if they did not all hang together, the chances were that they would hang separately. Even with the elation of victory upon them and while their neighbors were flocking to join them, they achieved a rude sort of military organization; and before forty-eight hours had passed, Boston was, actually, in a state of siege. The news spread through the country, and still more and more patriots left farms and business until the king's regiments in Boston were ringed around by twenty thousand men. It was

a humiliating position for General Gage, but he knew that reinforcements were on their way, and deemed it prudent to await their coming quietly.

CHAPTER VIII

REAL WAR, AND A REAL GENERAL

THIS was the situation when the Second Continental Congress came together on the tenth of May, 1775. The First Continental Congress had already met in the previous autumn to "consider the Union of Great Britain and the colonies on a constitutional foundation." This one found far different matters to occupy it. Before it had been sitting a week it advised all those colonies that had not yet done so to form new governments, because the king had "withdrawn his protection" from the people. One by one it took over the powers England had previously exercised. One after another the royal governors were driven from office, and though two of them tried unsuccessfully to exercise their authority from the decks of British ships, before the end of the year every one of the thirteen colonial governments had been overthrown.

Yet all the while there was a faction in Congress urging prudence. On the eighth of July, 1775, it persuaded that body to send a last "olive branch" petition to the king, the delegates sign-

ing it not as members of a revolutionary congress, but as his loyal and faithful subjects. This was eighty days after Lexington had been fought, and three weeks after the battle of Bunker Hill. There is humor in the notion that they could still hope to be considered faithful subjects after things had gone as far as this. There is pathos, too, for it shows how hard it was to renounce the old allegiance.

It was a year later, the fourth of the following July, before the American Declaration of Independence put the issue squarely before the people and compelled those still wavering to make their final choice. Congress was so evenly divided for and against the declaration that it had been postponed when debated earlier for fear the vote would not be in its favor. When the vote was finally taken, there was more anxiety than enthusiasm, and the great declaration had only an actual majority of one, if individual men and not states are considered. A crowd waited outside while the ballot was being taken. The time seemed endless. A small boy had been stationed where he could signal the result to the bellman up in Independence Hall. It seemed that the signal would never come. The man craned his neck to see if the boy had deserted his post. The boy wondered if the men inside could be sleeping.

Then the old Liberty Bell rang forth its message, which was answered by other bells from end to end of the land, to be greeted with cheers or tears or tightened lips as the case might be. In New York a joyous mob gathered around the leaden statue of King George the Third, burned the royal emblems, and pulled down the statue to be melted into bullets.

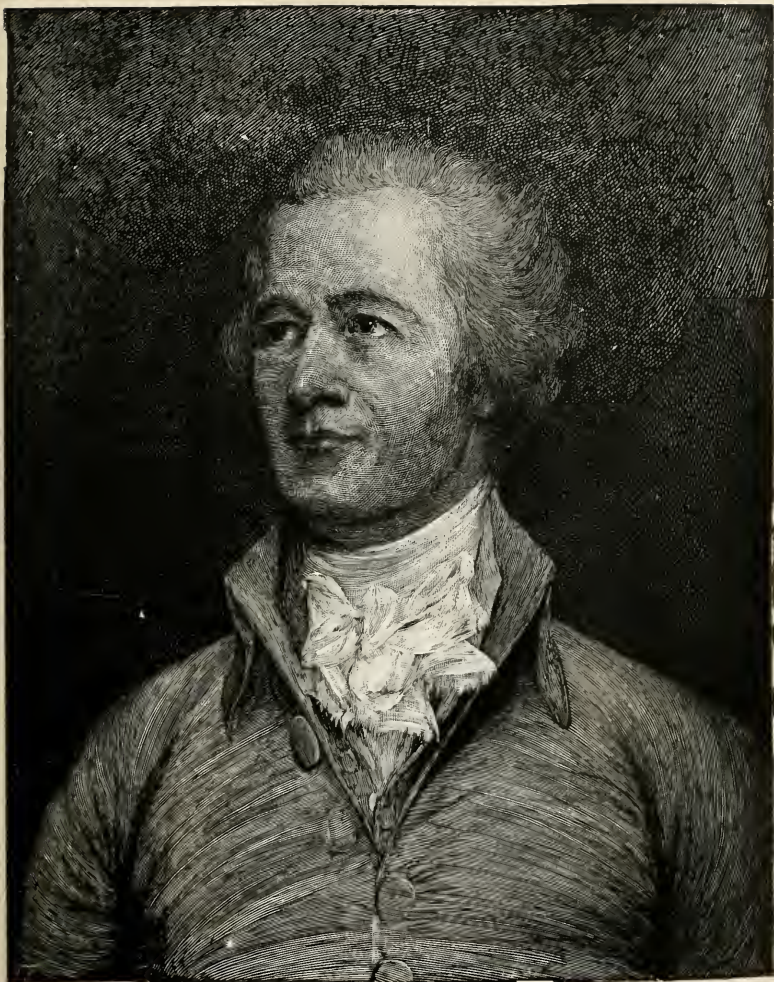
One of the first things the new Congress learned was that Ethan Allen, that man of blustering energy who had fought in the French and Indian War and had since been outlawed for opposing New York's claim to land that afterward became Vermont, had hastened to enter this new quarrel. It was at dawn on May 10, some hours before the Second Continental Congress actually came into being, that Allen, with a certain Benedict Arnold and a mere handful of Green Mountain Boys around him, had thundered at the gate of Fort Ticonderoga and, rousing an unsuspecting British officer from his slumbers, had demanded the surrender of the imposing fortress "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

The commander, only half awake, dazed at the sudden call, and unable to comprehend the colossal bluff, had complied.

It is safe to hazard the guess that Congress

found itself somewhat embarrassed by the gift, not knowing as yet how far in rebellion its members were prepared to go. They went far when they elected John Hancock, the man with a halter round his neck, as their presiding officer, and farther still when Congress took upon itself, in behalf of the United Colonies of America, responsibility for the patriot army besieging General Gage. So little provision had been made beforehand, either for employing an army or running a government, that one of the first things Congress had to do was to borrow six thousand pounds with which to buy gunpowder.

It was indeed an audacious thing that it had undertaken, nothing less than to dispute possession of the continent of North America with the strongest power of Europe. It was true that the colonies had increased by this time from half a dozen pathetic settlements to thirteen energetic states, with a total population of three million. But three million persons are not very many to scatter in groups through primeval forests from the region of Maine down to northern Florida. We can imagine the emptiness of the same region if swept of all inhabitants except those now gathered in New York City. But Congress came of the same race as the strongest nation of Eu-



ALEXANDER HAMILTON

From a painting by Trumbull, 1792. Now owned by the Chamber of Commerce, N. Y.

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rope and, once decided, set about its task with no thought of failure.

Gradually its besieging army changed a little in character. The minute-men who had answered the first summons returned to their homes, their places being taken by bands of militia, equally untrained, but enlisted for definite, if short, periods of service. A great deal of confusion resulted, because each state had its own laws for enrolling men, so that there were at least thirteen different ways of getting them into the service and to the scene of action. Although Congress had adopted the hastily gathered swarm of defenders as its own, there was jealousy of any central military authority both in Congress and out. It might have gone hard with the patriot cause in those days if the British generals had been men of vigor, but Gage was not a man of vigor; when reinforcements arrived late in May, raising the number of British in Boston to ten thousand, the command was given to William Howe, who had led the assault at Bunker Hill. He was an excellent officer, but too fond of the pleasures of the table, and as friendly at heart to America as Gage himself. Division of counsel on the one hand was offset, therefore, by inertia on the other.

But even divided counsels could agree upon

the wisdom of fortifying Charlestown Heights, looking down on Boston. The English detected signs of activity in the American camp, and General Gage made a first move, on paper, to check it, by issuing a proclamation that threatened "death by the cord as rebels and traitors" to all persons caught with arms in their hands, but promised amnesty to those who repented, Samuel Adams and John Hancock alone excepted.

The answer to this was a force of twelve hundred men drawn up on Cambridge Common on the night of June 15. Dr. Langdon, the president of Harvard, lifted his hands toward the stars and asked the blessing of God upon their enterprise, and when the prayer was ended, they marched away in silence. The committee of safety had given orders to fortify Bunker Hill; but either through a mistake or because of the independence so characteristic of that citizen soldiery, Colonel Prescott, the commander, decided that Breed's Hill was the better place and set his men to digging there. The first spadeful of earth was not turned until midnight, but dawn showed the redoubts half finished. Then General Israel Putnam arrived with more men and, interpreting his orders literally, occupied Bunker Hill. Discovering what was going on, the British placed some cannon in the old burying-ground on Copp's Hill,

where Increase and Cotton Mather and other worthies of Boston's early days sleep their last sleep, and moved two of their ships within firing range of the patriots, who went on industriously raising their walls of earth.

On the afternoon of June 17 twenty-five hundred British soldiers were ferried across the water under cover of lively firing from cannon on ships and shore, landed for an attack, formed at the foot of Breed's Hill, and rushed straight up with magnificent and fatal assurance. They expected the American "peasants" to break and run, but these stood firm, not even firing at the oncoming enemy, who shot too soon and fired too high as they advanced. America's divided counsels had agreed on another thing, that ammunition was scarce, and that an ample supply encouraged wastefulness. Scarcely three rounds had been dealt out, and the men had been told that every bullet ought to bring down its man. They were good enough marksmen to take the admonition to heart and waited, as the English had done at Quebec, until their enemies were almost upon them. Then they fired a deadly volley, the unexpected precision of which caused the advancing line to waver and fall back. Fifteen minutes later it advanced again most gallantly. This time the Americans waited until the British were

even nearer before pouring forth another volley. Once more the British recoiled before the deadly marksmanship. But when they advanced a third time, the patriots had scarcely half a round left. They used that with telling effect; then, clubbing their muskets, for they had few bayonets among them, fought as best they could, hand to hand. "Nothing," wrote a British officer, "could be more shocking than the carnage that followed. . . . We tumbled over the dead to get at the living." Little by little, retreating in good order, the Americans were forced back from Breed's Hill over Bunker Hill and on toward Prospect Hill near Cambridge, where they intrenched to await another British attack; but the soldiers of the king had had enough, and it never came.

Technically the battle was a victory for the British since they had dislodged their enemy and captured five of his six guns. Historically it ranks as a great American triumph. The army of farmers had caused the best of England's soldiers to reel before it, and though it lost four hundred and fifty men, the British loss was much heavier, being something over one thousand, of which more than one hundred were officers. In General Gage's report of the battle he paid tribute to the "military spirit" and "uncommon zeal and enthusiasm" of his enemies, and wrote: "The

success, which was very necessary in our present condition, cost us dear. . . . The trials we have had show the rebels are not the despicable rabble too many have supposed them to be . . . The conquest of this country is not easy; you have to cope with vast numbers. In all their wars against the French they never showed so much conduct, attention and perseverance as they do now."

A day or two before this first full-sized battle of the Revolution the Continental Congress did the truly vital thing of its career. It voted unanimously to make "George Washington, Esq. of Virginia" commander of its adopted army and, in doing so, gave the cause a real general, who ranks with the great commanders of the world. In his speech of thanks to Congress he declared that he did not think himself equal to the task. In writing the great news to his wife, he told her that "so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from the consciousness of its being a trust too great for my ability." This was his modest judgment of himself. The judgment of history is that "so far as it can be true that any one man ever did win a war, George Washington won the Revolution single-handed."

We are so sure of the debt we owe him that it

is startling to learn that his selection did not depend upon fitness so much as upon the accident that he was not born in New England. New England and especially Massachusetts had led in the movement for freedom; but New England and the other colonies were not always in accord. At this critical moment concert of action was needed most of all. It would be suicidal to let the revolt so brilliantly begun dwindle into a sectional quarrel, New England against the rest of America as well as against Old England across the sea.

Virginia had been nearly as active in the cause, Patrick Henry's eloquence, Washington's fair-mindedness, Jefferson's versatile talents, even the unusual mental powers of James Monroe, a boy just out of college, rendering the sayings and example of her patriots noteworthy. Astute New Englanders in Congress were wise enough to hush the claims of members of their own section, like "King" Hancock, who felt sure he was born for military glory, and to make Washington commander, in order to attach the South firmly to the cause and give the rebellion a more national character.

It was a cousin of Samuel Adams, John Adams, who made the original motion. Washington was free enough from conceit and enough of a politician himself to understand. He

thought the choice was due to "the partiality of Congress, joined to a political motive." He accepted the task like a good soldier, though with a heavy sense of the difficulties before him. The welcome he received as he journeyed northward might have turned a wise head; but louder than the applause must have been the question in his own mind of how he could fulfil his task, not alone the military task of winning victories, but the more difficult feat of handling his army so as to please all sections, the South, the middle colonies, and New England in love with liberty, but intolerant of ways not her own.

As he stood under the historic elm on Cambridge Common on July 3, 1775, to assume command, these thoughts must have been lost for the moment in the greater wonder of how he was ever going to make a trained army out of the ragged material before him. It was excellent stuff; the world has never seen better, but it was very raw and disorganized. It besieged General Howe in a semicircle nine miles long, stretching from Dorchester to Malden. Some of the men were lodged in dwelling-houses, some in tents, some in makeshift hovels contrived out of everything and anything from old sails to rushes woven basket-fashion into semblance of a shelter. Although they had come full of enthusiasm, they

were enlisted for a few weeks only and, unless they reënlisted, would melt away again to their homes before his training could have any effect. Many of the officers who later gained distinguished honor and some who became notorious were already on hand, but he had yet to know them and to study their characters. To crown all, supplies of every kind were scarce, when not absolutely lacking. Surely it was a task to try a man's highest power.

Had England been alive to her opportunity, the rebellion might have ended just there, by the dispersal of this enthusiastic rabble, the confiscation of estates and fortunes, and the tragic end of a few leaders.

Fortunately, it took England two years to realize the seriousness of the Revolution, and by that time her opportunity was gone.

Little by little as summer merged into autumn and autumn passed into winter, Washington established something approaching order and a military standard in his force. Drill was hard and frequent, discipline stern and enforced with the lash. The officers worked under the commander-in-chief as they had never worked before. He drew his lines tighter and still a little tighter around the English regiments. He augmented his scanty supply of artillery by laboriously drag-

ging cannon all the way from Ticonderoga over the snow; and one day in March, Howe found that the Americans were occupying Dorchester Heights, which overlooked the city, and knew that he must either attack again as he had done at Bunker Hill or be shelled out of his position. While wavering between flight and fight, a storm came up and disarranged the partial plans made for an attack, and he let it become known to Washington that if allowed to depart unmolested he would sail with his force for Halifax. This he did on March 17, taking with him not only his army, but about a thousand citizens of Tory sympathies who preferred to seek new homes rather than occupy their old ones under patriot rule.

So far the English soldiers had won every battle with the Americans, but Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill proved barren victories. Something was strangely wrong. Mathematics upheld them, and common sense applauded when they reasoned that this was a revolt not to be taken too seriously. It must be put down, of course, but put down in a manner so gentle that there would be no hard feelings between conquered and conquerors after it was over. It was for this reason that General Gage had tried not to "rouse" the country when he sent to take the ammunition at Concord, and that Admiral Howe, coming in

command of British ships, was empowered to treat with the rebels as well as to fight them. He actually held a conference with three members of the Continental Congress, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and Edward Rutledge, in September, 1776, with no result, as can be imagined.

At first General Gage had estimated that four regiments would be ample to quell the disturbance. Then he sent for reinforcements. When it was decided to send them and a new commander with them, General Amherst had been offered the assignment. But Amherst, remembering his former luck in America, refused unless he could be assured of a force of twenty thousand men. William Howe, twelve years his junior, was willing to try with half that number, though he, too, had vivid American memories. It was his elder brother, Lord Howe, who fell before Ticonderoga in the French and Indian War. His naval brother, "Black Dick," had also served in that war under Boscawen at the taking of Louisburg, and William Howe himself had been in the party that clambered up from Wolfe's Cove to the Plains of Abraham.

After he sailed away from Boston to Halifax William Howe reported that a total of fifty thousand men would be needed to end the rebellion: ten thousand for New England, twenty thousand

for the middle section, ten thousand for the South, and ten thousand to oppose General Washington's army. The English ministry, still confident that the American forces did not number ten thousand men all told, and that these were without equipment and likely to go home at any moment, refused to believe him. In thus misjudging the forces with which she had to deal, England made the grave mistake of reasoning from physical facts alone, without taking into account the spirit that animated the patriots.

CHAPTER IX

WILL-O'-THE-WISP SOLDIERS

A WRITER on the science of war asserts that geography is responsible for three-fourths of military history. The British had not lost sight of geography in planning their campaigns. They knew that both geography and self-interest divided the colonies into distinct groups. There was New England, lying to the north and east of the Hudson River. Its business centered chiefly in fishing and in shipping the fish it caught. Next came the middle colonies between the Hudson and Potomac rivers. These were interested in general agriculture, and there was a stronger Tory sentiment here than elsewhere. In the Southern group, extending from the Potomac down to the Spanish province of Florida, tobacco-growing was the chief source of wealth. All professed themselves eager for liberty, but each wanted things for which the others cared not at all. England was sure they would soon fall to quarreling among themselves. Even with perfect harmony among them, distances were so great and roads so bad that it

would require two months to send a force overland from Massachusetts to the help of Georgia, and England's strong navy could see that it never got there by water. Clearly the thing to do was to take advantage of such divisions and increase them as much as possible.

New England had been the greatest offender; so it was natural to begin with New England. Because Massachusetts was the chief instigator of rebellion and Boston the chief city of New England, the British had occupied Boston. But it did not work out as planned. Bunker Hill gave the American fight for liberty a new and unexpected dignity in the eyes of the world, and the departure of General Howe from Boston brought the first period of the Revolutionary War to a close.

Counting from the fight at Lexington to the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, the war lasted seven years and six months, and this time falls into three great divisions. First came the attempt to punish New England. Next, England tried to gain possession of New York, where Tory sentiment was strong. This was to be done by the double means of occupying New York City and sending an expedition down from Canada by the old route of the St. Lawrence, Lake Champlain, and the Hudson River. When these two

expeditions met, the proposed confederacy of thirteen States would be cut in two in the middle, after which each half could be dealt with separately. This second period of the war lasted about two years. Then the field of activity was transferred to the South, in an endeavor to conquer the Southern States in turn, beginning with Georgia and working northward. Meanwhile, the British and American forces in the North settled down to a test of endurance, each side trying to tire out its adversary. A few less important campaigns went on simultaneously elsewhere, but they were secondary to these main movements of the struggle.

For instance, during the time that Washington was holding Howe prisoner in Boston, an attempt was made by the Americans to invade Canada, and Montreal was actually captured by General Montgomery, who sailed with three thousand men down Lake Champlain in the Indian summer, while its shores were aglow with autumn colors. Benedict Arnold and Daniel Morgan of Virginia, a giant in body and a marvel of daring, meanwhile led another force of twelve hundred through the tangle of Maine woods to attack Quebec. But their march was so difficult that two hundred men perished by starvation and drowning; others turned back, and only seven

hundred pushed through to appear before the city after winter had set in. Montgomery joined them; but the British commander, General Carleton, secure in his defenses, remembered Montcalm's fatal error and refused to come out and give battle. It was December; Montgomery had no siege guns. Pneumonia and smallpox were doing their work, and the term for which his New England troops had enlisted ended with the old year. He must act quickly if at all, and desperate as the outlook seemed, it was decided to take the place by assault. At 2 A. M. on the thirty-first of December the attack was begun in a fall of snow so dense as to confuse and mislead every one, and to make it almost impossible for the Americans to distinguish the piece of white paper that each had stuck in his cap as a means of telling friend from foe. The first barrier was quickly taken, but the attempt ended, as such foolhardy attempts almost invariably do end, in disaster. Montgomery was killed, Arnold was wounded, and Morgan taken prisoner. If Fate had only allowed Montgomery and Arnold to change places, and if the slender aide who caught Montgomery's body as it fell could also have found an honorable death on that icy morning, American history would be the brighter: for Arnold lived to turn traitor, and the name of the young aide was Aaron Burr. In

the spring General Carleton recaptured Montreal, and little by little the Americans were driven back until they lost all that had been gained.

From beginning to end of the Revolution there was a great difference in the quality of the opposing armies; not in personal bravery or in endurance so much as in their ways of doing things and in their habits of mind. Indians were employed by both sides in operations along the Western frontier, but the practice was already beginning to be looked upon with disfavor and the Revolution was fought mainly by white men, though men of diverse appearance and race. Almost from the first the patriots had the help of individual French officers like Lafayette, who came across the seas to join heart and soul in our battles, before the French Government decided to recognize our existence or give to our cause the weight of its official sanction. After it had done so, it was not content with empty words, but sent over a fleet and an army, without whose assistance, some claim, our fight could never have been won. We also had invaluable help from officers of other nationalities: from the Polish generals Kosciuszko and Pulaski; that grave friend of Lafayette's, the Austrian Baron De Kalb; and from Baron von Steuben, who had served on the staff of Frederick the Great. In the two years

that passed before England awoke to the gravity of the rebellion the patriots had time to learn much, both from their own mistakes and from the drill and training of these officers, particularly from Baron von Steuben, who gave freely of his knowledge and skill during the bitter winter at Valley Forge. Our armies, however, were chiefly made up of farmers and dwellers in the small towns, who enlisted for a few weeks or months and then went home to till their fields or wait until winter was over, many of them reenlisting again and again, when their home duties were done or the need for recruits seemed great. In addition to these there were the minute-men who came together in their own neighborhood on notice of British approach, bringing with them ammunition and food to last a few days, harassed the enemy as long as these supplies held out, and faded away again, their place being taken by minute-men from the next county to be invaded.

The English sent over their own well-trained regulars, as well as soldiers enlisted for this special war; and in addition to these there were many regiments of Hessians, hired from their reigning princes "at a contract price of thirty-six dollars a head," as if they had been animals. They were huge men of guttural speech and fantastic appearance, with high fur hats, long jack-boots,

fierce black moustaches that were dyed every morning with shoe polish according to popular belief, and they carried an array of weapons that made each a walking arsenal. The Americans called them "Dutch butchers," and loathed them not so much because of their acts, which were barbarous enough according to all accounts, but because they were the type of humanity that is willing to enter a quarrel for money and to kill or be killed for pay.

The difference between American and English ways of fighting had been demonstrated on Braddock's Field and in every battle since; but it was a difference the British never condescended to notice. They took into account neither climate nor conditions, made their men march in heavy flannel shirts and cumbersome uniforms through the sweltering furnace of our American summers, and made them manoeuvre and fight as they had been taught to do abroad. The English soldiers obeyed with the precision of machines, and the grit and stupidity of men who would rather die according to rule than transgress one article of their military regulations. The contrast between the two armies may be flippantly expressed as that between perfectly drilled arms and legs on the one side and nimble feet and wits on the other. Mr. Usher says:

The very fact of the British army's discipline and organization became a hindrance the moment they left the open fields and advanced into the wilds. A couple of thousand farmers in their shirtsleeves and without any artillery and baggage could straggle across fields, scaling fences, penetrating woods, and losing little if anything of their efficiency in the process. . . . A British column on the other hand could not advance without roads. . . . The trampling of many feet and the wheels of artillery and baggage wagons soon rendered even a dry field a quagmire. . . . Inasmuch as few roads in America were sufficiently well made to stand the travel of an army, the Americans possessed a positive advantage over the British in manœuvering, which would have given them victory after victory, had not the very lack of organization that helped them on the march been a fatal deficiency on the field of battle. The British therefore could rarely be dislodged, but could always be eluded. After the first two years the American generals thoroughly appreciated this fact, and kept the campaigns in territory which offered the English the maximum of difficulty.

It is stated that even toward the end of the war General Greene, perhaps the most successful general next to Washington, realized that a third of his raw army would run at the first fire, and planned his campaigns accordingly. He placed the rawest troops in the first rank, "with orders to fire one volley before they ran, or the second rank would shoot them. The second and third ranks, placed at wide intervals, were to let the fugitives through and, when the English ap-

peared, offer some resistance themselves and then retreat before they were harmed. The third rank, composed of experienced troops, would cover the flight of their less enthusiastic comrades. The battle would always be lost, but ten miles up the road Greene would find his army quite as before, save for the breath lost in running." Thus the enemy would be led on, away from the British base of supplies into the hills where there was little for it to eat, or toward some point where the Americans had the best of reasons to believe they would meet reinforcements.

The very lack of system in this fluctuating force made it puzzling to orderly British minds. They seemed constantly to be confronted by fresh men, all innocent of making war by rule, but accustomed to think for themselves, familiar with the region and knowing to the last cow and measure of grain where food was to be obtained. Even American officers seemed not to care when or what or how they ate, provided they could keep strength in their bodies, while to the average British officer, dinner was a rite to be observed with due solemnity and a traveling-case of wines. Then the marksmanship of these stragglers in shirts and linen breeches was another source of unpleasant surprise. The British had decided

that the musket was too inaccurate a weapon for use "except in volley firing." The Americans demonstrated their way of using it at Bunker Hill. The British resented such extreme skill as unsportsmanlike and objected to having their men shot at from behind walls or their officers disturbed at meals. But the Americans had learned war in the school of Indian fighting, which was no military game, but a mortal struggle in which a man's own life was the grim price of failure.

According to modern ideas the number of men engaged in the battles of the Revolution was trifling. Even measured by the standards of that day it was small. Lafayette called the Revolution "the grandest of contests, won by skirmishes of sentinels and outposts." It is probably the only great war won by an almost unbroken series of defeats. "The most puzzling thing to the English," says Usher, "became, as the war progressed, the willingness of the Americans to lose the battles." Washington's road to military glory was along a path of adversity from his first command as a youngster to its triumphant close. Surely in all the world's history no other general gained such luster by defeat.

CHAPTER X

THE BRITISH WEDGE

THE first period of the war, up to the time General Howe was driven from Boston, was, after all, only preliminary. It was like the vestibule to a house, a very important opening. The war's closing scenes were in the South, but the absorbing part of the contest took place in the middle section, in New York and New Jersey. It was here that the fight was really fought, that the Continental Army suffered most, and that Washington showed his skill.

New York's triangular shape was a great advantage from the British point of view. She seemed like a giant wedge, which might be successfully driven through the heart of the rebellious States. Her wide-spreading western frontier laid her specially open to Indian attacks. Along her eastern border was that route down from Canada by way of the St. Lawrence, Lake Champlain, and the Hudson that had played so large a part in the previous war. Possession of her tiny bit of coast not only insured the use of a seaport ranking even at that time high in the list

of American towns, but also the control of the mouth of the Hudson, the southern end of the coveted highway to Canada. Manhattan had been originally settled by the Dutch. A dozen languages could be heard upon its streets any day, and perhaps because of this it showed little of that warm desire for freedom characteristic of New England and some colonies farther south. Tory sentiment was likewise strong in the Mohawk valley to the west. Here, in short, seemed the pathway to British success.

The patriots had not overlooked the importance of that interior water-route to Canada. It was to forestall advance along this line that Ethan Allen had hastened to make his dramatic demand for the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga, and that General Montgomery and Benedict Arnold had attempted their winter invasion. After its failure the Americans had gradually been pushed back as far as Crown Point. The wedge was already in position; the upper part of the route was already in British hands; all that remained was to drive it home. So, after a short but fruitless attempt against South Carolina in June, 1776, when a fort of palmetto logs built by Colonel Moultrie on Sullivan's Island in Charleston Harbor proved singularly elastic and resisted shot and shell while inflicting notable damage on the Brit-

ish fleet, the South and New England were left severely alone, and British attention was concentrated on New York.

It was on the fifth of July, the day after Philadelphia's Liberty Bell had rung out tidings of the Declaration of Independence, that General Howe appeared in force at Staten Island with twenty-five thousand men. A week later "Black Dick," his naval brother, now an admiral, arrived in command of the fleet. These two, knowing America, and known by Americans to be liberal in their views of the quarrel, seemed to the authorities in London ideal commanders to put down the rebellion and yet keep the friendship of the rebels. Washington had an army of eighteen thousand ready to receive General Howe; but he refused to receive a letter addressed by General Howe in his capacity of mediator to "George Washington, Esq.," as though he were a private person. The American commander returned it with the crisp explanation that he knew of no such person in camp, adding the suggestion that it might be delivered at Mt. Vernon at the end of the war. So Howe had to drop his rôle of peacemaker and return to that of military chief.

The first trial of strength occurred at the battle of Long Island on August 27, where the British outnumbered the Americans four to one, and the

latter suffered a severe defeat, losing four hundred killed and a thousand prisoners. For this success General Howe was knighted. Forced to retreat, Washington ferried his men across the East River under the very prows of British patrol-boats. Howe was even yet disinclined to push matters to extremes. He and his brother again tried negotiation and actually succeeded in arranging the interview with three members of Congress. Four days after this fruitless meeting he crossed the East River in his turn, landing at a country spot now covered with bricks and known as Thirty-fourth Street. On the same day Washington withdrew to Harlem Heights, hoping to keep the English from sailing up the Hudson. Tradition has it that Lord Howe followed hotly until he came to the residence of Madam Murray, mother of the writer of the well-known grammar. This lady had patriotism and wit and cool wine at her command, and used all three so successfully that she delayed pursuit for several precious hours. Next day Howe tried to break through the line Washington had strengthened during this respite, but failed, losing three hundred men. Then the English commander paused in a leisurely fashion to study his problem before the next attack. But by the middle of November Fort Washington was

in his hands, British boats could sail up the Hudson for forty miles, and three thousand of Washington's men, one-sixth of his entire force, had been captured.

It was after this that Washington began the retreat across New Jersey which established his fame as one of the great commanders of history. The heavy odds against him were not all in General Howe's army. Some were in his own camp, some in Congress, some in the fierceness of the winter storms. For all his self-control, he was no saint, and his army, especially in those early days, was no miracle of bravery. It was the trying period when men and officers were "finding themselves." It is said that he was left virtually alone on the battle-field on Long Island in his fruitless attempt to turn back the fleeing and terrified patriots; and that he discharged his loaded pistols after them, with a torrent of vigorous words that told just what he thought of their conduct. Some of his best officers made grave mistakes, but by means of them learned lessons that they later turned to good account.

Others never learned. Black tales are told of personal treachery. A plot to poison Washington like a dog was discovered. The pretentious General Charles Lee, who had "seen service abroad" and therefore loomed large in his own

exalted opinion and in that of less conceited fellow-officers, was covetous enough to desire supreme command, and to this end was willing to sacrifice human lives and personal honor to ruin Washington. Fortunately, a party of British dragoons did the American cause the very great service of capturing this dangerous person as he sat alone for a moment in an unguarded tavern; so temporarily this menace was removed from the army.

General Howe was a good officer when roused, but slow to follow up advantages, and in this campaign of retreat and pursuit he allowed himself to be led on and on, away from the Hudson, sometimes entering one side of a town as Washington's rear-guard left it on the other, but never making the supreme effort that might have brought him success despite Washington's great skill. The pursuit continued until they came within a few miles of Philadelphia. Congress fled from the city in alarm, and the British ranged where they would along the east bank of the Delaware. Canada was lost. Long Island, New York, and New Jersey were all in possession of the enemy. Washington's army had not been paid. A large part of it was held prisoner in New York. The remainder was dwindling rapidly, and the enlistments of most of the men who

remained would expire with the old year. It seemed that the wedge had been successfully driven home, and that the end of the war was now only a matter of days. General Howe returned to New York, and Lord Cornwallis, his second in command, prepared to sail for England.

But the British Army in the field followed close upon the heels of the retreating patriots. It reached Trenton just too late to prevent the American escape across the icy Delaware. It was here that Washington did the unexpected thing and did it against the advice of his officers, who thought it too hazardous. He knew that on the first day of January his force would be reduced to fifteen hundred men. On Christmas night he turned upon his pursuers, recrossed the Delaware in darkness and in a storm that made the enterprise doubly perilous, marched back upon Trenton over roads that the sleet had turned to sticky mire which added the last touch of difficulty to the adventure, and fell with such suddenness upon the eleven hundred Hessians who were sleeping off their Christmas debauch in the town that nine hundred and fifty of them were captured, with a loss of only eight of his own force, two of whom were frozen to death in the terrible chill. The fate of his enterprise had hung for a moment in the balance. An informer brought

the Hessian commander warning in ample time, but that worthy, drowsy and tipsy with feasting, and amorously intent on winning a kiss from a pretty serving-maid, crammed the note into his pocket unread.

In addition to their prisoners, the Americans captured at Trenton six brass field-pieces and a liberal supply of small arms. The fight was over in thirty-five minutes; the news of it roused the country from despair to enthusiasm in a time almost as brief. Credit and hope and the number of recruits all revived. The bits of red cloth that timid residents had tacked to farm-house doors to indicate their British sympathy disappeared as if by magic. Congress voted renewed confidence in Washington and, what was more to the point, promised to borrow money and pay his soldiers. This was gratifying, but Washington, alive to the instant need for funds with which to clothe and feed them, pledged his own private fortune. Other patriots followed his example. Robert Morris of Philadelphia passed the morning of New Year's day, 1777, knocking at the doors of his friends, and he soon had fifty thousand dollars in real cash to put into Washington's hands, a sum worth many times that amount in promises, as a measure of the reviving confidence.

Cornwallis gave up his plan of returning to England, collected troops as rapidly as possible at Princeton, and marched with seven thousand men to "wipe out the late mortifying disgrace." Washington reasoned that, if he came with that number, he could not have left many behind; and at midnight on January 2, leaving camp-fires burning and men digging trenches to deceive the enemy, he marched the continental army back by a road parallel to the one along which the British were advancing, to fall upon their rear-guard. Morning found them at Princeton, where they had a hot fight with three British regiments, an engagement won by the Continentals with a loss of brave officers and men, and at great risk to Washington's own life, as he rallied the troops for the last victorious charge, within thirty yards of the enemy's guns. The enemy was pursued some distance toward Brunswick, where Washington hoped to repeat his success. But his troops, worn out with incessant marching and fighting on scanty allowances of food and sleep, were too much exhausted, and after a short rest the American army turned north toward Morristown, where it went into winter quarters.

"Between Christmas, 1776, and January, 1777," says a military critic, "Washington in very truth snatched victory out of the jaws of defeat."

Not least among the things he accomplished was to lure Howe away from the Hudson River, which the British Government expected him to secure after taking New York. He had not been actually ordered to do this, and Washington succeeded in diverting him from the cherished purpose of cutting the rebellion in two. Once diverted, it was hard for Howe to return to it before he had justified his course by the capture of Philadelphia. During the early summer of 1777 he devoted himself to this object, meaning to take his army north after it was done. On the twelfth of June he began a march across New Jersey with eighteen thousand men, but Washington managed to block him with eight thousand, occupying positions where Howe could not attack to advantage, yet dared not leave the Americans for fear of having his communications cut. On the last day of June he gave up the attempt and returned to Staten Island, sailing from there five days later for the head of Chesapeake Bay, to approach Philadelphia from that direction. General Charles Lee, who was Howe's prisoner and bent on showing that he was really Tory at heart, used his undoubted eloquence to urge him on. It must be confessed that the idea of capturing the home of the Continental Congress was alluring and, if successful, bound to bring great discour-

agement to the patriot cause. It must be confessed, too, that Howe succeeded, for Washington opposed him at the battle of Brandywine on September 11, and was defeated, and again at the battle of Germantown on October 4, was equally unfortunate. After that the Continental Army retired to make a winter camp at Valley Forge, and Howe and his army entered Philadelphia. But success came too late to permit carrying out the second part of his program, and that proved the great British misfortune of the war.

Howe's troops lay through the cold weather in comfort in the city, while the privations in Washington's gloomy camp were the most severe that the Americans were called upon to endure. But during the terrible winter at Valley Forge, Washington's ragged host was welded into an army of which any general might be proud. He was proud of them. "Naked and starving as they are," he wrote, "we cannot sufficiently admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiers." The weather was intensely cold. There was not enough food or shelter or clothing. The barefooted soldiers left bloody footprints in the snow, and men actually died of starvation. Conspiracy tried to undermine faith in Washington, even to bribe to its side the gallant young Lafayette who had come to America in time to receive

his wound at Brandywine. Lafayette was as loyal as his heart was big, and his presence was not the least among the small bits of comfort that Washington was able to extract from the situation.

Before he knew Lafayette, Washington's personal dealings with Frenchmen had been limited to those he met in the French and Indian War, and his experience of officers who had served abroad to such unfortunate examples as Charles Lee and General Horatio Gates, a little man with a plausible tongue and a cuckoo's gift for slipping into places to which he had no right. Washington had been distinctly uncordial in thought toward the foreign officers who came over during the summer of 1777 to join his army and, fearing that Lafayette would put on airs, was annoyed at having to welcome him. But their meeting proved a case of friendship at first sight, which speedily deepened into real affection. Far from putting on airs the young Frenchman was willing and eager to bear his share of hardship. One of his small acts of kindness that only came to light half a century after it happened was done during this cold winter at Valley Forge. The last time Lafayette was in America an aged man came up to shake his hand. He was dressed in a faded Continental uniform, and across his shoul-

ders he wore a piece of old and dingy blanket. He asked the general if he remembered a stormy night when he took the musket from the hands of a shivering sentry and sent him to his own tent with orders to bring back stockings and a blanket, promising to do duty for him till he returned. The soldier found that even a general at Valley Forge owned only one covering for his bed, but when he brought the desired articles, Lafayette bade him put on the stockings and, taking out his sword, fraternally divided the blanket in half.

The story not only portrays the want in that winter camp, but the spirit in which it was borne. John Marshall, who was in after years to become America's great chief justice, joked about his discomforts. Young Alexander Hamilton, whom Washington loved like a son, was there to ease his chief's burden where he could, giving long and laborious days to clerical duty, using that wonderful brain of his on a thousand perplexing problems, and seasoning the fare at the frugal mess-table with his brilliant talk. Scores of officers proved their mettle that winter; thousands of soldiers, their heroism. In December, Baron von Steuben brought his great knowledge and skill to the camp and gave officers and men alike what would now be called "intensive training."

They came out from the trial welded in a spirit of comradeship and devotion that was destined to be the seed of the spirit of a great nation.

CHAPTER XI

“BRITISH SOLDIERS DO NOT RETREAT”

THOUGH Philadelphia had been lost and Valley Forge was a place of torment, the cause of liberty had taken a great step forward in the year 1777, and Washington had reason to be satisfied with the work of his army.

Incensed that Howe paid so little heed to its wish to control the Hudson, the British Government had refused the request for fifteen thousand troops with which he promised to end the war in 1777, and sent, instead, a new army of seven or eight thousand men to Canada under General John Burgoyne, who was instructed to carry out the old and cherished plan. Burgoyne was a favorite and personal friend of the king, a man who was fond of making phrases, and more proud of some poems and plays he had written than of the fine military reputation he had won in Portugal. But he was not ashamed of that or of the British Army. “British soldiers do not retreat,” was a favorite saying of his, and one that he and his men kept to the letter.

Having been in Boston when Bunker Hill was fought, he thought he knew the Americans through and through. It was with perfect confidence in himself, therefore, as well as in his men and his mission, that he started southward early in June, held conferences full of phrase-making with his Indian allies, and arranged for their help on the western frontier of New York. According to this arrangement, part of his force, under Colonel Barry St. Leger, was to go by boat up the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario as far as Oswego, and to march from there upon Albany through the Mohawk Valley, where Sir John Johnson, son of old Sir William, carried on his father's doubtful traditions of Indian lordship and Tory power. Meanwhile, Burgoyne, with his main force, was to follow the usual route by way of Lake Champlain. Albany was to be the rendezvous. He expected Howe to come from the south, and that by the time the three commanders met, the wedge would be driven well home, and rebellion would be dead.

He reached the neighborhood of Ticonderoga almost without opposition. His men climbed to the top of Mount Defiance and planted cannon there in the dead of night, and in the morning the fort that had resisted Abercrombie's force of fifteen thousand men in that first assault and had

surrendered weakly the second time to the sound of Ethan Allen's boisterous voice received them with echoing emptiness. The Americans had fled toward Fort Edward. There was something sinister about Ticonderoga.

Leaving a garrison in the empty fort, Burgoyne now plunged into the wooded country between Lake Champlain and the upper waters of the Hudson. General Philip Schuyler, "a rare man, full of sound sense," but unfortunately a prey to the intrigues of officers who wished to supplant him, commanded the Americans. Schuyler's force was not large, but it was better equipped than Washington's own, and Schuyler fully understood that the farther he could draw the British away from their base of supplies the better it would be for America in the end, since he was leading them into a country where there was neither Tory sentiment nor food enough to sustain them. With modifications he did just what Washington had done in New Jersey, just what a bird does when she lures enemies away from the nest; he retreated, fighting only enough to add zest to pursuit, delaying where possible, but making it seem worth while for the enemy still to pursue.

The Americans did their work of delay so well by felling trees and burning bridges that the

English advanced at the rate of only a mile or two a day, but they continued to advance. Meanwhile, General Lincoln gathered a force in the Green Mountains to fall upon Burgoyne's rear. His main depot was at Bennington, in the southwest corner of Vermont; when at last it dawned upon Burgoyne that he was being led into danger, he determined to capture this place and at one stroke get rid of the menace and replenish his stores. He sent a thousand Hessians to take possession of the little town. Instead, only about seventy fugitives returned to the British camp after their attack on the sixteenth of August. John Stark of New Hampshire was the hero of the fray, and whether or not he made that theatrical speech: "There, my lads, are the Hessians. To-night our flag floats over yonder hill, or Molly Stark lies a widow!" it has rung through the years as one of the characteristic utterances of the time.

This repulse at Bennington not only forced Burgoyne to halt until he could bring up necessary supplies; it raised a tremulous hope in American breasts that his whole army might be captured, though there were still two important factors to be reckoned with, Howe and the force under St. Leger. Howe, as we know, was safe, for Washington was "pursuing the useful art of

wasting his enemy's time." St. Leger, too, was having troubles of his own. The Indians proved less desirable allies, and Tory sentiment was less enthusiastic in the Mohawk Valley than the British anticipated. After leaving Oswego the first place that St. Leger was called upon to subdue was Fort Stanwix, with its garrison of six hundred. Learning that a force of eight hundred Americans was coming to the help of the fort, St. Leger arranged an ambush for them with the help of that terror of the New York frontier, the Mohawk known as Brant, who had the unpronounceable Indian name of Thayendanegea and an equally unprofitable white man's education, acquired at the school which later became Dartmouth College.

Not suspecting that his plans were known, General Herkimer halted his men on August 6 within a few miles of Fort Stanwix and waited for the signal that had been agreed upon. It did not come, and impatient spirits taunted him with cowardice. This was an accusation that the old man could not bear, and stung past endurance, he gave the word to advance. A few minutes later, when they stepped upon a narrow causeway through a ravine, the woods and rocks became vocal with Indian yells and Tory shots, and they found themselves in the hottest combat of the

war, the battle of the Oriskany, a hand-to-hand fight that lasted until more than a third of the eight hundred engaged on each side had fallen. Little groups of patriots placed themselves back to back and fought until they perished. When ammunition gave out, they used clubbed muskets and knives and fists. Fort Stanwix, hearing shots, sent out help, but a thunder-storm, so severe that even the men battling for their lives had to desist for a time, added its majesty and terror and kept back this welcome reinforcement. After an hour and a half the engagement ended with Herkimer's men in possession of the field, but the gallant old general had received his death-wound. After being struck, he had calmly seated himself on the ground, with his back to a tree, had lighted his pipe, and continued to give orders as long as his strength held out.

On learning of this battle, General Schuyler called for volunteers to go to the relief of the fort, and it was the impulsive Benedict Arnold who set out with a force of twelve hundred. He managed to send such exaggerated reports ahead of him, by means of an Indian whose life had been forfeited for some misdeed, but who was offered this way of atoning, that St. Leger in a panic, believed that Burgoyne must have been beaten and that Schuyler's entire army was upon him.

The siege of Fort Stanwix was hastily abandoned; the British fled in disorder; and by the time St. Leger reached his ships at Oswego he had almost no army left.

Intrigue, meanwhile, succeeded in having General Schuyler replaced by General Gates; but even this very grave military blunder could not save Burgoyne. Still hoping to meet Howe, he pushed on, reached the Hudson, and crossed to the side on which the American Army had taken position at Bemis Heights near Saratoga. Then he learned that General Lincoln had successfully cut his communications with Ticonderoga, and that he must either fight or starve where he was. He fought not only one battle, but two, the first on the nineteenth of September, the second on the seventh of October. In the first battle of Saratoga he was repulsed. After the second, his British Army, true to his favorite saying, did not retreat; it surrendered. He had exposed himself to shot and shell with a gallantry rivalling that of Washington at Princeton, but he came through without a scratch. It would probably have been easier for him to give up his life than give up his sword to mere American farmers, as he did on October 17, surrendering almost six thousand men.

Historians are careful to say that both these

engagements were fought by the Americans under Benedict Arnold and General Morgan, with the assistance of General Kosciuszko in planning defenses, and that General Gates deserves no credit for them. But he reaped an amazing amount of it, and plumed himself and strutted, sure that he was a great man. There were wiser people than he, like John Adams, who had suggested Washington for commander-in-chief, who contrasted the summer's work of the two and felt that the man who had lost Philadelphia and been defeated in two important battles should give way to this real general, who had not only captured a whole army, but cleared the Northern States of British troops. John Adams is credited with the bitter remark that "the Americans would not be able to defend a post until they first shot some of their generals."

Burgoyne's surrender caused a great stir on both sides of the Atlantic. One of its important effects at home was that the notes issued by the Continental Congress rose twenty-three per cent. in value. This was a most welcome change, for between defeats on land, England's control of the sea, and "cart-loads" of counterfeit notes issued by the British to embarrass it, the credit of Congress had been forced very low indeed. It must not be forgotten that the Continental Con-

gress had no power to issue money. It could only request the States to do so, and promise to pay them back at some future time. The value of these promises had been growing less and less. "Not worth a Continental," an expression that has survived to our own day, tersely figures the contempt in which they were held.

Even more important than that this material gain and the hope it indicated, was the effect of Burgoyne's surrender abroad. Europe began to eye the patriot cause with real respect. Scholars delved into ancient history to find parallels in Greece and Rome for this army that had come out of its fields and forests, won such a victory, and melted away again; for all except a small portion of Gates's army returned to the homes from whence it came. From the first the French Government had been secretly in sympathy, and had shown itself conveniently blind when the rich young Marquis de Lafayette fitted out a ship at his own expense and sailed to the help of the patriots. Now France came boldly forward with offers of soldiers and ships. Spain, heretofore wavering between hate of England and fear of democracy, let the pendulum swing her to the side of America and away from England. Holland showed herself willing to lend the new nation money; and England, reading her danger in all

these signs, hastened to offer the Americans virtually everything they asked for, except liberty. But the time for such overtures was past. Patrick Henry's impassioned "Give me liberty, or give me death!" which had seemed a radical and even fear-inspiring sentiment when it was uttered, now found its echo in every patriot breast, and public opinion rejected the British offer with scorn.

The spring of 1778 brought almost undue hope, caused by news of the French alliance. The English were by no means ready to end the war. They substituted new commanders with as much skill and more energy than Howe and Gage, and these settled down to their task in earnest. Fortunately, Baron Steuben had by this time given the Continental Army much needed drill, and General Nathanael Greene had organized a more efficient quartermaster's department, so that the soldiers were not called upon to suffer as before. Congress, also, had managed to establish agencies abroad, through which some of the needed supplies not manufactured in America could be bought; and though America's navy had begun the war with only seventeen vessels, there were blockade runners by means of which such supplies slipped out to sea and, evading the British on the lookout for them, reached their destina-

tion. Congress had also issued letters of marque to privateers who attacked British ships and sometimes captured them and their rich cargoes. The prince of these sea-rovers, John Paul Jones, has left a name for daring and gallantry, not to say effrontery, that will long be remembered. The spirit in which he fought is shown by his answer to the question if he was ready to surrender, "I have not yet begun to fight!" and equally in his reply to Captain Pearson of the *Scrapis*, who had the bad taste to remark that it was with great reluctance that he resigned his sword "to a man who may be said to fight with a halter round his neck." John Paul Jones answered, "Sir, you have fought like a hero, and I have no doubt your sovereign will reward you in the most ample manner."

Yet despite new commanders on the English side, and new enthusiasm on the American, the early months of 1778 passed without an important engagement. Sir Henry Clinton, who had succeeded Howe, learned that a French fleet was to be sent across the Atlantic, and fearing he might be blockaded in Philadelphia, marched his fourteen thousand soldiers back again to New York. Washington followed, coming up with the British at Monmouth Court House in New Jersey on the twenty-eighth of June. Unfortunately, General

Charles Lee had been exchanged for a British officer, and was again with the Americans. He had managed to cover up his double-dealing, and was in command of one section of the army. The battle went in favor of the patriots until confusing orders issued by him caused part of his men to fall back. Lafayette scented treachery, and dispatched a messenger in hot haste for the commander-in-chief. Washington hurried to the battle-field and found a retreat in full progress. Meeting Lee face to face, his indignation burst forth in the scathing fury possible only to strong natures, whose passions are habitually under firm control. The interview was brief, but terrible, and it ended Lee's military career. Turning from him, Washington did what he could to repair the disaster, he checked the retreat, brought up more troops, and fought a drawn battle, but the chance for a decisive victory had been lost. Clinton reached New York in safety, and Washington occupied White Plains. This brought the combatants once more into the relative positions their armies had occupied after the battle of Long Island two years earlier.

CHAPTER XII

THE TURNCOAT

THE battle at Monmouth Court House proved to be the last battle of consequence fought in the Northern States. After this the British gave up their plan of driving a wedge through the heart of the rebellion, and substituted for it an attempt to capture the Southern States, one by one. There were still happenings of great moment and great dramatic interest in the North, which brought both sorrow and luster to the American arms; but the real field of operations lay elsewhere, and the two armies confronting each other near the Hudson played merely a waiting game.

When the campaign in the South began late in 1778, Colonel Campbell landed in Georgia with a force of two thousand and in a fortnight had the whole state under British control. But this success proved more apparent than real; it was the signal for beginning a guerrilla warfare that lasted throughout the South until the end of the struggle. The Tories, who were more numerous



JOHN PAUL JONES

Copperplate engraving by Carl Guttenberg from a drawing by C. J. Notté
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there than elsewhere, with the exception of New York, joined the English forces, while their opponents formed themselves into bands that dashed out from hiding-places in mountains or forest to strike a blow and vanish again until the next opportunity to harm their adversaries. The British had hoped that the slaves would rise against their masters. They proved loyal, and the country was mercifully spared the horror of a race war; but it was almost the only form of violence that did not take place in the pandemonium of burning plantations, lynchings, and other hateful details of partizan warfare that rolled over the land from Georgia to Virginia. Washington's home was menaced; Jefferson's suffered serious injury.

Congress sent down General Lincoln, who had done such effective work against Burgoyne, to take command. He withstood an attack upon Charleston and forced his assailants to retire to Savannah. In October, 1779, the French Admiral d'Estaing appeared off Savannah with a fleet and summoned the city to surrender. The British received reinforcements, Lincoln hurried to help d'Estaing with all the troops he could get together, and a siege was begun, which ended disastrously after three weeks. General Pulaski was killed in the final assault, and the Americans

suffered heavily. After that the French fleet sailed away; and as General Lincoln's regiments had dwindled to nothing after the manner of militia regiments in this war, he returned with the remnants of his force to Charleston.

In December, Sir Henry Clinton, taking care to leave behind him enough troops to hold New York, sailed for the South with Lord Cornwallis and a fleet under Admiral Arbuthnot. Storms greatly hindered and delayed the expedition, but early in the new year he was in Georgia with ten thousand men, eight thousand of whom he had brought with him, the rest being local Tories. He sent back to New York for still more soldiers, and began moving cautiously upon Charleston. It was impossible for General Lincoln to hold the city against such numbers, and on May 12, 1780, it passed into British hands. Shortly after this Clinton departed for the North, leaving Cornwallis with five thousand British soldiers to carry out a policy of severity and hard usage unparalleled elsewhere during the war.

Meantime in the North there had been happenings both gratifying and tragic. It was in the summer of 1779 that the same General Tryon who had made such bloody use of his power after the battle of the Alamance, set out to ravage and burn towns in the Connecticut valley, hoping to

lure part of Washington's force away from the Hudson and make it possible for the British to capture West Point, where a large part of the Continental Army was now encamped. Instead of being lured away, Washington seized the opportunity offered by the absence of Tryon's force to attack Stony Point, the northernmost post held by the British. It was a rough little promontory jutting out into the Hudson about thirty-five miles above New York, important as commanding those "passes of the Hudson" often mentioned in military correspondence of the time. It was well fortified, defended by a garrison of six hundred men, and could only be approached by means of one crossing through a marsh or by a sandy beach, practicable only at low tide. General Washington sent for that born soldier known to his comrades as Mad Anthony Wayne, who had helped greatly to retrieve the disaster at Monmouth, and asked if he would undertake to carry Stony Point by assault. Tradition has it that he answered with the fervor characteristic of him that he would undertake to assault hell itself if Washington gave the word.

Washington's detailed instructions call to mind that saying attributed to Peter the Great, that nothing seems small to a really great man. Every point was considered, every possibility provided

for; and Wayne carried out the plan with a precision and brilliant success that makes the assault notable in military history. Nothing was left to chance. The soldiers who were to mask the attack did not know that theirs was only a feint, and not the real object of the expedition. The countersign was learned by a patriot in a black skin, a slave who sold strawberries to the officers inside the fort. Even faithful dogs died in their country's service that night, for a party of soldiers was sent out in advance to poison all on the line of march so that no warning bark would give the alarm. When the British in the fort opened fire on the soldiers sent to divert attention from the main attack, the storming party, dividing in two columns, made its silent and difficult way upward, with bayonets fixed, but with guns unloaded, in order that no stray shot might betray them. The time required was calculated with such precision that the two columns met in the center of the fort, to the amazement and consternation of its occupants. Most appropriately the countersign had been, "The fort's our own!" and the victors gave it with a will. General Wayne had been wounded in the few moments of resistance offered by the garrison between the discovery of their plight and their surrender. Believing his injury to be mortal, he ordered that he be carried inside the fort to

receive its capitulation, and from there he wrote a report to his commander-in-chief, brief and to the point, as befitted a dying man:

STONY POINT, 16th July, 1779,
2 o'clock A. M.

Dear General: The fort and garrison with Colonel Johnson are ours. Our officers and men behaved like men determined to be free.

Yours most sincerely,
ANT'Y WAYNE.

But he was not so badly injured as he thought, and he lived to render his country much excellent service.

In July, 1780, a French army under Rochambeau, five thousand strong, sailed into Newport on a fleet of transports that the ocean-weary soldiers called in derision not ships, but "sabots." Lafayette and the few Frenchmen who had arrived ahead of their government's official permission had paved the way for a hearty welcome, which the courtesy of Rochambeau and his men still further increased. The American officers were pleased by the willingness of the French to accept any position or any duty offered them, a spirit in delightful contrast to that displayed by the British officers during the French and Indian War. The French, on their side, were sentimentally touched by the sight of our ragged pa-

triot army. The French privates were, moreover, a marvel of discipline, and Rochambeau swelled with pride that he could order them to camp in an orchard and trust them to leave the fruit untouched upon the trees. He made careful record that certain Indian chiefs who visited him remained unimpressed by all his panoply of war, yet showed open wonder at this. Unfortunately, many months were to elapse before these amiable allies could give effective help in battle, for a British fleet came and held them blockaded at Newport. But even so, their presence brought great comfort to the country at large, while the real coin with which they paid liberally for what they used added cheer and local prosperity to the region in which they camped.

These were the pleasant happenings; others darkened the sunlight for Washington and wrung from him the bitter confession that he "had almost ceased to hope." Bad news continued to come from the South. On the western frontier there were dreadful Indian massacres, one in the valley of Wyoming in Pennsylvania, another in Cherry Valley, New York. Then, blackest infamy of all the war, came the treachery of Benedict Arnold. Up to that time Arnold had held high rank among American officers for gallantry in action, though he was of a difficult and jealous

disposition. Once already he had resigned from the army because of a fancied slight, only to rush back impetuously and lead the relief to Fort Stanwix. He had been badly wounded at Saratoga and, being too weak for service on the field when General Clinton abandoned Philadelphia, he was given command of that city. There he met and married a beautiful Tory, Margaret Shippen, and this brought him into a position where he had to be civil to members of the Tory party, who knew how to be civil and designing in turn.

Soon Arnold found himself involved in a quarrel with certain officials of Pennsylvania. This led to a court-martial, and he was sentenced to receive a reprimand from Washington. Washington evidently considered it unjust, for his reproof was so mild as to be almost praise; but it rankled in Arnold's breast. His Tory acquaintances dropped the seed of poison and nurtured it skilfully. He came to believe not only that he had been ill-treated, but that the patriot cause was doomed. They showed Arnold how by one small act he could withdraw himself from his present intolerable position, gain forgiveness for his part in the rebellion, and take the place in the British Army to which his talents entitled him. They even persuaded him that he would be doing his patriot friends a service by shortening the war

that could only end to their disadvantage. All he had to do was to apply for command of West Point and at the proper moment turn it over to Sir Henry Clinton. He agreed to do this, and the villainy was set in motion. Washington gave him the coveted post, the more readily perhaps to show his belief that the court-martial had erred.

Before the plot could succeed, there was need for a personal interview between Arnold and a British officer. Clinton sent his adjutant-general, young Major André, to make the necessary arrangements, and the meeting took place on the twenty-first of September, after Arnold had been a month in command of West Point. Two days later André was captured as he was about to re-enter the British lines. He carried a pass from Arnold, and even then might have escaped his fate had he been in uniform, or if he had not lost his head and admitted that he was a British officer. He was searched, and the papers found left no doubt of his errand. The stupid officer who made the capture unsuspectingly reported it to General Arnold, so that traitor escaped while the less guilty man suffered.

Years afterward Lafayette, sailing up the Hudson, pointed out to his son and a party of friends the spot where André was captured, and told how he and General Washington were break-

fasting with Mrs. Arnold when the commander-in-chief first learned of Arnold's treason. André was tried by a military court, which sentenced him to death as a spy, and he was hanged on the second of October. Many friends interceded for him, and Washington admitted that the young officer was "more unfortunate than criminal," but insisted on the full severity of the law, not even granting his last request that he be shot instead of dying by the disgraceful rope.

André was young and gifted, a man of great personal charm, to which an unhappy love story added its glamor. He had taken part in the social gaieties of the British occupation of Philadelphia, and his fate lingers as one of the tragically romantic episodes of the war. It has been argued again and again that Washington might have allowed him to escape, or at least have suffered him to be shot instead of hanged. According to law, Washington could not do otherwise than approve the order for his death. He was always able to subdue his own natural desires when he thought the good of the patriot cause demanded it, and in this case it was not only that Arnold and André were of such prominence that an example had to be made, but things were going so badly for the Americans that any clemency at that moment might have been interpreted by the

enemy as a sign of weakness, or even despair.

After General Lincoln's surrender other troops had been dispatched to the South, seasoned regiments from Maryland and Delaware, under Lafayette's tall, grave friend De Kalb, and to these, militia from Virginia and South Carolina had been added. Washington desired to put this little army under General Nathanael Greene, who was proving himself one of the best of generals; but Gates, with his plausible tongue and his reputation won at Saratoga, succeeded in getting the command. It proved a costly mistake. After the very first encounter with Cornwallis, Gates joined the militia in flight, and did not stop, it is said, until he had put two hundred miles between himself and the enemy. The encounter took place on August 16, 1780, at Camden, an important point near the center of South Carolina, where roads running north and south crossed others from the coast to the mountains. It was a desperate battle in which De Kalb was killed at the head of his Maryland troops and the Delaware soldiers were literally cut to pieces. Thus, in less than three months General Lincoln's army and this second one had been wiped out of existence. Then came Arnold's guilt, adding its stain of personal treason to the blackness of the military outlook. No wonder Washington wrote

that he had "almost" ceased to hope, or that he grew perceptibly older under the strain.

But in truth this was the darkest moment of the war. In less than a week after the death of André the tide of victory turned.

CHAPTER XIII

THE END OF THE WAR

THE intense midsummer heat kept Cornwallis and his heavily clad British soldiers inactive for several weeks after the battle of Camden; but before the end of September he started north, confident of subduing everything between himself and the Susquehanna. Here again that saying about geography being three fourths of military history comes to mind, for the nature of the land in Virginia and the two Carolinas had much to do with the result. Many rivers, like the Santee, the Great Pedee, the Cape Fear, the Neuse, the Roanoke, the James, the York, and others, rise in the Appalachian range of mountains to run diagonally southeastward in parallel courses across the level land to the sea. They gain in depth and width as they approach salt water, and also gain borders of swamp, making of the whole region a series of peninsulas, some wide and some narrow. Rivers are always hard for troops to cross, particularly in a region like the South of that day, where roads and bridges were few and

far between. The shape of the coast is such that an army could march toward Virginia between almost any two of these rivers, but to capture important places in the two Carolinas it was necessary to cross many of them. Therefore, when Cornwallis began his march of conquest he had to go far enough inland to cross the rivers easily. This took him away from the support of British ships on the coast, toward the hills where there was abundant shelter for the bands of backwoodsmen who came from beyond the mountains to join local bands under skilful leaders intent on doing him all the harm they could. The English also had skilful leaders, who knew the country well, and when one of them, Major Ferguson, found he had ventured too far toward the hills, he took refuge on the very top of Kings Mountain, near the dividing line between North and South Carolina, thinking his position impregnable. It was carried by assault, however, in a fierce fight on October 7, 1780, when the commanders on both sides lost their lives and the British were virtually wiped out, four hundred of them being killed or wounded and the remaining seven hundred captured.

Learning of this disaster, Cornwallis retreated into South Carolina and sent to Clinton for reinforcements. While waiting for them, his men

suffered not only from attacks by the patriots on his flanks, but from chills and fever, which struck down the unacclimated British soldiers right and left. Cornwallis himself was one of the sufferers. Before the reinforcements from New York arrived, a new patriot army numbering two thousand appeared near Kings Mountain, commanded at last by General Greene, who had under him such officers as Daniel Morgan and "Light Horse Harry" Lee, father of the General Lee who was to win great fame in the Civil War eighty years later. The men they commanded had seen much service, and under such leaders were a match for any soldiers alive. In addition to this force, von Steuben was sent to Virginia to recruit fresh troops and to do all he could to help Greene from there. To oppose him there was Benedict Arnold, now wearing his ill-gotten British uniform.

General Greene was bold enough to attempt a move that only a skilful officer can carry to success. He divided his small army, sending part of it to threaten the English near the coast, while the remainder marched inland toward Camden and the other towns held by the British. At Cowpens, a grazing-place not far from Kings Mountain, General Morgan managed on January 17, 1781, to outmanœuvre his skilful opponent, Gen-

eral Tarleton, in the open field, so disposing his nine hundred men that he not only surrounded and captured more than his own number, but also took the British artillery. General Tarleton escaped with less than three hundred of his command.

Although the numbers in both engagements were small, this disaster, added to that of Kings Mountain, proved very serious to the British. Together, they deprived Cornwallis of almost all his light troops, when his one chance of safety lay in moving swiftly enough to defeat the separate portions of Greene's army before they could be united. He threw away his heavy baggage and marched as rapidly as possible, but meanwhile General Greene's two forces moved closer and closer together and nearer and nearer to Virginia, where another body of troops was being collected under Baron von Steuben. Every mile that Cornwallis marched, on the contrary, carried him farther and farther away from his supplies. The two parts of Greene's army won the race. At Guilford Court House, near the head-waters of the Cape Fear River, not far from the Virginia border, Cornwallis was obliged to fight them at a disadvantage, two hundred miles away from his base. The battle took place on March 15, 1781, and was stubbornly contested. When night fell,

the British were masters of the field, but too weak to risk a renewal of the fight the next day, and Cornwallis retreated to Wilmington on the coast. Finding that he had lost about one third of his army, he determined to go from there to Virginia, join Arnold, and move south again with their combined forces. It was only the first part of this plan that he was able to carry out.

General Greene followed Cornwallis in his retreat toward Wilmington for about fifty miles, after which he turned away, as if disdaining to give him further thought, and threatened Camden again. During the course of the summer he managed to get possession of all the inland towns held by the British, the campaign culminating on the eighth of September at the battle of Eutaw Springs, which the British claimed as another victory, but after which they felt forced to retreat as they had done after Guilford Court House. It was during this summer that General Greene is said to have "reduced losing battles to a science." Each British "success" seemed to leave his enemy worse off than before. Like Washington in New Jersey and Schuyler in the campaign against Burgoyne, Greene was skilfully combining the strength of American geography and the weakness of American forces to defeat his adversary.

When Cornwallis reached Petersburg, Vir-



THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE, AS COMMANDER-GENERAL
OF THE NATIONAL PARISIEN GUARD

From an engraving after the painting by P. L. De Bucourt
Dedicated to the Citizen Soldiers

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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

ginia, late in May, he had with his own army and that already in Virginia, about five thousand men. Arnold was ordered elsewhere. The British officers do not appear to have found him congenial company. Lafayette now commanded a force of about three thousand in Virginia, and for nine weeks the British and Americans faced each other moving up and down the eastern part of the state, from Petersburg to Fredericksburg, then west, then south again to the James River. At first Cornwallis imagined that he was pursuing Lafayette with the object of forcing a battle. Then he found that the tables had been turned, that Lafayette had been joined by Anthony Wayne and Steuben, and that they were forcing the English Army out on the narrow peninsula between the York and James rivers. By the latter part of July, Cornwallis was at Yorktown, near the very end of it. Here reinforcements reached him by water, and his chances seemed to improve, for he had about seven thousand men. Then Washington saw his opportunity and, acting with great swiftness and vigor, moved the French away from Rhode Island to the Hudson, left a sufficient number of men there, and started South with all the rest of his force.

The British had heard that a large French fleet under Count de Grasse was approaching. Clin-

ton believed that it would attack New York, and Washington took good care to let him rest in that belief. Fortunately, geography helped here also, for the Continental Army could travel a long way on its road toward Virginia before Clinton was able to tell whether its destination was Staten Island or Yorktown. Supposing de Grasse's goal to be New York, Washington's logical move was toward Staten Island. When the Americans had passed Philadelphia, Washington's plan became apparent; but it was then too late. After Washington's force joined the army already in Virginia, the Americans outnumbered the British two to one and held them prisoners on the Yorktown peninsula, while the French fleet prevented escape by sea. There was nothing for Cornwallis to do but surrender.

But this could not happen until the town had stood its siege. Otherwise British military honor would not be fully satisfied. When the siege ended, Yorktown was in ruins. "One cannot," wrote General Rochambeau, "walk three steps without finding big holes made by bombs, cannon balls, splinters, barely covered graves, arms and legs of blacks and whites scattered here and there; most of the houses riddled with shot and devoid of window panes."

The Abbé Robin, who was with the French,

was astonished at the number of books scattered through this sickening litter. "We found Lord Cornwallis in his house," Rochambeau's account continues. "His attitude evinced the nobility of his soul . . . he seemed to say 'I have nothing to reproach myself with. I have done my duty and defended myself to the utmost.'"

At two o'clock in the afternoon of October 19, 1781, almost four years to a day from the time Burgoyne surrendered his sword, the French and Americans were drawn up in parallel lines facing each other. The French wore their full-dress uniforms; the Continental Army was also in its best, the bravery of the torn and ragged shirts and breeches in which it had fought its hardest battles. Some of the men were shoeless, all were tattered. Baron Cloisen noticed that as the British marched between these lines to lay down their arms, they were respectful to the French, but showed marked disdain for their American captors, calling them by "the nickname of Yanckey Dudle." "What does it matter?" he moralized. "They are the more to be praised and show the greater valor, fighting as they do, so badly equipped." The Americans showed a marked gentleness, too, in excluding all mere sight-seers from the ceremony of surrender, in order to lessen its humiliation. Not a cheer or a sound of

rejoicing was heard as the English laid down their arms.

The terms granted them were the same that they had given General Lincoln at Charleston; and in order that poetic justice might be fulfilled, it was that officer who received the sword of General O'Hara, who represented Cornwallis. With the freemasonry of generous warriors, Rochambeau invited the defeated British commander to dinner, and contrived to offer him a loan of money.

"The rest of the war," says an American historian, "was fought in Parliament." It was hard for Britain to acknowledge defeat; but quarrels had broken out afresh upon the Continent, and England found herself obliged to fight France and Spain and Holland as well as the United States; with Sweden and other neutral powers decidedly unfriendly. In view of this, she could not hope to continue a struggle in which experience had proved the full truth of General Howe's warning that at least half a hundred thousand men were needed. In February, 1782, Parliament consented to a peace; and on September 3, 1783, a treaty was signed that acknowledged the full and complete independence of the United States.

So the impossible came to pass. Spirit and determination triumphed over material lack of

all kinds, and the "grandest of contests," as Lafayette called it, was won,—won, as far as battles were concerned, by an almost uninterrupted series of American defeats. The thing fought for had grown from a mere quarrel about money into an ideal of government, trite enough now, but up to that time rarely imagined and never achieved in the world's history: the idea of a free people living under conditions where right, and not might, prevailed, where every person, rich and poor, was equally entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"; and, in addition, to as much of worldly gain as his talents permitted him to earn.

Though the English pretended to scorn them, they had found in these pioneer foemen enemies not to be lightly esteemed, men of the same stock, to whom the American woods had taught agility of mind and muscle, and a great self-reliance. During the contest they had turned the most unlikely things to account. They had fought behind breastworks of cornstalks, and in Canada behind walls made of ice. Smallpox and chills and fever, fog and storm had battled against them as well as for them; yet they appeared to pay no more heed to them than they did to the forests, which hindered them no more than the birds of the air. They went where no trained soldiers could follow. They lived on husks or on dainties

as occasion demanded. One officer reported that for several days his men satisfied their hunger on peaches. Washington wrote that his soldiers had eaten every kind of horse-food, except hay.

We always come back to Washington, the steadfast central figure in the changing picture of the time. "A soldier born," as has been said of him; "with resolution to face what any man durst," as he said of himself. Tenacious of purpose, vigilant, and resourceful, it was he who accomplished the impossible, not only the task of making a victorious army out of will-o'-the-wisp soldiers, here to-day and gone to-morrow, unpaid, poorly equipped, and often hungry, but in keeping the confidence and goodwill of thirteen critical commonwealths through long years of what must have seemed at the time, disheartening military failure.

A strong nature, with passions held in check by reason, he could be just in his decisions, even harsh when he felt circumstances demanded it, as when he approved André's death sentence. At other times he let mercy have the upper hand, but only so far as he thought wise for the cause. For example, when it was necessary to threaten retaliation for British outrages, he ordered that four British officers among his prisoners draw lots for death. The choice fell upon a mere lad

of nineteen, young Captain Asgill. He was never executed. Probably Washington never intended that he should be, but the sentence was kept hanging over him till near the end of the war. It is a question whether the lad or his friends saw any mercy in this long-continued suspense.

On the battle-field Washington showed an almost phenomenal indifference to bullets. He answered an officer who ventured to remonstrate with him for exposing himself unduly with the courteous, but withering rebuke, "Colonel Cobb, if you are afraid, you are at liberty to retire." Equally calm under the most grilling test of slow waiting and hope deferred, patient under great provocation, his character seems scarcely human. Yet we can be sure that he was no effigy of a man, with a steel-engraving smile, but a very strong and very hard-pressed human soul, driven to the point where nerves were raw. Those bursts of scorching anger, the more terrible for long repression, flaming out at some breach of trust betray how great was the strain.

In matters of official business he was a hard taskmaster, expecting his aides to give their time day in and day out, with the same unwearied persistence that he displayed himself. But he had imagination enough most of the time to realize that it might be harder for them than for himself.

Sometimes the strain was too great, even for his strong self-control. His parting with his beloved aide-de-camp, Alexander Hamilton, was due, according to Hamilton, to a sudden flare-up of impatience on the part of Washington and an answering bit of temper on his own. He wrote his father-in-law:

I am no longer a member of the General's family. Two days ago the General and I passed each other on the stairs; he told me he wanted to speak to me—I answered that I would wait upon him immediately. I went below and delivered Mr. Tilghman a letter to be sent to the commissary. . . . Returning to the General I was stopped on the way by the Marquis de Lafayette, and we conversed together about a minute on a matter of business. He can testify how impatient I was to get back; and that I left him in a manner which, but for our intimacy, would have been more than abrupt. Instead of finding the General, as is usual, in his room, I met him at the head of the stairs, accosting me in an angry tone, "Colonel Hamilton," he said, "you have kept me waiting at the head of the stairs these ten minutes;—I must tell you, sir, you treat me with disrespect." I replied without petulance, but with decision, "I am not conscious of it, sir, but since you have thought it necessary to tell me so, we part." "Very well, sir," he said, "if it be your choice," or something to that effect, and we separated. I sincerely believe my absence which gave so much umbrage, did not last two minutes. In less than an hour after Tilghman came to me in the General's name, assuring me of his great confidence in my abilities, integrity, usefulness, &c.;

and of his desire, in a candid conversation to heal the difference which could not have happened but for a moment of passion.

A handsome apology certainly, considering their relative ages and rank; but the younger man, very much on his dignity, refused the proffered interview, though intimating his willingness to continue his duties until a successor could be found, adding with boyish hauteur "that in the meantime it depended upon him to let our behavior to each other be the same as if nothing had happened." It was an answer that, in the circumstances, must have called for some self-control on the part of the general. Very likely both Washington and Hamilton were sorry when the actual time of parting came; but the elder could scarcely be expected to make further advances, or the younger ask to be retained.

Even the bit of injustice in this is welcome, as showing what a very human sort of man the father of our country really was. No wonder he grew old with all his care during these years of war. Visitors still described his erect figure and noble bearing, but they were almost sure to write now about his eyes "retiring inward" or being "pensive" until roused, when they became very bright. He himself said, fumbling for his glasses, to read some communication to or from

Congress, "I have grown old and gray in your service, and now it appears I am growing blind." He gave the whole strength of his life to the struggle, and by doing so, he gave a nation its chance to live.

The conflict grew increasingly harsh as the struggle advanced. General Gage had scarcely made war at all, and Howe's campaigns, Hessians included, were almost courteous compared with the measures of later commanders. On both sides there were cruel reprisals upon the guilty, and outrages upon individual persons whose only offence lay in their sincere political beliefs. There were instances innumerable of heroism, sometimes amusing, often pathetic. Big, red-haired "Moll Pitcher" of Monmouth, stepping forward to take her gunner-husband's place when he fell; the white-faced mistress of a Southern plantation firing a burning arrow into the roof of her own home rather than see it shelter her enemies; and Betsy Ross setting her stitches in the flag, show in how many ways women had the will and the strength to serve.

The types of men who fought were as varied as leaves upon the trees. Lads of seventeen and their grandfathers fought side by side in the companies of minute-men. Slaves fought gallantly in New Jersey to win freedom for their masters,

though in South Carolina the proposal to arm them against Charleston's hour of need was bitterly resented and denied. Preachers became members of the church militant, indeed. Sometimes they mounted their pulpits behind rows of loaded muskets laid out ready for instant use. One, immortalized by Bret Harte in verse, dashed into a church when the wadding for guns unexpectedly gave out and, returning with his arms full of hymn-books, flung them on the ground, crying: "Put Watts into them, boys! Give 'em Watts!"

Daniel Morgan, fabulously strong, brought his band of Irish riflemen, who were fabulously expert, men who never missed shooting a squirrel in the head at three hundred yards and who wore the words "Liberty or Death" painted on the breasts of their hunting-shirts. Sevier and other leaders as capable came out of that country behind the Alleghanies which New England affected to regard as an uninhabited wilderness, but without whose help it would have gone hard with the patriot cause in the South. In the North, Israel Putnam, already fifteen times wounded in the French and Indian War, whose combats with wolves and Indians had passed into legend, left his tavern to keep itself and his plow to rust in the furrow while he hurried to the front.

Nathanael Greene, blacksmith son of a Quaker, turned his back on his forge and the peaceful religion of his father to become, next to Washington, the best general of the Continental Army. Philip Schuyler, that man of sound sense, but too much frankness for his own good, planted that Gates might reap, though the wrong was righted when time revealed which was the truer man. Foreigners, to whom we owed so much, like Lafayette and Steuben and Pulaski, joined us as individual men to fight for liberty, or came like the generous and open-handed Rochambeau with an army at their backs. It was Rochambeau in the final hours before Yorktown, when our Continental soldiers were murmuring for lack of pay long overdue, who advanced a large sum out of his own stores.

Thousands, in exalted and humble places alike, knew how to live and how to die. Young Captain Nathan Hale, arrested within the British lines and roughly hurried to a spy's death, without the benefit of clergy, walked with head high, regretting only that he had not more lives to give to his country. Old General Herkimer, knowing that his wound was mortal, settled himself against a tree and tranquilly lighted his pipe in the midst of an Indian ambush. A private sol-

dier gasped, "I am dying; but don't let the cause of liberty expire with me this day!"

With the exception of a few, so few that they may almost be counted on one hand, the record of the Continental Army may be written in those words Wayne sent to his commander-in-chief from Stony Point, "Our officers and men behaved like men determined to be free."

PART III
WAR OF 1812
A FIGHT FOR FAIR PLAY

CHAPTER XIV

AMERICA AFLOAT

AFTER gaining its victory, the new nation settled down to the very difficult task of using and not abusing the freedom it had won. Having fought for independence, the States did not propose to let one bit of it escape them, and they speedily began to disagree among themselves, each zealously intent on its own interests and quite deaf to those of its neighbors. This was just what Great Britain had predicted, though she had hoped it might come before the end of the war, in time to help the British armies. Without a very great stretch of the imagination the history of the years immediately following the Revolution might come under the head of American warfare, though the war was one of purposes and not of arms. Finally common sense and common decency prevailed. Sensible people realized that if they did not reach some sort of compromise, all that had been gained would be lost. England might even come back across the sea and take control. So the wisest men of the

country met and agreed upon the Constitution. Washington was elected President. The great qualities that had made him first in war made him first in peace also, and under his steadying guidance that crisis was safely passed.

In time, Washington was succeeded by President John Adams, and he, in turn, by Thomas Jefferson. Two political parties had sprung up. The Federalists, guided by recent experience, saw the necessity of a central government strong enough to cope with any situation that might arise. The Democratic-Republicans held to the old idea that the States were supreme, and that the central government was merely a matter of convenience, not the seat of real power. They objected particularly to keeping up a national army or navy, believing that such organizations fostered a desire to fight and led to tyranny. It seemed a danger more theoretical than practical, so far as the United States was concerned; for the Army had been disbanded by proclamation in November, 1783, and the United States Navy had never been strong enough to play an important part.

The large naval movements of the Revolution had been confined to the French and British fleets as they arrived and departed, bringing troops or blockading ports. Congress, indeed, got together

a navy of thirteen ships before the end of 1776; and during the war more than fifteen hundred small American vessels were fitted out at public or private expense to run the blockade and prey on British commerce, but these could hardly be called an American navy. They were wonderfully successful, inflicting great annoyance on the enemy and bringing into American ports many valuable cargoes. The risks were great; when they succeeded, the profits were immense; and successful or unsuccessful, the incidents of chase and flight and capture were exciting in the extreme. The very mention of the capture of the *Serapis* by the *Bonhomme Richard* under John Paul Jones off the coast of Scotland, calls to mind a wild night of battle, first with the enemy, then with the waves, unexcelled by the most thrilling pages of fiction.

Perhaps the opponents of a navy saw in this kind of life a peculiar temptation to Americans with their liking for quick results and dramatic action. At any rate the bugaboo of an American navy, as sinful and expensive and sure to draw us into trouble abroad, was one that the Democratic-Republicans delighted to use for campaign purposes. Their party grew, and came into power when Jefferson took his oath as President in March, 1801. It is rather amusing that the

first time the United States went to war after it became a nation was while he was President, that it was a naval war, and against a foe half-way around the globe. It is interesting, too, that our young country went to war to right a wrong that stronger nations, nearer the offenders, refused to tackle.

The offenders were the Barbary pirates. Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco held possession of the coast of Africa where it dominates the Straits of Gibraltar, that narrow strip of water through which three fourths of the world's commerce had to pass. There was no other spot on the globe so well fitted for the trade of piracy. The waves of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean were constantly bringing them plunder. All they had to do was to reach down their hands and take it, then retreat with it into the desert. Nothing came amiss to them. They could use ships; they could sell goods; they could either make slaves of their prisoners or hold them for ransom. They had been doing this for centuries, ever since old Pirate Dragut captured Tripoli from the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. When they refrained from such acts they exacted tribute for that also, and this the kings of the earth had paid, willingly or unwillingly. Why

strong nations endured such extortion is hard to say; but they did endure it until our fledgling country undertook this bit of police-duty that others shunned.

It was not entirely unselfish. We proposed to sail and trade where we would, and like the rest of the world, we had suffered. For sixteen years our American sailors had been made slaves, though like the rest we had paid tribute. It is hard to believe now that it ever happened; but in the last year of Washington's presidency a treaty was signed with Algiers by which the United States agreed to pay a large sum for the release of all Americans in captivity, and promised more if our ships were let alone. "The terms," wrote Oliver Ellsworth, "though humiliating, are as moderate as there is reason to expect." Other treaties were made with other members of the band, but they demanded more and more. In 1800, Tripoli asked for a ship and required Captain Bainbridge to carry the Algerian ambassador and his mountain of luggage to Constantinople, a service he performed most unwillingly. Next year the Bey of Tunis desired forty cannon and ten thousand stands of arms. As these were not sent him, war was declared; and before Jefferson, who hated a navy, had been President two

months, he found himself giving orders that led to the spectacular sea-fights known as the War with Tripoli.

Two thirds of our available ships, four of the six United States vessels then in commission, were sent to subdue the outlaws. For two years pirates were chased and gave chase, but always managed to escape into harbors where they were safe. The Americans always followed them to the danger line, and at last one frigate crossed it. On November 1, 1803, Captain Bainbridge, who had carried the Algerian ambassador on his journey with such ill grace, pursued a corsair into the very harbor of Tripoli and ran upon a sunken rock. In an instant his ship, the *Philadelphia*, was surrounded by enemy boats like birds of prey. He and his men were made prisoners, and plundered even of their clothing, before they reached shore. Most of them were made slaves. Bainbridge, a prisoner in Tripoli, watched helplessly while the *Philadelphia* was being refitted under her new owners. He got hold of writing materials and, just on the chance that it might fall into helpful hands, wrote a letter showing how she could be recaptured before she left the harbor. Providence carried it straight to the man for the task, young Stephen Decatur. He was only a lieutenant in command of a ketch of forty or fifty

tons, captured from the pirates and renamed the *Intrepid*. With too many men and not enough food aboard, the spirit of officers and crew made up for everything, and they sailed joyously on the adventure. Entering the harbor of Tripoli by moonlight on the sixteenth of February, Decatur steered straight for the *Philadelphia*, his men lying hidden. The masts of the ship had not yet been put in place, but her guns were loaded and shotted, a detail that would have made no difference had Decatur known it. Some Turks on the *Philadelphia* watched the approach, mildly curious. Prompted by Decatur, his Greek pilot told a tale of hard luck. The ketch belonged to Malta, was engaged in trade, had lost her anchors in a storm, and desired to lie beside the frigate until morning. Unsuspecting, they lowered a boat and sent Decatur a line with which his hidden seamen brought the two close together. It was only at sight of the *Intrepid's* anchors that the trick was discovered. But one more strong pull brought them along side; the "Amerikanos" sprang from their hiding-places and swarmed over the rail, while the Turks rushed below or dived into the sea. Ten minutes later the Americans were in possession and, since they could not take the ship away with them, had set it on fire. It burned so swiftly that for

a breathless moment it seemed that the *Intrepid* must burn too. But a sword-stroke cut the tangled hawsers, a vigorous push set her free, and her men burst into a mighty cheer. Up to that moment there had been almost complete silence, the Americans being too busy and the Turks too paralyzed for shouting. Now the harbor rang with noise, and shots flew from Turkish batteries and ships, even from the overheated guns of the *Philadelphia*, as the *Intrepid* sped out of the harbor in the glare of the flames.

Five months later Admiral Preble appeared before Tripoli with fifteen ships, eight of them small craft borrowed from the Neapolitans. On August 3 they attacked the enemy's gunboats, boarded three large ones, and captured them after hand-to-hand fights, and sank others in a battle that lasted three hours. Decatur was in this action also and himself slew the Tripolitan commander who had just killed his brother, James Decatur, after pretending to surrender. Within a week there was a second attack, and on August 28 a general engagement occurred between thirteen Tripolitan galleys and gunboats and eight of Admiral Preble's fleet. Again on September 3 a fourth engagement was fought, in which seventy heavy guns were trained upon Admiral Preble's flag-ship, the *Constitution*. Two nights after

this the *Intrepid*, set apart for sacrifice as a fire-ship, sailed into the harbor again, loaded with one hundred barrels of gunpowder, and many shot and shells. Not one of her volunteer crew escaped alive.

After many exploits of this character the war came to a satisfactory close in 1805. But despite pardonable national pride in our sailors, the idea that a navy was a dangerous and expensive luxury was firmly planted in Democratic minds. That party continued in power, and one fine morning in June, 1812, when James Monroe was President, the country woke to find itself at war with England. This was a different matter from fighting corsairs in the harbor of Tripoli, and the nation realized that it had almost nothing in the way of ships except a few gunboats for harbor defense.

“Free Trade and Sailors’ Rights” were the five words in which Henry Clay summed up the reasons for declaring war. Although our navy was small, we had many sailors, for our merchant-ships and our seamen went everywhere. Lately England had been interfering with both. France and England were quarreling as usual, and as part of that quarrel England had ordered that neutral ships must not carry goods from the West Indies to France or to any country that sided with

her. France, in retaliation, forbade neutral ships from entering English harbors. We were a neutral country wishing to trade with both; so we suffered first from one and then from the other. After England's great victory over France at the battle of Trafalgar, the French had no more power to trouble us, but the English acted in a way even more galling, for they stopped our vessels wherever they found them and, pretending that all sailors who spoke English and had no papers to prove they were Americans must be British subjects, carried off such as they chose to add to the British navy. About four thousand cases of this kind occurred between 1803 and 1810.

This had its flattering side; England would never have claimed them had they not been good sailors; but it was quite as high-handed as the acts of the Barbary pirates. The climax of insolence was reached in 1807, when the British ship *Leopard* overhauled our frigate, the *Chesapeake*, just outside the port of Norfolk, at our very doors, and, on the refusal of the American commander to give up his men, opened fire, killing three and wounding eighteen of the crew. The country was furious, but, being in no condition to go to war, had to content itself with a very tardy

and half-hearted apology offered by the British four years afterward.

Congress eased its feelings by declaring an embargo. That is, it forbade vessels to sail from the United States to any foreign port. The object was to cripple Great Britain's large trade, for she was selling goods to us with one hand while taking sailors from us with the other. But two years' experience showed that it troubled England very little and bade fair to ruin us, since we were far more dependent on English goods than England was upon anything we had to sell her. In 1809 the embargo was repealed, and the less strict non-intercourse law substituted, which forbade trade with England and France, but permitted it elsewhere.

Then came a season when our Government was led to believe that if we would not enforce this non-intercourse act, England, on her part, would stop searching our ships and seizing our sailors. Word went out that all was well again. "Mr. Madison's nightcaps," as the tar-barrels were called, that had been placed over the tops of masts to protect them while the ships lay idly in port, were knocked off in the presence of excited crowds, and their fragments eagerly scrambled for by small boys and carried off to make jubilant

bonfires. More than a thousand American merchant vessels shook out their white sails and departed. Then, when they were well out to sea, it was discovered that it was all a mistake, and that England stopped more of our merchantmen and took more of our sailors than ever.

The embargo had been bad enough. Its opponents called it "Terrapin policy" because, after the manner of that lowly animal, we had retired within our shell when struck, instead of showing fight. Having tried that method and also non-intercourse, and failed with both, there seemed nothing left now except war, unless we were willing to take orders from England and stop sailing the seas. President Madison hesitated long. He had studied the matter carefully and realized better than most Americans how ill-prepared we were for a struggle with a sea power. Although Congress had been a little more liberal in voting money for naval expenses since the *Leopard's* attack upon the *Chesapeake*, we had only five vessels ready to sail, and about twenty on paper. England's navy numbered a thousand ships.

The war party declared that this made no difference, since it was not to be a naval war. England had her hands full fighting Napoleon. We could invade Canada and dictate peace at Halifax before British soldiers had time to land

in this country. In this rosy dream the advocates of war counted on the sympathies of Tories who had departed from among us at the time of the Revolution, and also upon the help of French Canadians,—hopes that experience showed to be quite vain. The Tories were as strongly Tory as when they left us, and the French Canadians thought the quarrel no concern of theirs. But Henry Clay, who was the leader of the war party in Congress, made speeches bristling with aggression, and in response to his eloquence, Congress voted to increase the regular army and to accept a force of fifty thousand volunteers. Finally, on June 18, the President declared war.

The war party now felt that New England behaved very badly. She had larger shipping interests than any other part of the country, and consequently had suffered more. Men of her region had been extremely critical of the President for his caution; but war was no sooner declared than they grew suddenly timid, called it unjust and an invasion of their rights, refused to allow their militia regiments to do duty outside of state limits, and openly discussed withdrawing from the Union. Bells were tolled; Massachusetts proclaimed a fast-day; and in one community, where a fife-and-drum corps paraded hopefully three times around the town-house to fire

enthusiasm and encourage enlistments, only one lone man responded.

But this behavior of New England was no more astonishing than many other things that happened. Most astonishing of all was the fact that the war refused to stay on land. Even our long Canadian border became, as far as this war was concerned, a waterfront, lakes Ontario, Erie, St. Clair, Champlain, with the Niagara and Detroit rivers proving far more important than the wooded solitudes of Maine and New Hampshire. What little fighting our army accomplished was not at all to its credit, while from the nucleus of five ships commanded by Commodore Rogers, which were ready and waiting and set sail within an hour after he heard that war was declared, naval glory seemed to roll out toward all quarters of the globe.

Our waterfront was not only the long Canadian line, and the Atlantic coast from the Bay of Fundy down to the southern limits of Georgia. Florida was still Spanish; but our coast began again in the Gulf of Mexico and continued as far as the mouth of the Mississippi. The British had two points from which to attack us. Bermuda and neighboring islands provided them with a base from which to menace the South, while from Halifax they could attack our New England fish-

eries, send provisions to Quebec for use on the Canadian frontier, and make things unpleasant for our coast towns. We had not only to keep British ships from reaching Halifax or entering the St. Lawrence, but to intercept those bound for the West Indies, and to harass British commerce wherever found,—a fairly large contract for five ships.

But the number of our ships did not stay at five. Our merchant vessels and their well-trained crews speedily entered the navy or took out letters as privateersmen, as had been done during the Revolution. The latter followed British trade to all parts of the world, and soon the coasts of England, of the continent of Europe, of the West Indies, South America, even islands in the Pacific as far off as Polynesia, echoed to the sound of our guns.

In encounters with vessels of the English navy it happened that geography was once more on our side. Ocean winds and ocean currents cause ships to sail in sea-lanes as armies travel on roads; and the prevailing winds made it necessary for all British war vessels, whether ordered to Halifax or the West Indies, to travel directly toward our shores. Those bound for the South had to travel the length of our Atlantic coast. We did not wait for them to come to us, but went

out to meet them. It was still the day of sails and of wonderful seamanship. Even when not strong enough to engage the enemy, our ships acquitted themselves well. In the very first weeks of the war, Captain Hull led five British commanders a most exciting three-days' chase in almost dead calm, using every artifice at a sailor's command and escaping at last in a providential gale of wind and rain. A month later, on August 19, having a fair chance, ship against ship, he fought with one of these commanders the famous battle between the *Constitution* and the British *Guerrière*, burned the latter, and returned to Boston. On October 18, a thousand miles farther south, Jacob Jones had his dramatic fight by moonlight with the *Frolic*. When Americans from the *Wasp* boarded her after forty minutes' struggle in tremendous seas, they found only four men alive, one seaman sticking grimly to his post at the wheel, and three wounded officers. In that same October, Decatur in the frigate *United States* captured the *Macedonian* and brought her into Newport as a prize; and on December 29, Bainbridge, now in command of the *Constitution*, captured the British frigate *Java* off the coast of Brazil. In the first six months of the war England surrendered to us more of her ships than she had lost to the rest of the world in twenty

years. She had begun by calling our vessels "fir-built things with a bit of striped bunting at their mast-head." It was a terrible blow to her pride not only to lose the ships, but to surrender them to Americans, who, as the British minister at Washington said at the time war broke out, "were, generally speaking, not a people we should be proud to acknowledge as our relations."

As was the case in the war with the Barbary pirates, these naval battles of the War of 1812 might have been fought in the days of the Crusades, so far as modern ways of sea warfare are concerned. Torpedoes had been tried and discarded during the Revolution. They were thought not only unsatisfactory, but a dishonorable means of making war. Steam was beginning to be used, but not for serious work like this. Before the war ended, the *Fulton*, with its ram and a few heavy guns,—great-grandfather of armored battleships,—had been launched, but it came too late to influence the result. It was all a matter of sails and seamanship and skill.

Man for man, British and Yankee sailors were equally brave, but they showed differences of training very similar to those between British and American soldiers on land. As a rule the British sailors had been taught to do just one thing, while the Yankees, having practised their calling

on merchant ships from childhood, were handy at all parts of their trade. They could turn from fighting to ship-carpentry, could set sails or fire guns. They were particularly good at firing guns; but for inferiority in this regard the British Government and not the British tar was to blame. The Government limited strictly the number of shot that could be "wasted" in mere practice; while Americans were forever aiming and firing their cannon, as well as practising at close range with small-arms and single-stick. They had also recently adopted a new invention, sights on their cannon.

Usually the fights were of the old sea-rover type, one or two ships on a side firing a few rounds, then closing for a hand-to-hand struggle. The sound of grappling-irons, the clash of cutlasses, and the ring of weapons long out-of-date echo in accounts of these battles, coming to us across the century in words whose very strangeness brings a thrill, but whose meaning we have well-nigh forgotten. There was an immense amount of courage displayed, and an immense zest for the sea life. British and Americans fought and captured and fought again until their turn came to haul down their flag. The *Essex*, one of our famous old ships, pushed on alone into the Pacific, broke up the British whaling industry

there, and lived a year and a half on the enemy before her hour struck, off Valparaiso in March, 1814.

On the Canadian frontier the contest was as much one of ship-building as of ship-fighting, the object being to get complete control of the lakes and harbors. This could be done either by capturing the enemy's boats or by keeping them blockaded in port; so when one side launched a new ship the other tried to offset it by launching a bigger and better one. The preliminary warfare of planes and saws went on for months, but when it gave way to powder and shell, the fresh-water sailors showed that in bravery they were not one whit behind their brothers of the high seas.

The difference in level between lakes Erie and Ontario, with Niagara Falls between, made it necessary to maintain separate fleets on each, which doubled the labor. All supplies, except the growing timber, had to be brought from a great distance. England brought hers across the Atlantic. The Americans transported theirs over very bad roads from Eastern cities. On Lake Ontario, Kingston and Sackett's Harbor were the respective headquarters of the British and Americans; on Lake Erie, the Americans were at Erie and the British at Detroit. The lake

service was particularly hard and its inducements small; so the American sailors who fought in those lake battles were a very mixed company, who had often made great personal sacrifice to enter the war. It is said that one quarter of the four hundred and thirty men under Perry in the battle of Lake Erie were negroes, and many of the rest were state militia, while, on the other side, Barclay had Indians and British regulars as well as sailors and frontiersmen. Oliver Hazard Perry, who commanded our fleet in that battle of September 10, 1813, had been a midshipman in the war against the pirates. His gallant figure in this fight and the modern version of Cæsar's old message of victory which he wrote upon the back of an envelope when it was over are familiar to all of us. But there were other lake fights quite as thrilling. That in Plattsburg Bay, for example, on September 11, 1814, was not only one of the most important naval engagements of the war, but full of incredible details.

All hands knelt on the deck of McDonough's flagship as the enemy's fleet approached. The moment of prayer was cut short by a British shot which liberated the ship's pet rooster from his coop and sent him crowing to the top of a gun. The sailors laughed and sprang to their posts, and fought until the masts of the *Saratoga* were in

splinters. The very first broadside from the enemy disabled forty of his men and McDonough worked at his guns like a common sailor. The spanker boom, cut in two by an English round-shot, fell upon him, knocking him senseless. He recovered consciousness and began again, when another shot decapitated a man near by and drove his head full in McDonough's face. On the *Ticonderoga*, another of our ships, the matches were found to be useless, but a young midshipman of sixteen, named Hiram Paulding, with Yankee ingenuity fired those under his charge by having pistols flashed at them, while the commander of the ship walked the taffrail with the utmost coolness through showers of lead, directing the firing and loading.

The British galleys were handled with equal skill; and at the end of the fight their best boat, the *Confiance*, which had been considered a match for the entire American fleet, lay with 105 shots in her hull and half her crew dead and wounded. Decidedly, this was a war in which neither friend nor foe could ignore the United States Navy.

CHAPTER XV

A CAPTURED CAPITAL

THE American Army, meanwhile, had been the cause of great disappointment. One writer has said that the War of 1812 "seemed designed by Providence to teach Americans that free institutions do not of themselves create trained soldiers"; and that its battle-fields were "strewn with the dead reputations of commanding officers." The experiment of getting along without any military force had been discontinued after two years, when a new United States Army was created to replace the Continental soldiers, who had been mustered out. At the time that the second war with England was declared, this force was supposed to have a strength of thirty-five thousand; but in reality it was the merest skeleton of an organization, with many important parts of the skeleton missing.

President Madison hastened to appoint new officers and to give the skeleton life and strength; but, as Jefferson once sorrowfully remarked, "The Creator has not thought proper to mark those on the forehead who are of stuff to make

good generals," and only bitter experience could sort them out. Almost thirty years had passed since the close of the Revolution, and the few officers of that war who were still alive were either too old for active service or had sunk into habits of intemperance and sloth. As for the rank and file of the new soldiers and of the militia regiments, those same American characteristics of personal independence that had displeased Wolfe stood in the way of discipline. Each man prided himself on being able to defend his home and on knowing how to shoot, but he did not relish being ordered to do either; so, though made up of the best possible material, the army, as a whole, was little more than an amiable mob.

The boasted invasion of Canada began badly. General William Hull, one of the officers of Revolutionary days, crossed from Detroit into the province of Ontario with two thousand men on July 12, 1812, but quickly retreated and surrendered the whole of Michigan territory without firing a shot. This endangered the entire Northwest Territory, the fate of which remained in doubt until after Perry's victory on Lake Erie in the following year. Hull was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot, but pardoned because of his fine record in the earlier war.

Fortunately, the news of his disgraceful surrender reached England at the same moment with the news of the capture of the *Guerrière* at sea by his nephew, Isaac Hull, and to the English mind, sensitive to naval power, the loss of one battleship quite overbalanced the gain of much territory.

There was a terrible massacre at Fort Dearborn (Chicago), in which women and children, as well as soldiers, perished. Mackinac passed into British hands; and although a second attempt to invade Canada in the neighborhood of Niagara was not so disastrous as the first one, it accomplished nothing except to reveal the quality of a few poor generals, and to earn for the worst of them, Alexander Smythe, the name of Von Bladder, because of his ridiculous bombastic proclamations.

Hoping to stay this bad luck, it was proposed to make a general of Henry Clay, who was immensely popular and had the power by his ringing speeches of raising hope and enthusiasm. "But what shall we do without Clay in Congress?" was asked in alarm, and he was left where he was sorely needed. In time, the war developed fine officers like Jacob Brown, a born general, though in civil life he was a Quaker farmer; Winfield Scott, the only one of our American gen-

erals to play a conspicuous part in three wars; William Henry Harrison, and Andrew Jackson. But at the moment the outlook was dark. The British bombarded towns in Connecticut and Delaware. The salt-works on Cape Cod were saved by paying a ransom, and it required not only Perry's victory on Lake Erie, but the success of General Harrison at the battle of the Thames near Detroit on October 5, 1813, to reestablish American supremacy in the Northwest. That so considerable a part of the fighting on the Canadian border took place in the neighborhood of Detroit shows how the frontier had moved westward since the days of the Revolution. In the former struggle only the east end of Lake Erie had been of military importance.

The situation in that northwestern region was greatly complicated by Indian troubles, which were viewed with lively satisfaction, if not actually helped on by the British. The Shawnee Indians had a powerful leader named Tecumseh, one of the greatest of his race. He realized that the white people were gradually crowding the Indians off their lands, and that once established, they never gave back what they had taken. He knew that they were already too strong to be dealt with by separate tribes, and urged the formation of a great Indian confederacy that could

take a determined stand and rid the country once and for all of these white interlopers. He saw, too, the advantage of an alliance with the British, since they were also unfriendly to American settlers. On their part, the British were not averse to the help of the Indians. It is said that, foreseeing the future war, the British restrained Tecumseh's desire to open hostilities for a year or more, to make it fit in with their own plans. At any rate, there was an alliance between them, and a battle in a January dawn on the River Raisin, which turned into a massacre of peculiar cruelty. Later this was avenged at Harrison's battle of the Thames on the Canadian side of the line. In this battle Tecumseh was slain, and General Harrison gained a reputation which later made him President of the United States.

For two years the war continued in this way, with no really marked gains on either side. It was bad enough, but after all not so bad as it looked for the Americans. Only the edge of our broad country was touched by the English. They could no more gain and hold American territory than we could gain Canada; and during this season of discouragement, General Scott was drilling and improving the army. He was the most showy and by no means the least important military product of our War of 1812, a man

whose life story could easily supply the material for half a dozen heroes of fiction. He had turned soldier overnight when the country rang with indignation at the *Leopard's* attack upon the *Chesapeake*, throwing up his career as a lawyer and riding twenty-five miles between sunset and dawn to secure a horse and uniform. During the War of 1812 he experienced all the ups and downs of an officer's life, from prisoner to successful general; but the greatest service he rendered at this time was by persistence in drill and discipline. The Government furnished no textbook or manual-of-arms to its officers, apparently believing that when a soldier enlisted such knowledge came to him by inspiration. Scott owned a French work on military tactics, and out of this he improvised one of his own, from which he drilled his troops mercilessly ten and twelve hours a day when weather permitted. The excellent results were so marked that the Government adopted his system as its own, and it remained in use until the Civil War, when new inventions in guns made a change necessary.

So things went on, with success at sea and drudgery and often disaster on land, until 1814. In that year Napoleon's defeat released the victorious English troops that had been fighting him on European battle-fields, and England deter-

mined to send over enough of them to carry on two American campaigns at once. One army was to be sent to the Canadian border, the other to the South. McDonough's thrilling fight at Plattsburg was against the flotilla which brought the northern division of these veterans up Lake Champlain in Britain's last effort to penetrate our country by way of the Hudson River. There was also fierce fighting in the neighborhood of Niagara, where General Brown and General Scott did their part at the drawn battle of Lundy's Lane and at Chippewa. It is not often remembered that our West Point cadets wear in their uniforms a reminder of this last battle. Our regular troops were supposed to be clothed in blue, but there was not enough blue cloth in the whole young country to cover our little army. Scott's well-drilled soldiers were in gray, and deceived by this, General Riall, the British commander, spoke slightingly of the advancing line as "nothing but a body of Buffalo militia." But when they were upon him he added with an oath, "These are regulars!" and the mistake so costly to him has been commemorated by our cadets for more than a century.

The British campaign in the South was directed against New Orleans; but in passing, the force looked in at Chesapeake Bay. Even after Ad-

miral Cockburn had brought it there, there seemed to be some uncertainty as to what it was expected to do. Baltimore might be attacked, or Washington. Baltimore was the richer town, Washington the capital of the United States. It was only a straggling forlorn town of a few thousand inhabitants, but glory prevailed over riches, and General Ross's army of three or four thousand men turned toward Washington. Commodore Barney of the American squadron disembarked his sailors and did what he could with them and a handful of militia, to oppose the British advance. It was little enough; he was speedily captured, and the militia fled in such haste that sour wits of the day spoke of the engagement, not as the Battle of Bladensburg, but as the Bladensburg Races. Washington was entirely without defenses, and Bladensburg is only a few miles from the heart of the city. Its inhabitants, naturally enough, were in a state of panic. All who could get away fled, carrying their valuables with them. The papers from the state department were bundled into linen bags and carted off toward Leesburg. President Madison and his cabinet disappeared into the Virginia woods, searching for what remained of the soldiers. Mrs. Madison stayed in the White House until the last minute and then, filling her

coach with as much public property as she could carry with her, abandoned her own belongings to the fate of war and sought a place of safety.

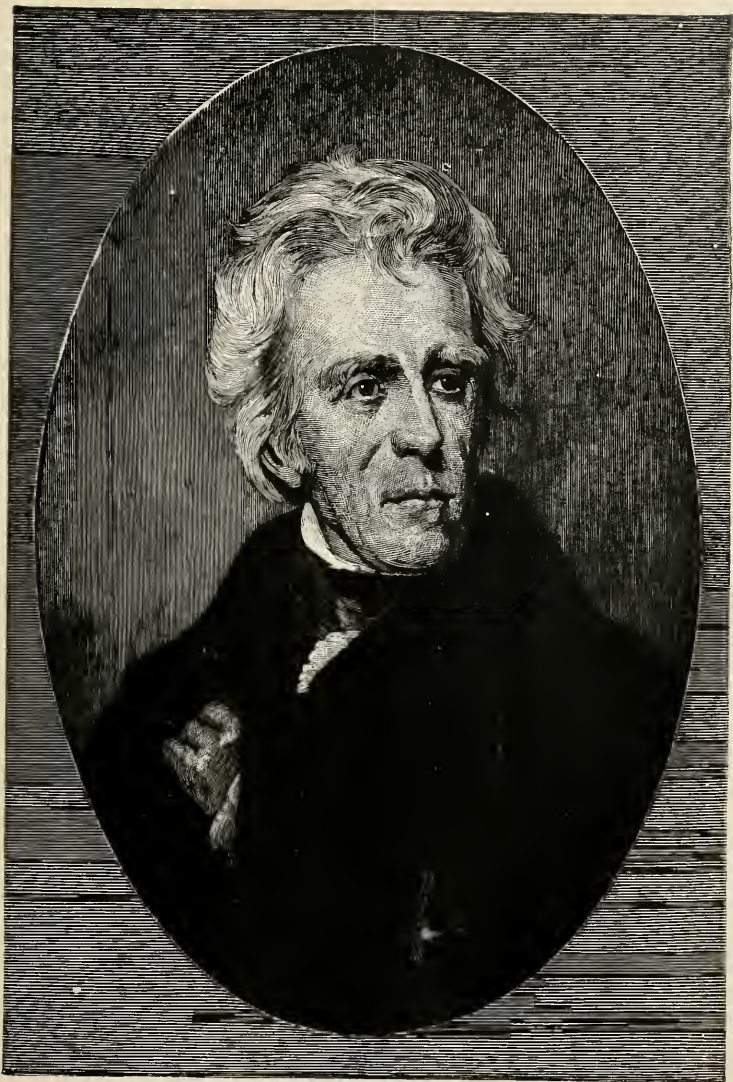
The British entered the town on the twenty-fourth of August, and set fire to the Capitol, the treasury, the President's house, the printing-office of the one newspaper the capital of the nation then supported, and some private dwellings. Accounts of eye-witnesses tell how Admiral Cockburn, riding a white mare with its black foal capering beside him, inquired with malignant care for that printing-office, the editor having been particularly outspoken. Destruction was wide-spread, for, in addition to the damage done by the British, the American commander had set fire to the navy yard. Next day a terrific storm of wind and lightning visited the city, during which some of the invaders were killed under falling walls. The British departed for Baltimore, leaving ruin behind them. It is not a pleasant picture, and the burning of our capital is an episode of which the English have never been proud, though in recognition, the regent granted General Ross the title of Ross of Bladensburg. His descendants bore it after him. He himself never knew the honor, for he lost his life within the week at Baltimore.

That city was better prepared than Washington; and Fort McHenry put up such a spirited defense that after a few days Cockburn's fleet sailed away to the South, leaving our country the richer by a patriotic poem, the "Star-Spangled Banner," written by Francis Scott Key as he watched through the dark and saw in the dawn that the flag was still there.

The attack upon New Orleans was meant to drive Americans out of all Louisiana. In this ambitious project the British hoped to unite with them the Indians of the region and such French and Spanish settlers as were dissatisfied with American rule. The authorities at Washington could do little to help the city on the Mississippi, but they did the one thing needful when they sent a tall, angular general of Tennessee militia to take command. His name was Andrew Jackson, and his military fame had spread in 1813, when he conducted a campaign against the Creek Indians. This he had won not only against the savages, but against mutiny and starvation among his own men. With his eyes blazing, he rode along the mutinous line and threatened to shoot the first man who turned home. He set the example of living upon acorns; he asked nothing more of his soldiers than he was willing to

endure himself; and he brought them safely through a campaign of great hardship to its victorious close.

He reached New Orleans early in December and immediately set to work every able-bodied man, black or white, stopping every activity not necessary to the task of defense and carrying this on much as he had carried on his fight against mutiny, by masterful resolution and heartening example. He had at his disposal a very mixed force of several thousand men. There were a few regulars, but they were raw and new to the service. The volunteers were made up of many nationalities and every complexion under the sun. There were negroes, slave and free. There were Frenchmen and Americans of all classes, among them smugglers and outlaws like the notorious brothers Lafitte, whose past crimes were pardoned for the patriotic work they did at this time, when they might have sold their services to the British. Among the sailors on the two small gunboats in the river were Norwegians and Swedes and a company of New Englanders. Best of all in Jackson's estimation was the band of Tennessee volunteers, in leggings and coonskin caps, who joined him after a long and muddy march on the very day that the British forced their way through watery lanes of swamp and



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bayou into the Mississippi a few miles below New Orleans. These Tennesseans were the men he was used to, the kind with which he had fought Indians, and he knew how thoroughly they were to be trusted.

Partly owing to the difficulty of the swampy region and partly to the American defense, the British had been long in reaching their goal. But they were twelve thousand strong, and the best soldiers England had. The commander was Edward Pakenham, brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, and one of his ablest lieutenants. The men with him had fought against Napoleon in Spain under Wellington, and under Nelson on the Nile. In the preliminary fighting the Americans were forced to give way, and Jackson's two gunboats were rendered useless. But the ground near the city is low and swampy, and in the final battle the British could only advance by a narrow bit of land along the river. A flanking attack was impossible; the advance had to be made in front. Jackson took a canal as his line of defense, and behind it raised earthworks of Mississippi mud as high as a man's breast. His cannon numbered about a dozen, and his men half as many as those of his adversary; but his position and their marksmanship more than compensated. It was at daybreak on January 8, 1815, a

beautiful Sunday morning, that the British made their attack after several days of careful preparation. Not knowing the temper of his adversary, Pakenham threw away some of his usual caution. Not knowing anything but obedience and courage, the British soldiers advanced against Jackson's line again and again. At the end of the battle their loss had reached the appalling number of twenty-five hundred, against six of Jackson's men killed and thirteen wounded.

Strictly speaking, this battle should never have been fought, for eleven days before it took place a treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent. Messengers with copies of the treaty were even then upon the seas. But the telegraph had not yet been invented and the cable was undreamed-of, and thinking they were still at war, the commanders led the battle in which the terrible loss of life occurred. There were many Americans then, as very likely there are many now, who could not feel properly shocked at the sacrifice, or sorry that the news was delayed until the volunteers under Jackson had a chance to test their courage against these veterans of Wellington and to wipe out the stain of less fortunate engagements earlier in the war.

The treaty of peace promised little. It did not even mention sailors' rights, the real reason for

which the country went to war. But the war accomplished much. Never again did England attempt to take sailors from our ships, and the temper of our fighting had changed her feeling about our "desirability" as distant relatives.

The war did even more for us upon our own soil. It awoke in our people a national consciousness, a sense of being one country, that Americans had lacked before. An apparently insignificant detail, yet one really full of significance, is that with this sense of national unity there came into being that mythical, yet very genuine and lovable personage known as Uncle Sam. The letters U. S. upon knacksacks and boxes of supplies gave him birth. Soldiers jokingly gave him his name. The contact between militia regiments and regulars broadened his fame. Our flag supplied him with his clothing, and he quickly became so real that Indians, crowding around the President, asked to shake hands with Uncle Sam, who is, after all, the embodiment of all we most revere in our United States.

PART IV
MEXICAN WAR
A FIGHT FOR CONQUEST

CHAPTER XVI

A GENERAL DESPITE POLITICS

THIRTY-TWO years passed before the United States was again officially at war. Then we quarreled with our southern neighbors, the Mexicans, over admitting Texas as a State to our Union. Texas was that portion of Mexico lying directly west of Louisiana, but it was largely settled by Americans. When Napoleon sold Louisiana to President Jefferson, its western boundary had been left somewhat vague, and from the beginning covetous and adventurous spirits claimed that more or less of it belonged by right to Louisiana. At that time Texas was a Spanish possession, and in 1819, when we acquired Florida from Spain, our Government promised to look upon the Sabine River as the western boundary of Louisiana. This was bitterly resented by the people of the region, who claimed that the line should be much farther west. They said that it was unsafe to have a foreign frontier so near the Mississippi River, and hinted that England might try to get control

of the land in dispute and use it as a base from which to attack our free institutions. They really meant something quite different; that England might use it as a base for an attack on slavery, to which England was strongly opposed. Our Southern politicians and planters, on the contrary, strongly favored slavery, and it was because Texas would add a region larger than France to that part of our country where slave labor was profitable that they so ardently desired to make it a part of our Union.

The year after we had given our word to consider the Sabine River the boundary of Louisiana, Mexico declared itself independent of Spain and set up a turbulent government of its own, in which revolution succeeded revolution, and assassination became a favorite means of securing power and new presidents. Several of these ill-fated gentlemen gave grants of land to Americans. At the same time the slave-holding interests of the South became more and more convinced of the desirability of Texas and systematically encouraged settlers to go there. By 1828 the population of Texas consisted of twelve thousand Americans and only about three thousand Mexicans.

Soon the inconvenience of living under the unstable Mexican rule brought these Americans to

the point of revolution on their own account. They were very much in earnest and not always fastidious about the means they used to accomplish their ends. They were typical frontiersmen, daring and rough and bold. Not all of them were bona-fide residents of Texas; numbers crossed the border because they scented trouble and liked it. In 1835 and 1836, when matters came to a head, their leader was Samuel Houston, who had already experienced a varied and eventful career as lawyer, Indian agent, soldier in the War of 1812, Governor of Tennessee, Cherokee chief, and bridegroom who had fled from the arms of his new wife back to the freedom of Indian life, before he began to make history in Texas.

But whatever the faults of these men of the Southwest, they had a chivalrous code of their own that bade them stand stanchly by their friends, and according to it they were willing to live and die. In the troubles that followed they had plenty of opportunities to do both, for the Mexican authorities were not gentle with them. They surrounded several bands of Americans and killed every one. One of the most tragic of these happenings was the shooting in cold blood of three hundred and fifty Americans under Colonel Fannin at Goliad on Palm Sunday, 1836. They

could have escaped capture had not Colonel Fannin felt it his duty to await the return of a detachment he had sent out to rescue some settlers,—a detachment that the Mexicans had totally annihilated. The most famous of all these bloody occurrences was the siege of the Alamo, an ancient adobe church near San Antonio, which had been turned into a fort. Here one hundred and forty Americans held out for almost two weeks against ten times their number. When the fort was carried by storm, only six men in it remained alive, and these were promptly shot by their conquerors. The rest had died where they stood, fighting in little groups to the last. One who lost his life here was James Bowie, inventor of the murderous knife that bears his name; another was the famous frontiersman Davy Crockett. He was found still grasping his weapon, with a heap of twenty Mexican dead before him to testify how dearly he had sold his life.

Houston was major-general of the Texan forces, and while retreating after Goliad and the Alamo, he learned that the main army under Santa Anna was temporarily divided by a freshet. Although he had only eight hundred men he promptly turned to attack Santa Anna's vanguard of sixteen hundred. These were encamped behind breastworks on a piece of dry ground sur-

rounded by marshes. Had it not been a matter of such tragic earnest, the account of that battle would read like a comic distorted dream. In order to cross the swamp and reach the Mexicans, Houston's army made use of a timber raft. A leaky scow transported his artillery, two six-pounder guns called the "Twin Sisters." The cavalry horses swam, and the army band of one fife and one drum led the way, playing not a martial air, but a popular song of the moment, "Will you come into the bower?" There was one bridge by which the Americans might retreat to safety in case of disaster, but they were too full of thoughts of revenge to care for lines of retreat, and they promptly destroyed it. They had only two hundred bayonets for eight hundred men, but with past scores to settle, the Americans were in a mood to do wolfish things with their bare hands. Shouting "Remember Goliad!" and "Remember the Alamo!" they charged upon the Mexicans.

These were taken completely off their guard; for it was late afternoon, and secure in their position and in the hour of the day, the soldiers were playing games, while Santa Anna was asleep. Some of the officers tried to rally their men and to steady them, but the Americans came upon them so quickly that they had not even time to

discharge their guns. In fifteen minutes the battle was over, with losses which show that the Texans were not generous victors. It is thought that less than fifty escaped. Santa Anna was one of these, but he was captured the next day in the swamp. If ever a commander was tricky and treacherous and deserved hanging for past misdeeds, it was he. The Texans clamored for his life, but Houston was shrewd and not vindictive and knew that Santa Anna alive was worth much more to Texas than Santa Anna dead; so he protected him, and used him in bargaining with the Mexican authorities.

With its commanding general in Houston's custody, and a large part of its army killed or prisoners, Mexico was forced to admit, for the time being, that Texas was independent. Shortly afterward the Texans asked to be annexed to the United States, desiring, of course, to come into the Union as a slave state. But the question of slavery had become a bone of contention, and there was so much opposition that almost ten years passed before Texas was really a part of the Union.

President Polk, who was inaugurated about the time that Congress voted to annex Texas, called it a bloodless revolution; but it is doubtful if even the most optimistic believed this. Soon

after Santa Anna was safely back in its hands the Mexican Government served notice that it did not propose to submit to "an aggression unprecedented in the annals of the world," and it had been making war against Texas in a fitful way ever since. Even had Mexico been minded to submit, the amount of territory involved would have given ample ground for quarrel. Our Government assumed that everything east of the Rio Grande belonged to Texas, though in reality the country was settled only as far as the Nueces River. The area between was most irregular in shape, only a few miles wide in some spots, hundreds of miles in others; taken all together it was as large as New England.

The Whig party, and the people of the North generally, had opposed annexing Texas, being persuaded that it was done to enlarge the amount of slave territory. The Democrats and the South, on the other hand, were willing to go to war for the sake of it; but since the opposition was strong, they felt they must be cautious and that, if war came, Mexico must be made to seem to be the aggressor. The Democrats were in control of the Government, and during the summer of 1845, several months before Texas was formally admitted to the Union, General Zachary Taylor was sent with a considerable part of the

small United States Army to Corpus Christi, at the mouth of the Nueces River, in the hope that being there on the border, at the very edge of the disputed territory, fighting might come about without direct orders from Washington.

The old general understood perfectly what was expected of him, and took a grim pleasure in delaying it as long as possible. Knowing, however, that in all human probability war must come, he turned the interval to good account in drilling his men. The winter passed in complete friendliness. General Taylor's young officers, one of whom was named Ulysses S. Grant, bought wild ponies of their brown Mexican neighbors, who seemed far more inclined to trade of this kind than to exchanges of lead. In the intervals of drill the young men subdued their wild mounts, attended Mexican dances, and made the nights melodious with sentimental song.

It was all very delightful, but it was not war. In March the administration lost patience and ordered General Taylor to advance toward the Rio Grande. The country between the two rivers was virtually a desert, in which a few pools of water, trampled at their edges by the feet of wild horses and buffaloes, marked the length of a day's journey. General Taylor's expedition wound from one of these to another in a thin blue

line that looked very inadequate for an army of invasion. But in all the distance it found nothing to oppose it and, reaching the Rio Grande, began building a fort opposite Matamoros. Then the clash came; for Mexicans cultivated their fields thereabouts, and Mexican cavalry, circling around parties of Taylor's soldiers that ventured too far from camp, killed several and captured others. President Polk announced in a special message that "the cup of forbearance has been exhausted"; Congress declared war, and our army crossed the Rio Grande.

The Democrats in Congress tried to trap their Whig colleagues into voting that it was a righteous war. This the Whigs steadfastly refused to do, though they were generous in the matter of appropriations, drawing a sharp distinction between voting that they approved of the war and voting to send necessary supplies to soldiers who were obeying orders and risking their lives in a foreign land through no desire of their own.

Dispatches traveled slowly. It took two weeks for news from the front to reach Washington by letter or special messenger. By the time the Government learned that its soldiers had been killed near Matamoros, General Taylor had crossed the river, won two battles, and was about to fight a

third; and the Whigs, being human, could not help rejoicing that it was a man of their own party who was leading the army with such success. The Democrats had no general of their own political faith to send, the two officers whose rank and official age entitled them to the honor being General Taylor and General Winfield Scott, both Whigs.

Convinced that he could not feed his army if he marched too far away from the Rio Grande, and that even if he captured cities along the coast he could not hold them because of the yellow fever that raged at that time of year, General Taylor devoted himself to cutting off the northern provinces from the rest of Mexico. This does not sound at all exciting, but the details of his campaign were altogether too dramatic to satisfy an administration that desired just enough military success to accomplish its purpose and not enough to give General Taylor a popularity that might send him to the White House. Politicians are always keenly aware that Americans like to elect their military heroes to the Presidency. General Scott was known to have strong ambitions in that direction, which was perhaps the reason why General Taylor had been chosen instead as leader of the expedition to Mexico. Taylor at least was no politician; he had been in the army almost forty

years, and had never even voted for a president, much less desired to become one.

He kept on steadily giving attention to the job before him, which was to win victories, and let political consequences take care of themselves. Although our country had increased enormously in numbers and wealth since the War of 1812, and many wonderful inventions had been made, our soldiers were still armed with flint-lock muskets. In the matter of antiquated weapons, however, Taylor was no worse off than his opponents. Part of the Mexican cavalry carried lances and spears that recalled the Crusades, while their cannon were as much out of date as though they were the actual pieces with which Cortés conquered Mexico from Montezuma.

In the opening battle at Palo Alto on May 8, 1846, Taylor's batteries were drawn into place by ox-teams, and the solid shot from the ancient Mexican guns bounded along the ground so slowly that the Americans, seeing them coming, could sometimes open ranks and let them roll harmlessly through. Compared with this leisurely artillery duel, the battle of Resaca de la Palma the next day was a whirlwind, in which Taylor's men sent the brown Mexicans spinning through their camp, where cooks were preparing dinner for them, and on into the Rio Grande.

The numbers engaged were so small that it would hardly have merited the name of battle in the Civil War, but the standard of valor was Washington's own. "Old Rough and Ready," as General Taylor was fondly called by his men, urged not to expose himself, had answered, "Then let us ride a little forward where the balls will fall behind us." That he was pleased with the way his fine group of junior officers, young men lately graduated from West Point and others who had seen a little service, bore themselves can be inferred, for after the fight was over he looked at them with real tenderness in his sharp old eyes and gave them great praise in four short words, "Gentlemen, you are veterans."

They did not disappoint him. After those two small, but complete, successes at the outset of the war, both the army and the people at home began to expect victory. And victory came to them even more abundantly than it had come to the navy in the War of 1812. "In less than two campaigns," says a writer, "we conquered a great country and a peace without the loss of a single battle or skirmish." This author thinks it was due to those gallant and talented young West Pointers, to training; in other words to the same thing that had won the naval victories thirty-odd years before. Be that as it may, reports of their

successes went home to be eagerly read from end to end of the country. After many days newspaper accounts of its battles began to filter back to Taylor's army, which had some difficulty in recognizing its own doings, so magnified and embroidered were they. But while the army read these with amusement, fathers and mothers and friends at home read them with real emotion, each confident that the steadiness of one particular lad had brought about the result. Indeed, aside from personal interest, there was plenty of novelty and picturesqueness in the reports to kindle the vivid American imagination.

Congress had authorized fifty thousand volunteers, and as soon as General Taylor received a sufficient number of these he began advancing upon Monterey, the largest town in northern Mexico. The very first stage of the march after leaving the Rio Grande proved that men from the North could not endure the heat of Mexico's sun at that season, and thereafter the army moved by night and camped by day, pressing on until dawn brightened to the intolerable glare that drove them to shelter. Its first experience with mule trains was also enlightening. Americans might vanquish Mexican men, but the Mexican mule was invincible, and they found that there was neither strength nor profanity enough in the

army to make him move. Fortunately the enemy was expert at the task and friendly enough to perform it, and Taylor's column continued to advance upon Monterey under the kindly stars, accompanied by small brown men who seemed at heart to bear the gringos no ill-will.

Monterey was defended by ten thousand Mexicans, and its population of twelve thousand lived in flat-topped houses with parapets that made every one of them a fortress. It was encircled by a string of forts and had street defenses in addition. The Mexicans were good fighters when it came to the point, and it required three days of sharp and daring work on the part of Taylor's force of seven thousand to bring the town to the point of surrender. In this fighting Lieutenant Grant and an older West Point graduate, a son-in-law of General Taylor named Jefferson Davis, bore gallant part.

When the city was surrendered on September 24, 1846, General Taylor agreed that the Mexicans should march out with all the honors of war, and promised that his own army would not advance beyond a certain point for eight weeks, unless ordered to do so from Washington. The administration professed to be much dissatisfied with this, but it is a question whether they were more dissatisfied or disturbed by General Tay-

lor's military conduct. He was not giving them the short war they desired, and his victories were making him so dangerously popular that they saw him looming up as a presidential possibility. The only man they could substitute for him was General Scott, who was not only a Whig, but was known to cherish hopes of being President. He had never approved of General Taylor's plan of campaign and to send him to Mexico would seem to discredit Taylor. It was a risky political experiment; but there was political danger in any event, and it might happen that the two generals would fall to quarreling after the war was over and that both would lose the prize.

So General Taylor was directed to end his truce at Monterey. He did this gladly, and while waiting further orders, marched and countermarched to the help of various detachments of his troops, one of which under General Worth at Saltillo was menaced by that inveterate Mexican revolutionist Santa Anna, who had been in exile, but had managed to reënter the country and place himself at the head of the Mexican army.

General Taylor's next orders from Washington filled him with wrathful amazement. He not only learned that he was to be superseded by General Scott, but that a large part of his trained force was to be sent South to take part in Scott's

campaign. Meanwhile he was expected to hold a long defensive line with the remnant of his men and such raw recruits as were sent him. He protested, but to no avail, and had to watch his soldiers march away. Santa Anna, through a captured letter, learned of his diminished force and thought he saw a chance to beat Taylor and then hurry south to defeat General Scott, though this would involve a march of one thousand miles over barren uplands. No white soldier could have endured the heat by day or the bitter chill at night, but Mexicans, bodily and mentally, seem ruled by different natural laws; and with all his faults, Santa Anna could never be accused of lack of energy.

Taylor awaited Santa Anna's coming in a narrow valley in the mountains. A hacienda near by was called Buena Vista, and this gave its name to the battle. On Washington's birthday Santa Anna sent General Taylor the message: "You are surrounded by twenty thousand and cannot avoid being cut to pieces. I wish to save you this disaster, and summon you to surrender at discretion, and give you an hour to make up your mind." It did not require the fourth part of an hour for Old Rough and Ready to answer with a curt refusal, and next morning at daybreak the great battle of the war began. The road to Saltillo

ran through the valley. Taylor planted his troops across it, with his baggage trains at Buena Vista a mile in the rear. The Mexicans attacked in three columns, some rushing down the mountain-side, some advancing along the road. The fortunes of war fluctuated, now resting with the men from the North, now with the Mexicans. At first the Mexicans scattered before the fire of Taylor's batteries. Then Taylor's left was turned, and part of his troops were cut off from the rest. Mexicans seemed fairly to roll down from the mountain-side and to fill the valley, with victory almost within their grasp. But Taylor formed new lines at right angles to his old ones, and the Mexicans found themselves again under the deadly fire of Jefferson Davis's infantry and of batteries commanded by certain of Taylor's young officers named Sherman and Thomas and Reynolds and Bragg and Kilburn, of whom their countrymen were to hear more in later years. Once again the Mexicans retreated, but another body of Santa Anna's troops made its way along the base of the mountain to fall upon Buena Vista, where only a small force had been left to guard the luggage. This force, however, put the Mexicans to rout and cut their column in two, even while Sherman and Reynolds were hurrying their batteries to the rescue. The Ameri-

cans pursued, and the Mexicans, in their turn, seemed on the eve of capture, when four of their officers displayed a white flag, a ruse that stopped the firing long enough to allow their men to re-join their comrades. Then Santa Anna gained the advantage, captured one of Taylor's batteries, and was about to close the mouth of the ravine with a body of his picturesque lancers, when for the last time American cannon opened on them; in the moment of their confusion they were attacked on the flank by American infantry, and the whole Mexican army fled, retreating that night to Agua Nueva, leaving dead and wounded behind.

It was nearly three weeks before the first news of this battle reached home, in a copy of the "Matamoros Flag" brought by a schooner to New Orleans. A ship from Galveston confirmed the rumor and added disheartening details. Taylor had been badly beaten; he had lost two thousand men and six guns. Ten days more were required for this distressing information to reach Washington. It was the harder to believe and to bear because of the successes that had preceded it. The administration was most harshly criticized for taking Taylor's "veterans" away from him. Then in the midst of the gloom came the tidings that this was all a mistake and that Buena

Vista had been the great and brilliant victory of the war. Mourning and faultfinding gave way to joy, and Taylor's popularity increased to the point the Democrats so dreaded, a popularity that elected him, two years later, President of the United States.

CHAPTER XVII

THE ROAD THAT CORTÉS TRAVELED

GENERAL SCOTT, who knew quite well that the administration was unfriendly to him, did not wish to go to Mexico. He said it placed him between two fires, one at the front, the other in Washington; but he was a soldier, and orders were orders. He was assured that he would be provided with all the men and supplies he asked for, and given to understand that his apprehensions were really groundless. As he feared, these promises were broken; he received only about half the troops asked for, and felt that he had reason to look upon their higher officers as his personal or political enemies. But his spirit was roused, and he determined to show the Democratic administration what he could do.

He had not approved of General Taylor's campaign in northern Mexico, believing that the American Army should be landed at Vera Cruz and march upon the City of Mexico over the route taken by Cortés three hundred years before. It was this plan that he now followed. He first laid siege to the old walled seaport of Vera Cruz that

the Spanish conqueror had founded, but when it surrendered on March 29, 1847, he did not attempt to garrison it, knowing well that, though its gates were wide open, the deadly vomito held it effectively against Northern troops.

As speedily as possible, therefore, he set out in the footsteps of Cortés. In this march of two hundred and sixty miles from the ocean to the Mexican capital, his army was called upon to pass through all climates from the torrid to the frigid zone. First came the sea-level, with its fevers and its odd vegetation through which cactus thrust unsightly prickly arms. Then low hills led to an upland very like that on which Taylor's army had spent the winter near the Nueces. After that came more hills covered with almost tropical forests, very strange and oppressive to Northern eyes unused to vines lacing the trees together in a smothering mass, to gaudy, unmusical birds, and to flaming, unfragrant flowers. Beyond these, at an altitude of seven thousand feet, was another plain. Here lay the City of Mexico surrounded by mountains whose summits were white with snow. This diversity of climate menaced the health of Scott's army and added immensely to the difficulty of the short march.

Although Santa Anna had been so thoroughly beaten by Taylor in February, he carried out his

plan of going south to oppose Scott, and the middle of May found him waiting with a new army of thirteen thousand at Cerro Gordo, where the mountains begin. Cerro Gordo is a great conical hill commanding the road over which the Americans had to pass. The Mexicans held the surrounding heights, their old bronze cannon raking every turn of the road. A direct attack would have meant certain disaster, and from the nature of the ground, a flank movement seemed equally impossible. But Scott had with him young officers as capable as those with Taylor; indeed, some of the latter had also joined him. They spied out a way where a road might be cut; at night soldiers dragged guns along it, lowered them over precipices and dragged them up cliffs so silently that Santa Anna's men only discovered the work when they were well in place, commanding their now useless batteries. The Mexicans awoke to the disagreeable fact of being prisoners, three thousand of them, with arms and stores, falling into American hands. The rest escaped in hurried flight, their commander galloping away on one of the mules of his traveling-carriage, which was captured with his most personal belongings, including his wooden leg. General Scott paroled the Mexican prisoners, having no desire to feed them, and wrote a report to Wash-

ington, dated "fifty miles from Vera Cruz," in which he mentioned casually, but somewhat ostentatiously, that he found himself embarrassed by the number of bronze cannon he had taken from the enemy.

Then the victors went on to Jalapa, a town lying in a region of perpetual spring. The next objective was Perote on the upper plain. It opened its gates as the Americans approached. Santa Anna had retreated farther toward the capital; and except when ordered to fight, the Mexicans seemed friendly and decidedly partial to the real money the American Army left in its wake. Notwithstanding, Scott experienced at Jalapa the loss of half his force. It was the old trouble often suffered during the Revolution: the term for which the volunteer regiments had enlisted was about to expire. He had the right to keep them with him for a few weeks more, but if he did so, they would be obliged to wait for transports at Vera Cruz at the season when yellow fever was at its worst. There was no immediate prospect of an important battle, and he dismissed them at once. His dislike of volunteers permitted him to do this without great sorrow.

The Government felt that the war had now gone on long enough for its own purposes, so it sent down the chief clerk of the state department,

Nicholas P. Trist, to end the matter by purchase. Despite his great military skill and good sense, General Scott was a man of strong personal peculiarities and a stickler for etiquette in unimportant matters. His men called him "Old Fuss and Feathers." His wrath when Mr. Trist appeared can be imagined. The idea that a "mere clerk" should presume to interfere with his military plans drove him almost to apoplexy. For a time he carried on two vigorous campaigns, one against this gentleman and one against the enemy. Later they became good friends, but only after much ink had been spilled and much breath wasted.

Mexico refused Mr. Trist's offer, and the war continued. Puebla, the finest city in Mexico with the exception of the capital, surrendered without firing a gun. From this spot, after enough reinforcements reached him to raise his force to ten thousand men, Scott advanced upon the City of Mexico. It was in this last stage of his expedition that his audacity showed itself. After leaving Puebla he could no longer expect to provision his army from Vera Cruz. He boldly cut adrift, regardless of lines of supplies or lines of retreat, and marched his army through mountain passes toward the capital of a nation of eight million people, trusting entirely to what food he could find

along his line of march. The greatest military commander of the day, the Duke of Wellington, had watched Scott's campaign up to this time with interest and admiration; but he now remarked to a friend that the American general's head had been turned by success, and that he was "lost"; since he would be able neither to take the city nor to return to the coast.

Scott's way lay over some of the loftiest mountains of the continent. Rio Frio, the pass over which the army traveled, could easily have been defended; but Santa Anna had vivid memories of two disastrous battles with Americans in mountain passes and preferred not to risk a third. Unopposed, Scott's force reached the summit and looked down upon the capital, lying as Mexican cities so frequently lie, in a plain surrounded by heights. It made a fair picture, with its belfries and the emerald green fields that pressed close up against its walls. To the south and east were three blue lakes; and in the circle of mountains rose the giant extinct volcanoes Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl white against the sky.

Santa Anna had three men to Scott's one, and not only held the city, but several villages in the plain, while Chapultepec, a rocky hill crowded with a castle and military school, bristled with guns at base and summit and blocked the path of

the invaders. Scott decided to skirt the lakes and attack from the south. Santa Anna shifted his men and set his Mexican Indians to work cutting ditches and fortifying the church in the village of Cherubusco, while the Americans began to hew their way across a great field of lava toward their goal. On the twentieth of August the heights of Contreras passed into American hands, as did also San Antonio and Cherubusco, with its level fields and ditches. On the following morning as the invading army was about to take up assaulting positions, the Mexicans proposed a truce to discuss terms. This bade fair to be a long process, until Scott discovered that Santa Anna was making use of the time to strengthen his defenses. He declared the armistice at an end, and on September 8 took Molino del Rey, a low stone building that had once been a powder-mill but was now a formidable fortress. Five days later the rock of Chapultepec, defended by nine thousand men, was carried by an assault in which scaling ladders and personal daring played conspicuous parts.

That night Scott's troops cut their way secretly through the soft adobe walls of houses in the outskirts toward the city gates; but in the morning it was found that Santa Anna had fled. It was "under a brilliant sun," and cheered by a not unfriendly populace, that Scott's soldiers marched



WINFIELD SCOTT, BREVET LIEUTENANT GENERAL, U. S. A.

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through the streets of Mexico's capital and raised the Stars and Stripes in the plaza. They had to remain some months in Mexico while the treaty of peace was being arranged. As finally signed at Guadalupe-Hidalgo on February 2, 1848, our country gained not only Texas, for which it had gone to war, but New Mexico, western Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California, altogether an area equal to about seventeen States the size of New York.

California, the richest of all, was not then known for its gold fields. That wonderful discovery came two years later. It was merely an ill-governed province of Mexico; but there were already a few Americans on its ocean front and in its mountains who coveted it for its own sake, and a few statesmen in Washington who feared that Mexico might be willing to give California to England rather than lose it to the United States. So even before war was declared the commander of our squadron in the Pacific had been warned to take Yerba Buena and what other ports he could, in case he heard that war had come. Yerba Buena was a village of two hundred people that was beginning to be known as San Francisco. The American consul at Monterey and that brilliant young explorer, John C. Frémont, who was already known as the "Path-

finder," for his work in the West, were also given their orders. In short, everything was made conveniently ready in case Fate should thrust California into our hands. When hostilities actually opened, and Colonel Kearney, after taking Santa Fé, started westward under orders, he was met a few days out on the dusty trail by Kit Carson, the famous scout, who was traveling eastward with dispatches for Washington. From him Colonel Kearney learned that California had already been captured, that the United States flag floated at all important points, and that Frémont was governor. There had been a little fighting, but hardly enough to belie the statement of one of Frémont's men, who said that they had marched from end to end of the province and had "tried to find an enemy," but could not.

Of all the wars in which our country has been engaged, this Mexican War is the hardest to justify and the least dreadful to remember. The men who wanted more slave territory made up their minds to force a war in order to get it. In that sense it was without justification; but the war itself seemed more like a gay excursion than like deadly earnest. There was plenty of adventure and plenty of danger, but little of war's revolting cruelty. The country over which our army marched, with the glamor of its ancient history

and the wonders of its scenery, added to the unreality and the charm. Even the attitude of the half-naked Mexicans, who fought well with their old-time weapons when they had to, but welcomed the invaders with smiles when left to their own choice, added to the illusion that it was not real war, but only a picturesque make-believe.

It had most grave and serious consequences, however. Its very success hastened the Civil War, and these gay campaigns prepared both Union and Confederate officers for that strife. "My training in the Mexican War," wrote General Grant, "was of great advantage to me afterward. Besides the practical lessons it taught, the war brought nearly all the officers of the Regular Army together so as to make them personally acquainted."

History has recorded how well these young men who fought and danced through Mexico learned in their pilgrimage lessons that were to be turned to grim account.

PART V
CIVIL WAR
A FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

CHAPTER XVIII

KING COTTON'S BLACK HEART

AT the time the Revolution began there were in the thirteen colonies about three million people, who lived for the most part between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic Ocean. When that war ended, the new nation found itself politically free and possessed of land extending as far west as the Mississippi River. A few years later Napoleon sold Louisiana Territory to President Jefferson, and this almost doubled the national domain. In 1819, Florida was purchased from Spain. Oregon came into undisputed control of the United States through a treaty with England in 1846; and the Mexican War gave us not only Texas, but mountains and deserts and fruitful valleys stretching all the way to the Pacific coast.

In seventy years our country had expanded from a mere narrow strip of land along the Atlantic to a domain that stretched from sea to sea; during those same years it grew as marvelously in other ways. It grew in population through the increase of the original settlers and the arrival of thousands upon thousands of emigrants from

Europe. Their strange faces were to be seen upon the streets of Eastern cities, their odd speech was heard in the newly opened regions of the West. But their minds, and even their speech, quickly took on the ways of their adopted country. Although they were completely foreign when they landed, it was before very real Americans that the Indians and buffaloes retreated slowly, but steadily, westward year by year.

The country grew in wealth, because in the North its people were frugal and industrious, planting and reaping, building factories and opening mines. In the South wealth fairly blossomed because of one little thing: a strange small box full of wires and saw-tooth wheels contrived by a Northern man while visiting on a Southern plantation. The man was Eli Whitney; his invention was the cotton-gin; and the hostess, whose belief in the young Yankee's ingenuity changed the current of our country's history, was the widow of General Nathanael Greene of the Revolutionary War. Young Whitney knew nothing about cotton; he had never even seen it growing; but at her request he turned his mind upon the problem of separating the fiber from its troublesome black seed. It had long been known that cotton would flourish in the Southern States, but the cost of preparing it for market had been too great to

make its culture profitable. With Whitney's machine it became very profitable, for a black man turning a crank could clean fifty pounds a day, whereas by tedious hand labor it had only been possible to clean a single pound.

This machine was invented about ten years after the Revolution, and, as a result, the value of cotton lands and of slaves to cultivate them increased enormously. Before that time slavery had been deplored by the better class of Americans. It seemed an evil strangely out of place in a country dedicated to liberty; but it had existed over the world since the beginning of history; it had been introduced early into the American colonies both North and South; and though the makers of the Constitution regretted it, they did not see their way at the moment to abolish it. They did, however, agree that after a certain date no more negroes should be imported from Africa; and the feeling against slave-owning was so strong that they were confident it would die out of itself.

But the invention of that little box with its mechanical claws and teeth put a different aspect on the matter. People grew rich by means of it; and it is hard to look for evil in anything overlaid with gold. Little by little the people of the South lost sight of the injustice of slavery and dwelt only

upon the good it brought them. They came in time to argue that the slaves themselves were far better off under kind masters than in the wilds of Africa practising their heathen rites.

The North was spared this temptation. Cotton could not be grown there, and it held to its original view. Years before Whitney made his invention, the Ordinance of 1787 had decreed that slavery should not be practised in the Northwest Territory that lay to the north of the Ohio River. One after another the Northern States prohibited it within their own borders, and gradually the whole country took sides, the North disapproving and the South favoring it. Each section was quite willing that the States already in the Union should suit themselves in this matter; but each was very anxious to have its own view adopted in territory out of which new States were to be formed. The secret of this anxiety lay in the fact that each State is entitled to two votes in the United States Senate, and politically it was of great importance to each section to have a majority in that body, in order to pass laws that were of benefit to its own people.

While there was an abundance of unsettled land both north and south of the Ohio River, it did not matter much, for it was easy to admit new States into the Union in couples, a free State and

a slave State on the same day, and thus keep the vote of the two regions about equal. This plan worked so well that discussion almost ceased, and slavery seemed to be accepted as a matter of course, until in 1820, when there were already eleven free and eleven slave States, Missouri asked to be admitted as a slave State. Arkansas, also, would soon be ready to enter the Union with slavery, and this threatened addition of four votes for the slave States and consequent loss of power to the North opened up the whole question anew. It was settled by a compromise, an agreement to divide all remaining United States territory along the line of $36^{\circ} 30'$, making slavery legal below that line and prohibiting it to the north, except in the case of Missouri, which was allowed to enter the Union as a slave State, though it lay entirely north of $36^{\circ} 30'$. This agreement was known as the Missouri Compromise, and Henry Clay, who did so much to bring about the War of 1812, and had been a prominent and much loved public man ever since, gained his greatest reputation by advocating it.

But slavery was like the black seeds in the cotton boll. It was evil, and the only way to get rid of it was to pluck it out. No amount of compromise availed, and even when hidden, it remained a malignant fact in our national life. Soon the

territory that slavery had gained by means of the Missouri Compromise appeared insufficient to Southern leaders, who saw that it would be quickly divided into States, while vast unsettled areas yet lay to the north out of which free States could be made. To get more they brought on the war with Mexico. This added much new land to the country, but also added many new and troublesome questions for discussion. Mexican law prohibited slavery. Texas proposed to ignore this, but the opponents of the system argued that it was monstrous to allow a wrong like slavery to take root in regions that had once been free. Even while the Mexican War was in progress, David Wilmot, a representative in Congress from Pennsylvania, offered an amendment providing that slavery should never be allowed in territory acquired from Mexico. It passed the House, to be defeated in the Senate; but the Whig party brought up this Wilmot Proviso time and again in one form or another, until by mere persistence they fastened the attention of the whole country upon the moral point that had been lost to sight under the piles of wealth rolling out of Whitney's little box. Was slavery right or wrong? For fifteen years this was discussed with ever-increasing bitterness. In 1854 the advocates of slavery managed to have the Missouri Compromise re-

pealed, and after that the discussion embittered every relation of life. Friendships were broken by it; families quarreled about it; old political parties died and new ones were born because of it; churches split in two over the righteousness or unrighteousness of slavery. Finally the South declared it would leave the Union and set up a government of its own.

The idea of separation was not new. The right of our people to govern themselves and to regulate their own affairs had been the reason for our separation from England. The South argued that this was a case of the same kind. It wanted slavery: what right had the North to object? The threat to secede and form a new government had been used by both sections when one or the other happened to be dissatisfied, until, like the cry of "Wolf!" it had lost much of its terror. New England had called a convention to consider the matter at the time of the War of 1812; and in 1832, during what were known as the Nullification troubles, this same question of slavery loomed very large. The masterful hero of New Orleans, Andrew Jackson, was President of the United States at the time. The dispute arose over a question of state rights, the old quarrel whether the central Government had more or less authority than the separate States.

Southerners and Democrats generally held that the central Government had no power to make States obey any law to which they took exception. Jackson was both a Southerner and a Democrat; but he was President of the whole country, and common sense told him that if the nation had any power at all, it must be greater than that of the separate pieces out of which it was composed. So when South Carolina gave notice that she would not pay certain taxes to which she objected, and laid elaborate plans for forming a Southern confederacy with slavery as an acknowledged principle and cotton as the chief source of its wealth, Jackson quietly warned military officers in the South to be on the alert, and at the proper moment issued a rousing proclamation which showed that he meant to put down such an attempt by force of arms. That, with his known character, sufficed, and the Nullifiers gave way,—for the moment.

But there were ambitious men among the Southern leaders, who dreamed of a slave empire stretching far into Central America, and knew that under the Constitution of the United States such a thing could never be. They knew, too, that despite all their wealth and their previous success, the North would finally outstrip their section in population, in extent, and consequently in

influence; so they bided their time. For a number of years after the Nullification troubles it was profitable to remain in the Union; and, of course, it was folly to withdraw as long as the Government was willing to fight the battles of the South. Meantime, they continued to lay their train and strengthen their position.

Europe unconsciously helped by demanding more and more Southern cotton to use in manufactures. Local pride was fostered by repeating that cotton was king. Southerners compared their own statesmen, free to follow intellectual pursuits, with the men of the North, who worked with their hands, and belittled the spirit and intelligence of people who were content to do "menial" tasks, yet presumed to question the morality of slavery, which had existed since the dawn of history and for which Southern preachers could find abundant texts to show that it was an institution approved of God.

They did their work so tragically well that when the time came to carry out their plan of secession the people of the South followed their leadership, convinced of the soundness of their arguments, and for four long years laid down their lives in the cause of slavery as unflinchingly as their forefathers had given theirs to the cause of freedom. The time the leaders chose for this

revolt was when the Republican party, which had grown up in the North around the question of slavery, elected Abraham Lincoln to be President of the United States. He was known to be an abolitionist. They vowed that the South would never endure the rule of a "black Republican." Before the news of his election was twenty-four hours old, they had raised the Palmetto flag, South Carolina's emblem, in Charleston, and excited crowds were hurraing for a new government.

Yet, even after the many years of discussion, enthusiasm for secession had to be manufactured and carefully tended. It is doubtful whether a majority of the people of the South ever really desired to leave the Union or whether a majority of their leaders really expected to do so. On the part of some of them, at least, it was pure bluff, for they knew that the South was ill-prepared for actual war. As late as May 1, 1861, the president of a Southern railroad wrote to Richmond that there were no extra supplies on hand, and not even full supplies for sixty days. They based their expectations of success on the fact that half the exports from the United States to Europe were in the form of cotton, while, in addition to this demand, the North used large quantities in its home manufactures. The South possessed

the entire supply. It had been hearing for so long that Cotton was King that it fully believed it, and was persuaded that in this white and fleecy crop it held the power to drive the North to bankruptcy. Indeed, holding such a trump card it did not believe the North would dare to fight. But if the North should fight, the South was sure that the powers of Europe would very quickly rally to the support of a new confederacy which controlled so large a part of the world's supply of this now indispensable article.

So, in the pride of his black heart, King Cotton threw down the gauntlet of battle. Contrary to the expectation of his ministers, the North took it up. In calculating his strength the servants of King Cotton made one serious mistake. The staple by which the South set such store was immensely valuable; but it was not one which the people of the region could either manufacture for themselves or use to sustain life. As long as it remained in their own possession it was useless. They might pile it up around them mountain high and grow poorer every day. It was the old Midas story over again, and so it worked out. Men perished, and women suffered; and through their agony, Destiny, which is another name for Justice, brought the slaves of America out of bondage into freedom.

CHAPTER XIX

THE SHOT THAT CLEARED THE AIR

THE man whose election the South chose to make the signal for war had been as poor in his youth as any slave,—poorer, in fact, for nobody was responsible for his well-being except himself, and he might die of hunger if he did not earn his daily bread. In the course of his life he had done his full share of those menial tasks to which Southerners objected. He had worked with his hands during all the years that boys should be at school. He had experienced disappointment and failure and even disaster. He had entered an Indian campaign in early manhood as a captain, but had come out, through no fault of his own, a private. He had tried to be elected to the legislature and had failed. He had tried to keep store, and failure in that saddled him with a debt which was for a young man in his circumstances an enormous burden. He had fallen in love with a beautiful girl, and she had died.

So it had gone all his life long. Yet because of clean grit and manly spirit, his career had been

one long success. He had managed to give himself an education without schools. After that first failure to enter the legislature he had tried again and had been elected. He had become an eminent lawyer. His acquaintances came to realize that he had an unusual mind, that he saw clearly and reasoned straight, and that he was absolutely fearless in holding to what he believed to be true. Because of this, they soon ceased to be mere acquaintances and became his warm friends. They elected him to one office of trust after another. Little by little he traveled the long hard road from pioneer boy, awkward and raw, but blessed with a stout heart and a merry wit, to man of middle age and great authority, saddened by life's experiences, but keeping a boy's faith in truth and his belief in his fellow-men. He had spoken his mind freely about the right and wrong of slavery from the very first, even when he was a lad in a community where such speech was unpopular; and because of this fearlessness, he found himself at the age of fifty-one elected President of the United States. Then seven States rose up in rebellion, and it was predicted that he would never live to take the oath of office. He seemed to be once again on the brink of tremendous failure.

A President is elected in November, but does

not take office until the following March. In the months between Lincoln had no more official power than the humblest field-hand working on King Cotton's plantations. Had those in authority acted promptly, there might still have been time to put down the rebellion; but President Buchanan let it grow unmolested, until it passed beyond human control. He was a most amiable, polished gentleman, but not the man to hold office at such a moment. He admitted that there was revolution in the South, but professed to see no way of meeting it. William H. Seward said that Buchanan's message to Congress proved "conclusively, that it is the duty of the President to execute the laws, unless somebody opposes him; and that no State has the right to go out of the Union, unless it wants to." President Jackson had thought and acted differently.

Three members of Buchanan's cabinet were deep in treason, and saw innumerable ways of furthering their designs under his very eyes. Gradually during those four months between Lincoln's election and his inauguration various mints and arsenals, navy yards and forts in the South passed into the hands of the plotters; volunteer military organizations drilled quite openly and batteries were built. Charleston was the center of the trouble, as it had been in Nullification days;

and just as in that previous crisis, the real purpose of rebellion hid itself under a fine show of state rights. "If South Carolina and her companions chose to withdraw from the Union, who could prevent them? If the federal government should try,—" then the agitators invoked the name of Washington, and pointed to batteries rising to menace the forts of Charleston Harbor.

Lincoln, who was soon to have the responsibility, watched heartsick, as the precious chance faded away. Neither he nor any one else in the North could tell just how much of all this was bluster and how much real determination. Few in the North believed war possible, much less that it was actually upon the country. Congress talked about compromise; and the people waited in a kind of hypnotic trance expecting something, nobody knew what, to bring the unnatural situation to an end. Southern leaders, meanwhile, went on with their preparations, but asserted that there would be no war. Jefferson Davis, the son-in-law of old Zachary Taylor, was quoted as saying that he was willing to drink all the blood that would flow from secession.

By December matters became so serious that Major Robert Anderson, who was stationed with sixty soldiers in that tumble-down old Fort Moultrie which had given good account of itself early

in the Revolution, determined to move his whole command, women-folk, children, and bird-cages included, to Fort Sumter, a much stronger work, situated on an island midway in the harbor. On the day after Christmas this was accomplished so skilfully and secretly that the supper prepared in one fort was eaten in the other, to the astonishment of cooks and eaters alike, while a body of workmen engaged in repairing Fort Sumter, ostensibly for the United States, but really for South Carolina, was suddenly confronted with convincing leveled bayonets. The baffled rage of the South Carolinians knew no bounds. They indignantly demanded that Anderson be ordered back to Moultrie. This brought on a cabinet crisis and forced the resignation of Buchanan's three treasonable ministers. Loyal men were put in their places, but the President could not be persuaded to do anything to regain government property already in rebel hands. In January, General Scott tried to send two hundred men to Sumter on an unarmed merchant-steamer. Rebel batteries fired upon her and compelled her to turn back; even this did not rouse Buchanan.

About the middle of February the South chose Jefferson Davis as Provisional President of the Confederate States of America, the new Government that had for its corner-stone, according to

one of its advocates, "the great truth that the Negro is not equal to the white man," and that "slavery,—subordination to the superior race,—is his natural and moral condition." Alexander H. Stevens, who announced this "corner-stone" theory, was chosen its vice-president.

General Scott, now at the head of the army, was a Southern man, but loyal to the heart's core. Recalling the threat that Lincoln would not be allowed to take the oath of office, he saw to it, as the day of inauguration approached, that there were soldiers in Washington to guard against disturbance. On the fourth of March, when the courtly white-haired Buchanan and the tall, dark, rugged man from Illinois rode side by side in an open carriage to the Capitol, the crossings of Pennsylvania Avenue were guarded by cavalry, and riflemen posted on the roofs of buildings along the way stood ready to fire at need. General Scott himself, though almost incapacitated by illness, was in the saddle, watchfully observant, near a battery on the crest of Capitol Hill. Nothing occurred to mar the decorum of the ceremonies. A great crowd, eager to learn the policy of the new President, heard Lincoln deliver his inaugural address. They heard him announce that he would use the power the people had given him to hold property belonging to the Govern-

ment and to collect the duties; but that beyond this he would not go, unless forced to do so by acts of those in rebellion. They heard his appeal to reason:

Physically speaking, we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face, and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible then to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before? . . . In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. . . . I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be by the better angels of our nature.

It must have been with deep thankfulness that General Scott and many others that day saw Lincoln come down from the Capitol, clothed with a President's power, and ride away toward the

White House. But the shadow of war met him on the threshold of his new dwelling and entered with him. The first official report he received was from Anderson, saying that the food in Fort Sumter was almost exhausted, and that his little garrison would have to surrender unless help came speedily. Accompanying this were estimates by army officers showing that it would require a force of twenty thousand to relieve the fort.

To send twenty thousand men to Fort Sumter was a physical impossibility. The entire United States Army at that time only numbered seventeen thousand, one hundred and thirteen men, and fourteen thousand of these were on duty in distant parts of the country, guarding the long Canadian and Mexican frontiers and protecting settlers from hostile Indians. Yet Anderson's little band could not be left to starve. General Scott recommended that Sumter be evacuated as a military necessity; but the new administration was not willing to do this, and it was decided to notify the Confederates that a ship carrying food, but no troops, was on its way. If they chose to fire upon a ship taking bread to hungry soldiers, it would be plain that the South was indeed the aggressor.

The South chose to do this. Anderson was

summoned to surrender. He made the only answer a gallant officer could make; and on the morning of April 12, just as the outlines of the fort became visible against the eastern sky, a puff of white smoke issued from a rebel battery, and a shell rose in a lazy graceful curve to descend upon Sumter. Soon all the threatening batteries were in action, and the fort was returning their fire with vigor. It held out for a day and a half, until all Anderson's cartridges had been used, the wooden buildings inside the fort were on fire, and its flagstaff had been shot away. Then, having neither food nor ammunition, he was obliged to surrender.

The news stirred the North as it had not been stirred since Lexington. That first slow shot of the war cleared the air as if by magic. Instantly all talk of compromise ceased. Men whose minds had been groping all winter through a maze of sophistry knew at once where they stood. No matter how they had wavered the day before, they were now distinctly for the Union or against it. About one third of the officers in the regular army resigned their commissions to enter the Confederate service; and there was a great exodus of Southerners from government positions in Washington. Many men who had held high office had already taken their departure; but oth-

ers emulated Buchanan's unfaithful ministers and kept their places under the Government as long as they could, while working for its destruction. During the time between Lincoln's inauguration and the firing on Sumter one of the most difficult tasks of the new administration had been to distinguish loyal men from disloyal. After this day there was no such trouble. Hundreds of desks in the Government offices were vacant, but the men who remained could be trusted.

Fort Sumter fell on the fourteenth of April. The next day President Lincoln issued a proclamation calling Congress to meet on the coming fourth of July, and asking the country for seventy-five thousand volunteers. The telegraph had come into use since the last war and quickly as wires could bring them, answers flashed back to him bringing offers of service from individual men, from companies and regiments. There was not a town in the North that failed to hold its meeting and send its assurance of support, not a lonely farm-house in which love of country did not flame up to overmaster all other affections. Men went about stern-lipped and women pale, but each was ready to make the needed sacrifice.

So the war opened. At first no one realized how long it would be. Both sides were confident of an early and easy victory. The Confederates

predicted that their flag would float over the Capitol at Washington in six weeks. Instead, the struggle lasted four years, and by the time it ended the number of soldiers who had fought in it on both sides, taken together, came near equaling the total number of white people, men, women, and children, who had been alive in the land when the Declaration of Independence was signed.

CHAPTER XX

BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER

FOUR other States had joined the Confederacy, so the rebellion numbered eleven in all: Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Kentucky, Arkansas, and Texas; a solid compact block, occupying more than one quarter of the entire area of the Union. These revolted States held the advantage of position. In military speech, they could operate along interior lines. Supposing the whole country to resemble in shape an open fan, the Confederacy occupied that part nearer the handle and, consequently, need move its armies only a comparatively short distance to reach any point menaced by its opponents.

To put down the rebellion the North must accomplish four things: blockade Southern ports so that the South could neither sell its cotton nor receive supplies from abroad; gain undisputed control of the Mississippi River, in order to cut off food supplies from the West; reëstablish its authority in all the revolted territory; and last, but

not least, gain possession of Richmond, the rebel capital. Looked at merely in this way, the South had by far the easier task, for it did not have to go out and conquer a single foot of territory; it need only hold what it already possessed. On the other hand, it was fighting for its life against a Government with three times its population and with greater resources. But while this was true, the North at the moment had only about three thousand regular troops available, and the promise of seventy-five thousand untrained volunteers called out to serve for only three months, with which to quell a revolt that had already spread over an area larger than that of France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Germany, and Austria-Hungary combined. Lincoln said sadly that the task before him was greater than that which confronted Washington. English historians have asserted that it was greater than the one Napoleon set himself when he invaded Russia to his own undoing. Europe was of the opinion that it was a task quite beyond President Lincoln's powers.

On one point the combatants stood upon equal footing. They were equally unprepared in a military way. All of the first year and much of the second passed before the practical details of conflict were brought to a state of real efficiency.

On both sides there were hordes of volunteers to organize and drill and equip. Supplies for feeding them had to be provided, means of transportation arranged, all the energies and resources of a great nation changed from a peace basis to a war basis. Equipping and moving soldiers had become a less simple task than it was in the days of Washington. Not only were the numbers vastly greater, but military requirements had increased in proportion. The telegraph could now flash orders from place to place, and railroads could move troops at a speed undreamed of when Washington made his swift march from the Hudson down to Yorktown; and just because this was possible, it became necessary. It must not only be done, but be done quickly, or the other side would do it first and gain an advantage. The old days of a ragged army that swarmed over fields and fences, discharged its flint-locks at the enemy and ran, to come together again farther up the road or to scatter like particles of quicksilver to its homes, were gone forever. Yet the armies of the Civil War kept many of the traits of those earlier American soldiers. They were agile and resourceful and adaptable. Men could be found in any volunteer regiment with a working knowledge of any machine or of any engineering problem that might confront them; but now it was

more a question of organization and effective team-work than it had ever been before.

Man for man there was little difference between the combatants. It was literally a war of brothers, and in bravery and endurance both proved worthy sons of the farmer-armies that defied cold and nakedness under Washington. It was the first time that men of the same race, trained in the same way, fought against each other on American soil. Pray God it may be the last.

Meantime, while armies North and South were being trained, and resources bent to the demands of war, battles were fought, and three great fields of conflict developed in which fighting went on through the four years, not progressively as had been the case during the Revolution, but continuously, side by side. The first field was the same as that over which the later campaigns of the Revolution were fought. It extended from the Alleghanies to the Atlantic, and from Chesapeake Bay down to Florida. The second field lay between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, while the third stretched from that river westward. The banners of certain Western recruits bore the legend, "The rebels have closed the Mississippi; we must cut our way to the Gulf with

our swords." The fighting in the two Western fields was mainly for this purpose or to gain control of vital points on the railroads that now connected the West with the East. Until toward the end of the war military movements in the West and East were entirely independent of each other. Both at the beginning and the end of the conflict interest centered mainly in the East, partly because it was in this field that the rival capitals were situated, scarcely a hundred miles apart. Each side was anxious to capture that of its adversary, and the distance was so short that it seemed, even to the armies themselves, possible to do it at once.

Dividing the first field of war from the second, lay the Shenandoah Valley, like a long green tunnel, its northern end opening into Pennsylvania, its side toward the sea screened by the Blue Ridge, easternmost of the many mountain walls of the Alleghanies. It proved most useful for purposes of surprise, and up and down it large bodies of troops, especially cavalry, moved undetected or, when detected, played hide-and-seek with their pursuers in order to escape through one of the numerous mountain passes. This green tunnel of the Shenandoah and the streams running diagonally across Virginia and the Carolinas to the

sea, which had so troubled King George's men, played their distinctive part in the Eastern field of war.

Possibly at the outset the volunteers from the South made more effective soldiers than those from the North, because in proportion to their numbers more of them were used to an outdoor life. It is certain that until the hard knocks of battle developed great commanders on the Union side the Confederates had the more skilful officers. The two greatest were Thomas Jonathan Jackson, known as "Stonewall" for his steadiness in battle, and Robert E. Lee, son of "Lighthorse Harry" of the Revolution. Old General Scott, who was hard to please, thought Lee the most promising officer in the army. Knowing that advancing age and disease must soon end his own career, he had been anxious to place the new volunteer Union army under this younger man's command. The offer was made, and caused Lee a bitter struggle. He did not think the South justified in secession; yet his belief in state rights was so strong that, when Virginia made her choice, he felt he could not take up arms against his native State and, acting on this conviction, resigned his commission in the United States Army. Soon he became the idolized leader of the Confederate soldiers and of the civilian population

as well. Indeed, as time went on, he became the mainstay of the whole movement, for Jefferson Davis did not make as satisfactory a president as the South had expected.

Yet Davis had seemed far better equipped and qualified by experience for his task than Lincoln for his. Lincoln entered upon his heavy duties as President in time of war with very little official training. He had held an obscure postmastership when a young man, and in middle life had served one short term in Congress. He had no military experience whatever, unless that frontier campaign against Blackhawk in which he enlisted as a lad could be dignified by the name. Davis, on the contrary, had been educated at West Point, had served with distinction in the Mexican War, and had held important civil offices, including those of United States senator and secretary of war. But, as the months and years went by, Davis made an increasing number of enemies, both in military and civil life, while Lincoln, with no schooling except such as life and the promptings of his own great heart gave him, grew to dominate the gigantic struggle as Washington dominated the struggle of the Revolution.

On the Confederate side we see a rather shadowy president, and beside him Lee, a very real and soldierly general. On the Union side the

generals are shadowy compared to Lincoln. His tall form, with its slight, unmilitary stoop and civilian dress, with its careworn, kindly face that quivers in sudden sympathy or smiles with whimsical mirth or is lighted by an inner fire that clothes it momentarily with the majesty of God's own messenger, looms as the colossal figure of the time,—a figure with hands extended in friendship through the smoke and tragedy of war. Not all who saw him could recognize his greatness. He was too simple, too little concerned with appearances, to impress those who were looking for a hero according to pattern. To some he seemed merely a well-meaning man elected by evil chance to a place too large for him to fill. He did not escape criticism, much of it sincere, some venomous, some merely contemptuous. But the plain people, whom he loved and trusted, trusted him in turn, and as years have passed and the reputations of the men of the Civil War have found their true level, we see how greatly he overtopped them all.

He did not wait for Congress to convene before taking further war measures. He very quickly proclaimed a blockade of the Southern ports, called for still more volunteers to serve for a longer period than three months, and issued orders for the purchase of ships, the transporta-

tion of soldiers, for money to be advanced to a committee of safety in New York, and the like, though at the moment there was no law that gave him specific power to do any of these things. When Congress convened, he explained what he had done and why. Needless to say, Congress quickly legalized all these measures. In his first message to Congress President Lincoln called the war a struggle to maintain in the world that sort of government whose "object is to elevate the condition of men," and "to lift artificial weights from all shoulders." He believed the plain people understood this, for, he said, though so many officers had resigned to go south, not one common soldier or one common sailor was known to have deserted his flag.

It took time to get the new regiments together. As in the case of all wars fought by unmilitary people, this one began slowly, almost hesitatingly; and during the first weeks occurrences that later would have received hardly any notice seemed of immense importance. When President Lincoln's brilliant young friend Lieutenant Ellsworth was killed at Alexandria as he lowered a Confederate flag, the whole country mourned, and his body was taken to lie in state in the White House.

The surrender of Fort Sumter had been brought about without the loss of a single life. It was not in South Carolina, but in Maryland, on soil that finally remained in the Union, that the first blood of the Civil War was shed. Volunteers from the North were ordered to rendezvous in Washington, and to do so, they had to pass through Baltimore, where pro-slavery feeling ran high. There were two railroad stations in the city, several blocks apart, and on April 19, as the Massachusetts Sixth, the first regiment to reach Baltimore armed and equipped on its way to the capital, was marching from one of these stations to the other, it was assailed with missiles and fire-arms, and a running fight took place, in which four soldiers were killed and thirty wounded, while the attacking force lost about four times as many. That night all Maryland was in an uproar. Railroad bridges were burned to prevent other regiments coming in, and for almost a week Washington was cut off from the rest of the world. For three days it had no communication with the North even by mail or telegraph.

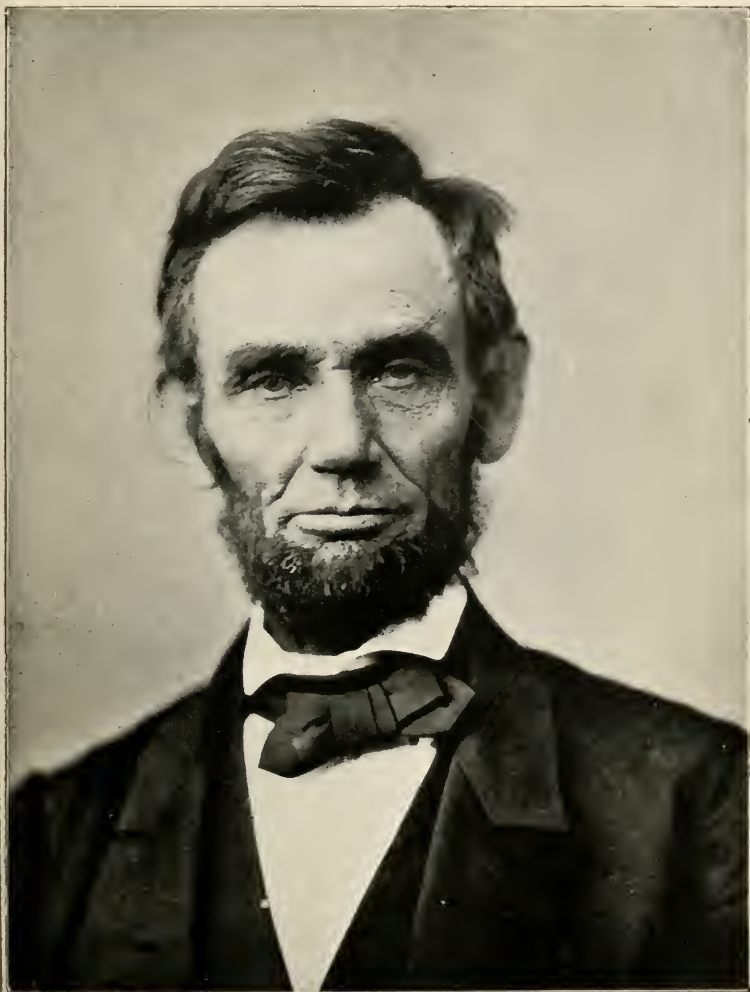
Only two days before this riot Virginia had passed its Ordinance of Secession, and its governor had ordered the seizure of the United States Navy Yard at Norfolk, and the arsenal at Harper's Ferry. With Virginia definitely pledged

to rebellion and Maryland in such treasonable turmoil, the fate of the ten miles of territory squeezed in between them, upon which the Federal City is built, seemed extremely doubtful. It was just at this moment, too, that the resignations of government officials were most numerous and bewildering. The commandant of the Washington Navy Yard, and the quartermaster general of the army departed to accept positions under Jefferson Davis, and Lee made his final decision. With such trusted public servants going over to the enemy and communication cut off entirely from the North, Washington seemed menaced equally from within and without. General Scott hastily prepared it for a siege. He barricaded the Capitol and other public buildings, seized the principal supplies of provisions and the flour that was in the mills, and placed detachments of the soldiers already in the city where they would be most useful. The inhabitants, meanwhile, watched these proceedings in growing exultation or terror, according to their secret sympathies. By common consent business was suspended. Shops remained closed and shuttered. The deserted streets echoed to the clank of military patrols, and walls of dwelling-houses to the whispers of most startling rumors. It was known that other regiments of volunteers were on the way,

but as day followed day and they did not arrive, suspense increased. Where could they be? Even President Lincoln, usually self-controlled and slow to voice blame, was goaded into saying to the wounded men of the Massachusetts Sixth who called upon him: "I begin to believe there is no North. . . . You are the only real thing."

It was not until the early morning of April 25, after a weary roundabout journey by way of Annapolis, to avoid Baltimore,—a journey diversified by bridge-building and track-laying and engine-mending,—that the soldiers of the New York Seventh came into town, tired and hungry, but triumphant at being the first to break the blockade. They marched up Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House, band playing and colors flying; and as they marched, every heart in Washington seemed to catch their splendid rhythmic swing. All thought of danger and all taint of treason were swept away. "The presence of this single regiment seemed to turn the scales of fate," says an eye-witness. "Cheer upon cheer greeted them; windows were thrown up; houses opened; and the population came forth upon the streets as for a holiday."

Other regiments poured in until Washington was an armed camp. But it was the old story. The problems of the Revolution, modified, not



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From an unretouched negative made in 1864

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really altered by modern inventions and eighty years of history, confronted those whose task it was to make this new volunteer army effective. Everybody was eager and willing and filled with an untrained enthusiasm that often defeated its own ends. Fortunately, the enemy was equally hampered by the same cause.

May passed in preparations on both sides, and the great machine of war grew, steadily if slowly, in its dreadful efficiency. In June small engagements began to occur. In July the first real battle took place. The people of the North, not yet schooled to the dreary waiting of war, clamored, "Forward to Richmond." There was reason in this if the three months' volunteers were to have any part in the movement, since their term of service was fast running out. General Scott preferred not to move until fall. He wished to spend the interval in drill, and then, after blockading the Atlantic coast by means of the navy, to sweep down the Mississippi River and end the war in one grand battle at New Orleans. But the public was too impatient to see the wisdom of encircling the Confederacy before strangling it, and ridiculed the plan, calling it "Scott's Anaconda." The old general was ill and unable to carry it out himself, and as no one of the younger officers adopted it with enthusiasm, it lapsed.

General Beauregard, the Confederate officer who had directed the bombardment of Fort Sumter, was now at Manassas Junction, thirty-two miles southwest of Washington, drilling twenty-five thousand Southerners. There was another force of ten thousand Confederates under General Joseph E. Johnston in the neighborhood of Winchester and Harper's Ferry, within supporting distance of Beauregard. The plan adopted in preference to Scott's "Anaconda," was for General Irvin McDowell to march from Washington against Manassas, while General Patterson, an older officer who had served in the War of 1812, led against Johnston the regiments of Pennsylvanians that he was training near Harper's Ferry. This would oppose double numbers to Johnston and prevent his joining Beauregard.

It was on the morning of July 16 that General McDowell, with his twenty-eight thousand soldiers, marched out from the circle of forts that had sprung up like magic around Washington to begin his advance on Beauregard, which was to be the first step in the movement "Forward to Richmond." Beauregard posted his men and waited behind a sluggish stream, called Bull Run, that winds its tortuous way not far from Manassas. After two days of reconnoitering McDow-

ell began the battle on Sunday morning, July 21, by crossing Bull Run to attack his enemy's left flank. The attack began at nine o'clock instead of at daylight as planned, owing to confusion on the march; but even with this handicap the Union lines pressed forward steadily all the morning, coming to a halt about noon, partly because of the fatigue of the troops, partly because from that point on the advantage of the ground lay entirely with the Confederates.

With little hope of doing anything except to lessen the force of his defeat, Beauregard hurriedly gathered his artillery and supporting regiments in a semicircle of defense at the top of a hill, keeping his guns well hidden among the young pines at the edge of a wood. The nature of the ground made a combined Union advance impossible; brigade after brigade attempted to go forward and failed; a Union battery was lost by mistaking a Confederate regiment for Federal soldiers. Then seven Confederate regiments appeared suddenly from an unexpected quarter, and the Union troops were seized with a belief that Johnston had arrived from Harper's Ferry. The belief spread, and they half marched, half ran from the field, demoralization increasing at every step, until it reached a disgraceful stage of panic among army

teamsters and camp-followers. These, joined by stragglers from the ranks, did not stop until they had crossed the bridges over the Potomac and had entered Washington, where, naturally, their coming produced great consternation.

McDowell's soldiers had been quite right in believing that they were face to face with Johnston's regiments, but entirely wrong in thinking them fresh reinforcements. Through the incompetence of General Patterson, Johnston's entire force had been able to slip away and join Beauregard on the day before the battle, and McDowell's men had been fighting them all the time.

It would be difficult to say which side was the more astonished at the outcome of the battle. Several members of Congress who had gone out to view it as interested spectators found themselves even more interested prisoners. At first the Confederates dared not believe their senses, and thought it not a victory, only a lull before a fresh attack. Then, as the Union army kept on retreating, their spirits soared, and they became confident not alone of final success, but that the nations of Europe would speedily recognize their new government. As to casualties, both sides suffered equally. General Johnston reported that his army was "more disorganized by victory

than that of the United States by defeat"; and despite their success, the Confederates felt unable to begin a forward movement until the following spring. Meantime they turned Manassas into a fortified camp.

CHAPTER XXI

THE KNELL OF THE OLD NAVY

ONE of the first efforts of the Government had been to establish a blockade of the Southern ports in order to prevent the shipment of cotton to Europe or the importing of supplies into the Confederacy. International law requires that such a blockade, to be legal, must be effective. As most of the forty-two naval vessels then in commission were on foreign stations and about two hundred and fifty naval officers of the United States followed their confrères of the army into the service of the Confederate States, the Government was ill-equipped to blockade nearly three thousand miles of coast containing almost two hundred harbors. Repairs to old ships and work upon new ones were hurried to the utmost; purchases were made of every type of vessel that could carry a gun; and a commission was appointed to inspect new inventions and study the subject of ironclads, then new in naval warfare. As rapidly as the improvised fleets could be brought together they were sent to operate

against points held by the enemy; and in six months the herculean task of an effective blockade was accomplished.

Late in August a small fleet under Flag-officer Stringham silenced the forts at Hatteras Inlet and captured twenty-five Confederate guns and several hundred prisoners without the loss of a man on the Union fleet. In November, Captain Dupont, with a more formidable expedition of fifty ships, including transports, gained possession of Port Royal Sound and opened the way for the Union occupation of the whole network of sea islands between Charleston and Savannah. Neither of these successes could obliterate the memory of Bull Run, but they were almost the only victories the North had to dwell upon in the closing months of 1861.

The Confederates had virtually no navy, but Jefferson Davis answered Lincoln's proclamation of a blockade by granting letters to blockade-runners, who began, after the efficient fashion of colonial days and the War of 1812, to elude the Union squadrons and carry on their exciting and, when successful, highly profitable trade. One of these came near bringing about war between England and the United States, for it carried to Cuba as passengers James M. Mason and John Slidell, ex-senators of the United States, who

were being sent by the Confederate Government to represent its interests in England and France. They reached Havana in safety, and took passage for England on the British mail steamer *Trent*. Captain Charles Wilkes of the United States Navy, commanding the *San Jacinto*, learned of their presence on the *Trent* and, stopping that vessel on November 8, 1861, near the coast of Cuba, took the rebel emissaries prisoner, allowing the *Trent* to proceed on her way. He should have brought the English ship into port with the prisoners, for, by allowing her to go on, he put it out of the power of his Government to prove under international law that his act was justified. There was tremendous excitement in England; and Lord Lyons, the British minister at Washington, was instructed to demand a suitable apology and the release of the prisoners within one week.

The capture had created equal but more pleasurable excitement in the North, and the public could not accept the news as true when it was announced that Mason and Slidell were to be released in accordance with the British demand. President Lincoln and all his cabinet had shared in the first rejoicing; but second thoughts showed them not only that Captain Wilkes had put it out of their power to prove their case, but that by giv-

ing up these men they would be gaining a greater victory over a greater power than if they kept them. If they retained them, the North would be richer by a transient glow of elation and two Confederate prisoners. If they gave them up, they would force England to admit the principle for which the United States went to war in 1812. In that contest England had maintained her right of search and seizure. She had stopped our ships and taken off such men as she chose. Not even in the Treaty of Ghent had she been willing to admit that this was wrong; but now that one of our captains had stopped a British ship and taken off certain persons, she was protesting vigorously. Clearly the thing to do was to let them go and thus establish out of her own mouth the unrighteousness of her former position and the correctness of our own. But it is hard to give up two birds in the hand for even a very brilliant one in the bush; and to the public the giving up of these Confederate envoys seemed a sorry thing and added not a little to the gloom in which the year closed for the Union cause.

The one important Union success in the East during the first part of 1862 was the sea-fight between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads on March 9. From the first great interest had been taken in new devices to enforce the

blockade. Advertisements asked inventors to submit plans, which were examined by a committee of naval experts. Three of the most promising were recommended for trial. One of them was the invention of John Ericsson, a naturalized American of Swedish birth, a man of great originality and long experience in engineering. Public humor described his invention as "a cheese-box on a raft," which pictured not only its appearance, but his actual intention. He had noticed that timber rafts off the Norwegian coast were never sunk; the waves simply washed over them. So he made his boat a thin, almost raft-like structure, over which the waves could wash, and which would present very little surface, either above or below the water line, to enemy guns. On this he placed a revolving tower, heavily armored.

The Confederates were also experimenting with the new device of ironclads. One of the ships that fell into their hands at the beginning of the war was the United States steam frigate *Merrimac*. She had been fired in an effort to destroy her usefulness, but had only burned to the water's edge and sunk. Her new owners raised her and, finding hull and engines uninjured, fitted her with a wedge-shaped prow of cast-iron and a steeply sloping roof plated with

iron armor. Under this they installed a battery of ten guns.

Rumors of progress on each of these vessels reached the other side; but interest in the North was so centered upon movements on land that for the moment the rebel vessel, which had been rechristened the *Virginia*, was forgotten. On March 8 she appeared at the mouth of the Elizabeth River channel, looking, with her sloping roof and low prow, very "like a huge, half-submerged crocodile." She headed directly for Newport News, where three Union ships lay at anchor under the guns of Fort Monroe, with two others near Newport News, six miles away. The ships near the fort immediately started out to meet her, but water being low in the channel, they grounded and could only send an occasional useless shot into the fight. The two ships near Newport News, the sailing frigate *Congress* and the *Cumberland*, prepared for action. The *Merrimac* rushed past the *Congress* at full speed, exchanging a broadside as she went, and made for the *Cumberland*. Neither the guns on the wooden ships nor the shore batteries seemed to have the least effect upon her. The iron hail bounded and glanced from her plated roof like rubber balls, and when she struck the *Cumberland*, the crash of her prow

through timbers and hull could be heard above the roar of the guns. The *Cumberland* was forced back upon her anchors with great violence, and when the *Merrimac* drew off she left a hole the size of a hogshead, into which the waters rushed. Pumps were of no avail against such a flood, and the *Merrimac*, hovering near, continued to fire at the doomed vessel. Officers and crew stuck to their posts. The last gun upon the *Cumberland* was fired when the water was running into the muzzle of the gun alongside. Even after orders were given for the men to save themselves, some clung to the ship and went down with her as she sank in fifty feet of water with her colors flying.

The *Merrimac's* iron prow had been wrenched off, and two of her guns were useless, but she turned her attention to the *Congress*. The *Congress*, seeking to escape, ran ashore where the *Merrimac* could not follow her, but where she was helpless before her enemy's guns. Her commander was killed, and she finally struck her colors and was burned. Then, surrounded by the five small tugs and steamers that had accompanied her to the scene of destruction, the *Merrimac* passed down the channel again to anchor under her own shore batteries, expecting to return and finish her work in the morning.

Two of the Union ships that had grounded had been hauled off by tugs with great difficulty and had returned to Fortress Monroe. The *Minnesota* still remained hard aground; but in view of this terrible new engine of war, it seemed immaterial where any of them might be. The newly completed telegraph line from Fortress Monroe carried the depressing news of the battle to Washington, where there was little sleep for any one in authority that night. Visions of an entire fleet destroyed, the blockade broken, Washington burned, and the administration in flight, and of the foreign intervention in behalf of the Confederates that would surely follow such events, rushed through the mind of more than one officer as orders were given to do the inadequate little that could be done in preparation.

By the light of the burning *Congress* a rebel pilot had seen a strange craft glide into the waters of Hampton Roads. It was Ericsson's boat, the *Monitor*, just arrived from New York. The older officers of the Navy had showed small interest or had condemned the new invention untried. Lieutenant Worden had accepted the command, and here, at the very moment of his coming, was his great opportunity. A little after midnight he took his station near the *Minnesota*. Next morning when the *Merrimac* appeared, ex-

pecting to find her easy prey, the "cheese-box on a raft" went out to the encounter. She was a mere pigmy in comparison and carried only two guns. But she drew only ten feet of water to the *Merrimac's* twenty-two, which allowed her great freedom of action, and her revolving turret permitted her to point those two guns where she chose. The little craft seemed under perfect control, and the *Merrimac's* broadsides passed harmlessly over her low, flat deck. For three hours the spectators on shore witnessed a most exciting naval duel. She not only circled around the larger vessel, but made fearlessly for its rudder and for the propellor, both of which might easily have been disabled. Her guns could be seen only at the moment they were discharged; then the turret whirled, and they became invisible until ready to fire again.

As the battle progressed, the consumption of coal and ammunition aboard the *Merrimac* raised her dangerously, exposing her water-line, where the armor plating was only an inch thick. Although no actual damage had yet been done on either side, it was evident that the *Monitor* was the better ship and was gradually tiring out her opponent. Then an accident happened to the *Monitor's* commander. Her pilot house was made of great iron bars piled up after the manner

of a log cabin, with half inch spaces between through which to observe the enemy and steer the ship. Lieutenant Worden was standing in this pilot-house giving orders, when one of the *Merrimac's* shells struck the bars between which he was looking, sending smoke and iron-dust into his face with such force as to blind him. For twenty minutes the ship floated without guidance while he was being looked after. Then, as his second in command turned to face their antagonist again he saw that the *Merrimac* was steaming away in the direction of Elizabeth River. He fired a few shots after her, but she refused his challenge.

Counted by blows actually received, it was a drawn battle; but that three hours' fight in Hampton Roads changed naval warfare all over the world. It sounded the knell of the "oak-ribbed and white winged" ships of the past, with which Americans had won their full share of glory. Steam had already come to replace sails; after this fight oak gave way to iron and steel. Before the year was over, both these pioneer vessels came to dramatic ends; the *Merrimac* by fire, the *Monitor* foundering in a gale off Hatteras. But there were ironclads of a different pattern in the United States Navy before the *Merrimac* went up in flame; and the *Monitor* gave her name to a

long succession of turreted ships, the two types being studied and improved until the submarine appeared to add its terror to the sea.

CHAPTER XXII

THE CHOSEN ONE

AFTER the defeat at Bull Run the North abandoned all hope of an early and easy victory. The shock of that unpleasant awakening was not lessened by the loss, late in August, of the battle of Wilson's Creek in Missouri, when General Lyon attempted by a sudden attack with five thousand men to scatter three times their number. The enemy was crippled, but the death of Lyon, who was killed in a bayonet charge, was a very grave loss to the Unionists, for he was their most effective leader in Missouri.

Convinced that the contest was to be a long one, the country now settled down to the task of raising a new army enlisted to serve for three years or for the war. Heaven seemed to point to a commander for it, and George B. McClellan was summoned to Washington. He was another of those brilliant graduates of West Point who received brevets for gallant conduct under Scott in Mexico, a man of most attractive presence and great personal magnetism, whose story

begins with an opulence possible only in fairy tales or in America. It might have ended in the same magnificent manner, had not the wicked fay of legend been on hand at his birth to add her curse to his sheaf of gifts.

Three years before the war began he had resigned from the army to engage in railroad enterprises. At the breaking out of the war he was a railroad president; but he dropped his new duties to enter the service, and the governor of Ohio made him a major-general of volunteers. His old commission in the regular army had entitled him to command one hundred men; this new one gave him authority over ten thousand of the three months' volunteers. A very few weeks later General Scott changed it to one of similar grade in the regular army, and gave him charge of a military department stretching from West Virginia to Missouri, a leap in rank and responsibility seldom equaled even in the history of romance. His instructions were to encourage Union sentiment in western Virginia; this he did so well that West Virginia seceded from secession to come back into the Union as a separate State. The most gratifying of the early engagements had occurred in his department, when a detachment of one thousand Confederate cavalry was surprised and put to flight at Philippi.

This was followed about the middle of July by a three days' campaign in which his officers achieved the victories of Rich Mountain and Carrick's Ford, with very small Union losses, and results that he summarized in the comforting words, "Our success is complete, and secession is killed in this country."

Here seemed to be the man who was to compensate the North for the loss of Robert E. Lee. He was ordered to Washington soon after the battle of Bull Run and began his duties by energetically clearing the city of stragglers. After this he set to work to build up the magnificent Army of the Potomac, which played such a prominent part in the history of the war. He performed miracles with the raw recruits. Under his guidance they seemed to turn into effective soldiers almost overnight. They were sent to their camps, fell without confusion into brigades and divisions, were thoroughly drilled, and well equipped; by October he had made of them an army one hundred and fifty thousand strong, of which any country might be proud. His personal success was as great. He was young and handsome; his soldiers adored him, and everybody in Washington gave way before him.

At first he was amazed at the consideration showed him. "I find myself in a new and strange

situation here," he wrote his wife. "President, cabinet, General Scott, and all, deferring to me. By some strange operation of magic I seem to have become the power of the land." But soon he accepted all such deference as a matter of course, and before long came to look upon himself as the savior of his country, the one man who could bring the Union success. With the dawn of that dazzling vision the curse which had been dropped in his cradle awoke to take effect. He began to suspect everybody of trying to thwart him, and to have the hallucination that the enemy in his front had double or even four times his numbers; and his sleep was disturbed by the dream that Beauregard's army had suddenly fallen upon and seized the city of Washington. The administration exerted itself to give him the best the country could produce in the way of arms and supplies and officers; in fact a greater proportion of them than should by rights have gone to the Army of the Potomac, but this only increased his demands for more. He entered upon a quarrel with General Scott that embittered that brave old officer's last days of service. He showed gross disrespect to the President, and in his private letters he did not hesitate to call the high officials most impolite names.

He might have done all this and welcome had he only used his fine army to advantage. The high officials in Washington were too intent on victory to stand upon ceremony or even to make a point of decent treatment. If he had given them success all else would have been dismissed as a mere matter of taste. They continued to do everything possible for him. When General Scott retired, he was promoted to his place. All that was asked was that he lead the Army of the Potomac toward Richmond. The beautiful autumn weather was at hand, best of all seasons for a campaign in that latitude. Eyes of officials and of the public turned hopefully upon McClellan as he galloped with his brilliant staff from camp to camp. Review followed review, but his army did not move. October passed, then November; the general was never quite ready. The President inquired how soon he could have his troops in motion. He answered without enthusiasm, "by December 15th,—probably 25th." But Christmas found them exactly where they had been months before. Then McClellan fell seriously ill, and with one accord his soldiers began to build huts to shelter them from winter storms. Newspaper articles hinting at a speedy movement toward Richmond gave way to the standing headline, "All quiet on the Potomac," a

monotonous announcement that seemed to vibrate with ever-increasing sarcasm as the weeks passed.

When spring came again it was just the same. Orders had been given that "the 22d day of February be the day for a general movement of the land and naval forces of the United States against the insurgent forces," both East and West. Some of the Western troops were under way two weeks before the day appointed, but it was the seventeenth of March before McClellan moved. The President desired him to advance upon General Joseph E. Johnston, who was now near Manassas with fifty thousand men. McClellan, who had one hundred and fifty thousand, feared to do this, being sure that the Confederate force was greater than his own. Instead, he took his army by boat to Fort Monroe, to march from there against Richmond up the peninsula between the York and James rivers on which the final scenes of the Revolution had occurred. This left Johnston's army, which he had hesitated to attack at Manassas, between himself and his own capital; but that apparently seemed to him a mere detail now that he and his Army of the Potomac were away from Washington.

He began by laying regular siege to Yorktown, to the astonishment of its eleven thousand defenders, and allowed them to hold in check the

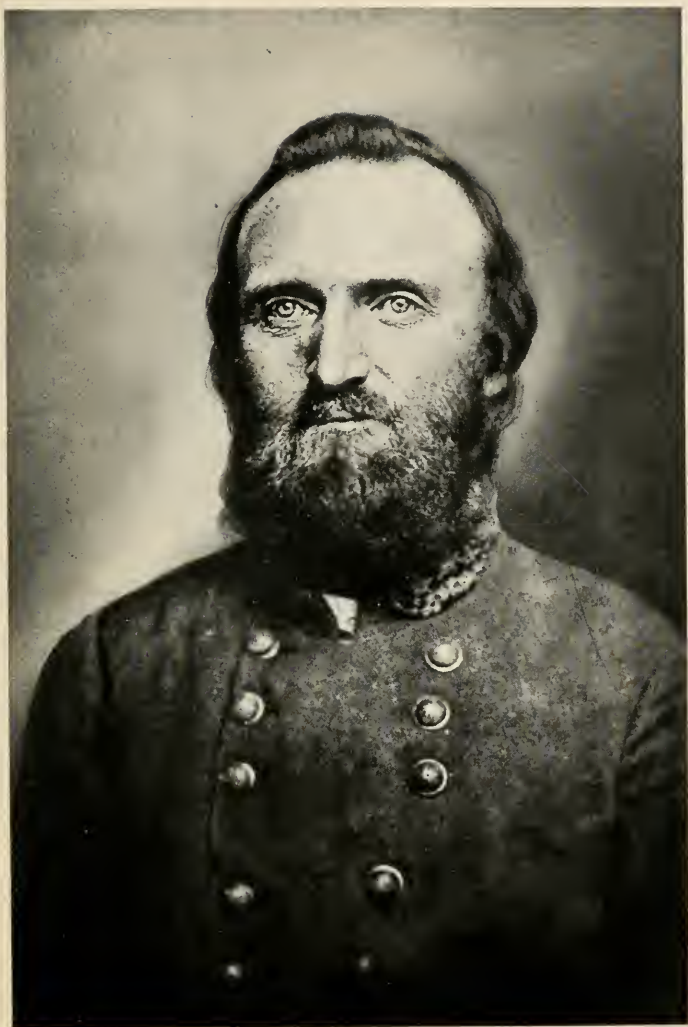
one hundred thousand soldiers he had brought with him until Johnston could hurry his men south and dispose them for battle at Williamsburg, midway of the peninsula. The Confederates slipped away in the night after a battle at this point, leaving their wounded on the field, and the Army of the Potomac followed them to Fair Oaks. Here the Confederates attacked and were successful on the first day, but were defeated in the second day's fighting. It was in this battle that General Johnston was severely wounded and General Lee promoted to his place. Evidently the new commander was of the opinion that McClellan did not value time, for he spent a month in strengthening and resting his army. After this, in June, came the week of fighting known as the Seven Days' Battles, during which the Union pickets got within four miles of Richmond, but no nearer. A careful historian says:

It would be weary and exasperating to recount in detail the principal episodes of McClellan's operations to gain possession of the Confederate capital. The whole campaign is a record of hesitation, delay, and mistakes in the chief command, brilliantly relieved by the heroic fighting and endurance of the troops and subordinate officers, gathering honor out of defeat and shedding the lustre of renown over a result of barren failure. . . . Finally, when he was within four miles of Richmond and was attacked by General Lee, he began a retreat to the

James River; and after his corps commanders held the attacking enemy at bay by a successful battle on each of six successive days, he day after day gave up each field. . . . On July 1st the collected Union army made a stand at the battle of Malvern Hill, inflicting a defeat on the enemy which practically shattered the Confederate army, and in the course of a week caused it to retire within the fortifications of Richmond. During all this magnificent fighting, however, McClellan was oppressed by the apprehension of impending defeat; and even after the brilliant victory of Malvern Hill continued his retreat to Harrison's Landing, where the Union gunboats on the James River assured him of safety and supplies.

His enemies, who had skill and daring to spare, were not slow to take advantage of his state of mind. One of the humiliating, if useless, pieces of their bravado was the exploit of the Confederate cavalry leader J. E. B. Stuart, whose force rode entirely and defiantly around the Union Army, stopping to repair bridges on the way, and reëntered Richmond unhurt. McClellan's one emotion in reporting this seemed to be thankfulness that the Confederate cavalry had done him so little harm.

During the three months of this Peninsular Campaign McClellan commanded superior numbers, sometimes twice those of his adversary; yet from the time of landing at Fort Monroe he never ceased to demand reinforcements or to assail the authorities at Washington with bitter faultfind-



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ing. His state of mind grew worse as the campaign proceeded. He claimed that the navy did not do its part at his siege of Yorktown. He never forgave the President and secretary of war for holding back General McDowell's force of forty thousand men that was part of his own army; and toward the end his remonstrances grew absolutely mutinous. Perhaps he should not be too severely blamed for this; it was ingrained, part of his curse. He always wanted more troops and saw his opponents through lenses that multiplied them many times. As Secretary Stanton, who was not an even-tempered man, once said in a fit of exasperation, "If he had a million men, he would swear the enemy had two million, and then he would sit down in the mud and yell for three."

The President, more patient, but harassed by his unending demands, answered him kindly, but with unflinching logic, pointing out the reasons that caused them to keep McDowell's corps within reach of Washington, and explaining the thousand other matters to which this complaining general took exception. In the matter of McDowell's force the reason was plain. A council of McClellan's own commanders had agreed that it required fifty-five thousand to guard Washington adequately. After the Army of the Potomac

started on its campaign it was discovered that McClellan had left only nineteen thousand behind and that half of these were under orders to go elsewhere. It was also learned that, with Washington virtually undefended, General Stonewall Jackson was sweeping up the Shenandoah Valley. There seemed nothing to do but to keep McDowell where he could protect the capital.

With his forty thousand and the other troops under General Banks and General Frémont, there were soldiers enough in and near the Shenandoah to take care of this determined Southerner; but the Union commanders lamentably failed to work together, and by a series of rapid and skilful movements Jackson nearly succeeded in reaching Harper's Ferry before he turned and sped back in a retreat as remarkable as his advance.

This forceful general was another one of the group that had fought together in Mexico, but he was of different fiber; a man of blazing eyes, strong personality, and beliefs that bordered on mania. At Bull Run, where, by holding an exposed position against great odds, he did much to win the battle, a fellow-officer had been moved to cry out in admiration: "See, there is Jackson, standing like a stone wall! Rally on the Virginians!" This caught the fancy of his soldiers and gave him a sobriquet that will live in

history long after the names bestowed upon him in baptism are lost to memory. He was religious to the point of fanatical enthusiasm. He would not post a letter so that it must travel on the Sabbath; but he felt no hesitation in bringing on a battle on Sunday, provided he could take his enemy at a disadvantage. In that case it was clearly the Lord's will. A hundred times a day he could be seen to throw his right arm heavenward and move his lips in prayer. He was absolutely certain that the Creator had him under His personal protection, and equally sure that the Lord favored the Southern cause. He would lead his men into the thickest of the fight, "the most successful and daring corps commander of modern times," praying as he went.

After his raid in the Shenandoah he returned to help Lee in the defense of Richmond and to add to McClellan's distress of mind. As the Seven Days' Battles proceeded, this emotion caused the Union general to send the secretary of war a long and insubordinate dispatch charging the administration with deliberately failing to sustain him, and adding: "If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or to any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army." It is hard to imagine a general retaining his official

head an hour after the receipt of such a dispatch; yet the President answered kindly. It was not the injustice or the personal affront contained in the charge that occupied Mr. Lincoln's mind, but the possibilities of disaster it disclosed. It seemed that it might portend the surrender of McClellan's entire army. "Save your army at all events," he instructed him. "If you have had a drawn battle or a repulse, it is the price we pay for the enemy not being in Washington."

A personal visit to the Army of the Potomac convinced the President that its situation was not so desperate as McClellan thought; but it also convinced him that he must make changes in the higher military commands. General Henry W. Halleck, who had been serving in the West, was called to Washington to be general-in-chief, an office that had not been filled since McClellan was relieved of its duties to take personal command of the Army of the Potomac at the beginning of the Peninsular Campaign. After assuming his new duties, Halleck also visited McClellan. He found that McClellan would be satisfied with nothing except very heavy reinforcements, with a view to renewing his attempt upon Richmond, a course that many of his officers deemed unwise. He was therefore ordered to withdraw his troops to the neighborhood of Washington. This he did

under protest, to the mingled relief and discouragement of the North. The losses during the Peninsular Campaign had been great and, in addition, the Army of the Potomac had contracted disease in the Virginia swamps that would haunt its soldiers for half a century. And what else had the country to show for the three months' campaign? Of personal valor there had been no end; but neither the army nor the homes that were desolated had need of rivers of blood to prove that.

Disaster did not cease with the withdrawal of the army. Even before McClellan's recall the accomplished General Pope had been given command of the forces under Generals McDowell, Frémont and Banks, which were combined under the name of the Army of Virginia. Being no longer occupied with McClellan, General Lee turned his attention upon this new enemy, and on August 30 he fought General Pope on the old battle-ground at Manassas, where once again the Confederates were victorious. At this juncture McClellan did not behave well. He was required to send a large part of the Army of the Potomac to General Pope, but did so in such a slow, half-hearted way that it entirely failed of its object, and convinced the President that he did not want his brother-officer to succeed. Indeed, he

made the direct suggestion that certain troops remain where they were to protect Washington and that Pope be left "to get out of his scrape" as best he might.

This so outraged the feelings of the cabinet that the more impulsive members drew up and signed a memorandum recommending McClellan's immediate removal. Cooler heads prevented it reaching the eye of the President, but Mr. Lincoln had no need of written words to inform him of their irritation. He, too, was deeply outraged; but this was no moment for mere acts of discipline. The telegram announcing Pope's defeat indicated that he had lost control of his army. McClellan might be everything that they feared, but as the President told a close friend: "We must use the tools we have. If he cannot fight himself, he excels in making others ready to fight." Instead of giving him the dismissal he richly deserved, therefore, Mr. Lincoln called him to take personal charge of the defenses of Washington, into which the retreating soldiers were coming.

Thus it was that the man who could not get rid of his luck, even by throwing it away, found himself once again at the congenial task of organizing an army, the kind of work he could really do well. Once again the army responded

to him as if by magic. Then, as Lee had crossed into Maryland to rouse the people of that State to secession, and General Pope had been assigned to other duty, it came about without any definite order, but through mere force of circumstances, that McClellan's duty changed, and he found himself engaged in another active campaign against his old antagonist.

Here, as in the Peninsular Campaign, he had double numbers, eighty thousand to Lee's forty thousand. Lee acted with no more respect for McClellan's fighting ability than formerly; he calmly divided his small force, sending part of it under Stonewall Jackson to capture Harper's Ferry. At this point McClellan had the amazing and crowning piece of luck of his whole career. A private in his army picked up a packet of cigars dropped by a Confederate officer. The paper in which they were wrapped proved to be nothing less than a copy of an order that disclosed all Lee's positions and plans and gave his numbers with a definiteness which should have laid forever that bogy of which McClellan lived in constant dread, the fear of fighting superior forces. The weather was perfect, and the roads were in excellent condition. Yet with all this, he let the precious chance slip through his fingers. Instead of retrieving his record, by seeking out Lee and

annihilating his army, the best the Union general could do was to fight a drawn battle at Antietam; a battle of tremendous losses, after which he allowed the Confederates to escape across the Potomac. It is not pleasant to imagine what Lee or Stonewall Jackson would have done had the opportunity been reversed. Far from being cast down, McClellan telegraphed to Washington that Maryland and Virginia were "now safe."

This was too much even for the patience of a Lincoln. In a moment of bitterness the President had spoken of the tented army as "McClellan's body-guard." Antietam convinced him that it was too costly a luxury for an unsuccessful general, and early in November McClellan was relieved of the command.

Unfortunately, a whole procession of unsuccessful generals followed him as commanders of the Army of the Potomac. If the wisdom of the administration is questioned in waiting for a whole year in the hope that McClellan would wake from his hallucinations and win victories, they give the answer. As President Lincoln said, it was necessary to use the tools at hand, and no commander better qualified had yet presented himself.

One rare distinction fell to McClellan. It is seldom that an unsuccessful general retains the

respect, let alone the affection, of his troops. McClellan had both. "Such a scene as that leave-taking had never been known in our army," wrote General Couch. "When the chief had passed out of sight the romance of war was over for the Army of the Potomac," wrote another. Men shed tears, and the railway coach in which he was to leave was uncoupled from the engine and pushed back by frenzied soldiers who called down curses on the powers who had replaced him by General Burnside, and vowed that McClellan should never leave them. He bade them stand by their new commander as they had stood by him, but he was not himself heroic enough to follow this patriotic advice. His personal disappointment was too keen to permit him to remain in the army; and his one appearance in history after this was in 1864, when he became Presidential candidate of a party whose platform declared the war to be a failure. That he repudiated the platform, yet consented to be the candidate, shows the extent of his weakness.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE MAN WHO WAS NOT WANTED

MEANWHILE, in the West a man was having as hard a time to gain a foothold in the army as McClellan was having to spoil his own chance of success. If McClellan had been the child dowered at birth with many gifts and one curse, this other was the child of many handicaps and one talisman. Like McClellan, he had graduated at West Point, and had taken his graduate course in Mexico. Two brevets for gallant conduct, special mention in the reports of four superior officers, and a record as quartermaster hard to excel, were the showing that he brought home. But from the time of his return his service in the army had been a series of disappointments. He was sent to dismal posts and condemned to work with uncongenial officers. He held on until he reached the grade of captain and then resigned as McClellan had done, but not, like McClellan, to enter the fascinating and still new game of railway development. Ill fortune dogged him in civil life. What little money he

had been able to save was staked and lost in business ventures. From childhood he had loathed his father's trade, which was that of a tanner, yet the outbreak of the Civil War found him in Illinois, serving on a meager salary as clerk in the family leather-store at Galena. William T. Sherman, one of his old army comrades, met him one day in St. Louis, and reflected that West Point was not a good preparation for civil life. Personally, this man was not prepossessing, magnetic, or popular. His appearance was distinctly unmilitary; he was taciturn to the point of indifference, and he lounged in a way that suggested unlimited leisure. Now and again an old rumor that he had been asked to resign from the army because of excessive drinking lifted its ugly head. Probably he and his family and the family friends all agreed that he was a good deal of a failure.

But on a night in April, 1861, when the local court-house was packed with people come together to discuss the fall of Sumter and the President's call for troops, he heard himself nominated for chairman. In answer to cries of "Grant, Grant!" he rose from his hard bench and moved toward the front of the hall, a short man, stooping slightly, dressed in a faded soldier's overcoat. With some prompting and embarrassment he got through his duties. It was never

easy for him to speak; but there were others to supply the oratory. One passionate speech was made by a young lawyer, John A. Rawlins, who was to become his trusted companion-in-arms. As the audience walked home through the darkness, however, it remembered the few words spoken by the man in the old army coat, who had talked about the duties of a soldier in a way to strip them of spread-eagle fury and to leave his hearers earnest and determined.

After that night Grant never again entered his father's store as clerk. He refused to be captain of the company that was raised and officered before the meeting adjourned; but he cheerfully drilled it, and he showed the women of Galena about the cut and materials of the uniforms that they insisted on making with their own hands. When the company left town with much pomp and ceremony to be mustered in at Springfield, Grant accompanied it. He stood on the sidewalk unnoticed, carpet-bag in hand, while it marched by to the station. A small boy running after the soldiers remembered later that he was there and that the carpet-bag looked very thin.

The governor of Illinois requested his assistance for a few weeks in the adjutant-general's office. Somebody, seeing him at a desk in the

corner, asked who he was. "Oh, a dead-beat military man, a discharged officer of the regular army," was the answer. As his work neared its end, he wrote a letter tendering his services to the Government. It stated that in view of past experiences he felt himself "competent to command a regiment, if the President, in his judgment, should see fit to entrust one to me." This letter was never answered. Years after the war it was found tucked into an out-of-the-way corner. It had not even been decently pigeon-holed. Knowing all that this short and ordinary-looking man was able to do for his country, such disrespect leaves one breathless; but it strengthens the conviction that there is "a divinity that shapes our ends."

While waiting to hear from his letter, Grant tried twice to call upon his acquaintance of army days, George McClellan, who was at the moment a major-general of volunteers, with headquarters at Cincinnati. He hoped that for old times' sake McClellan might offer him a place on his staff, but the young major-general was too busy even to receive him. In June, Grant succeeded in being made colonel of a rather mutinous regiment of Illinois volunteers, and gave it a taste of marching and military discipline that soon convinced it of its mistake in trifling with him. In

August he was made brigadier-general of volunteers, and early in September was sent to Cairo, Illinois, to take command of Union forces in southeast Missouri. This promotion surprised him. He "did not know he had done anything to inspire such confidence." Neither, apparently, did others, for when he arrived at his new headquarters, unheralded, in citizen's dress, his uniform not having reached him, Colonel Oglesby, the officer he had come to supplant, mistook him for a refugee who wished to be sent North. Colonel Oglesby was surrounded by people loquacious with complaints and with favors to ask. When the little man in the rusty coat calmly seated himself at the official desk and began writing orders, there was a tense moment; but one look into his resolute blue eyes was enough, and the place was surrendered without question.

The two Western slave States of Missouri and Kentucky had not cast their fortunes with the Confederacy. In order to hold them firmly in the Union, it was necessary to maintain Union forces in each. St. Louis became the headquarters for those in Missouri; Louisville an important point for those in Kentucky; and Cairo, Grant's new post, situated where the Ohio and Mississippi rivers come together and near the boundaries of five States, Illinois, Missouri, Ken-

tucky, Tennessee and Arkansas, a great depot of army supplies.

By the beginning of 1862 the military forces of the Union had increased from the seventeen thousand, one hundred and thirteen, which had been the total at the time Fort Sumter was fired upon, to about five hundred thousand. Two hundred and thirty-five thousand of these were in Virginia, one hundred thousand at Louisville, another one hundred thousand was divided between St. Louis and Cairo, and the rest were scattered at different points, most of them on Indian duty in the extreme West. The Confederate armies at the same date numbered perhaps two hundred and fifty thousand all told. One hundred and seventy-five thousand confronted the Army of the Potomac, and were magnified by McClellan's imagination to three hundred thousand or more, according to his fluctuating feelings. Thirty thousand were divided between Columbus, Kentucky, and forts Henry and Donelson, three points not far from Cairo within supporting distance of each other, though Columbus was on the Mississippi River, Fort Henry on the Tennessee River, and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland. The remainder of the Confederate forces were at Nashville, Chattanooga, and the larger Mississippi River towns of the Confederacy.

At the point where forts Henry and Donelson are situated the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers flow side by side, not a dozen miles apart, while, farther on, their courses diverge in such a way that possession of these two forts would give all Kentucky and a large part of Tennessee into Union hands. It was known that a joint movement by water and land could meet little Confederate opposition at that time; but General Buell, who commanded the Union forces in eastern Kentucky, and General Halleck, then in command in Missouri, were too busy with their own affairs to combine on this important joint expedition.

For several months Grant looked longingly at Fort Henry from Cairo or from neighboring points to which his duties took him. He was anxious to seize it before the Confederates made it stronger. Once he asked permission of his superior officer, General Halleck, to do so, but that cautious man refused. Commodore Foote, who commanded Union gunboats on the Mississippi and its tributaries was, however, as strongly in favor of the project as Grant; the two united in a request, and it was granted. In this permission Fort Donelson was not mentioned.

After receiving permission, they lost no time. It was on February 6, more than two weeks in



GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT

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advance of the date set in President Lincoln's General War Order Number One for a forward movement that Grant telegraphed to Washington, "Fort Henry is ours," adding in a businesslike way, "I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th." Grant was not over-particular about doing things strictly according to rule. Perhaps he was the Union general who combined in fairest proportion the knowledge and training acquired at West Point with the independence of thought and act characteristic of the West. If he was unable to execute all of an order, he carried it as far as he could. If his supplies were imperfect, he found the best substitute at hand. In this case he saw a chance, clearly in line of duty, to exceed his actual orders, and he did so. Fort Henry being taken, Fort Donelson was manifestly the next point to attack. He might have kept his promise to the letter, had not the weather, which had been bad when the expedition set out to capture Fort Henry, grown suddenly so much worse that it was impossible to move troops faster than at a snail's pace, while wagons and artillery could not move at all.

It was the twelfth before they could even start. Then it grew very cold, with sleet and a piercing wind that caused the troops acute suffering. Many of them were quite new to winter cam-

paigning, and even camp-fires had to be forbidden in order to conceal their position from the enemy. Meantime the Confederates had received reinforcements that raised their numbers from six thousand to about fifteen thousand. On the fourteenth the gunboats arrived, and the attack was begun, Commodore Foote taking part until two of his boats were disabled and he was himself wounded. Then the gunboats withdrew, and the Confederates telegraphed to Richmond news of a great victory.

Next morning, while Grant was calling upon the wounded officer on his flagship, the enemy began pouring out of Donelson in numbers that threatened to overwhelm the Union forces. An aide hurried to inform Grant and met him returning. The tale he began was never finished, for Grant put spurs to his horse and galloped away, his great "clay-bank" splashing yellow mud at every bound. He found his lines in good order, except at one point. He heard a discouraged private say: "They have come out to fight all day, their knapsacks are full of grub." "Is that so?" Grant asked quickly. "Bring me one." Several were opened and found to contain three days' rations. Grant knew that men defending a fort do not carry full knapsacks. He sent word to Foote, begging him to make a show of force,

even if his boats could not go into action. Then he went among the troops, an aide riding by his side, and calling as they passed: "Fill your cartridge-boxes quickly and get into line. The enemy is trying to escape!"

The soldiers obeyed with a will, and before dark the Confederates were once more shut up within the fort. That night an odd scene took place within its walls. There were three Confederate generals present. The senior, General Floyd, had been a treasonable member of Buchanan's cabinet and had no desire to come within reach of United States law. He therefore turned over his command to General Pillow. General Pillow did the same to the junior general, Buckner, and the other two escaped by boat with three thousand men. Next morning Grant received a note from General Buckner, suggesting that commissioners be appointed to arrange terms. Grant's answer: "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works," made him a national figure within the hour. Materially, his victory was the greatest the Union Army had yet gained. His telegram announcing it mentioned twelve thousand to fifteen thousand prisoners, four thousand horses, and a goodly quantity of cannon and commissary

stores. The President and Senate made him a major-general of volunteers; but the people gave him a higher title. They fitted the initials of his name to the words of his answer and called him "Unconditional Surrender" Grant.

Had they only known it, he showed an even finer spirit in the way he received the surrender. Buckner had protested against Grant's reply as "unchivalric." One of Grant's young officers hoped he would insist on lowered flags and a picturesque display of defeat as the Confederates marched out of Donelson. "Why humiliate a brave enemy?" Grant asked sharply, and gave his West Point school-fellow a greeting that was almost affectionate. Like true Americans they hid their emotion under a cloak of banter. Buckner assured Grant that if he, and not his seniors, had been in command, the Union troops would not have succeeded so easily. Grant, who had little respect for Floyd or Pillow, replied that if Buckner had been in command, he would have gone about the capture in a different way. The jesting hid a large truth. Most of the generals who wore the gray, as well as those who wore the blue, had been personally known to Grant in his old army days, and his knowledge of their characters and habits of mind never left him.

Donelson having fallen, it seemed to him that

the way was open for large advances into the South if only the Union armies in the West could work together. But there were several commanders, each anxious to carry out his own plans. Misunderstandings arose; a disloyal telegraph operator withheld messages addressed to Grant, and this made General Halleck believe that the victor of Donelson was deliberately disobeying him. In less than three weeks he found himself in disgrace and virtually under arrest, ordered to turn over his command to another general, and to remain at Fort Henry. Ten days sufficed to convince Halleck that he had been hasty, and Grant was restored to command; but the injustice hurt, and he asked to be relieved. This Halleck refused, and both men were great enough to let the matter drop.

Grant's next battle came near being a serious defeat. When he resumed command, his men were camped on both sides of the Tennessee River, at Pittsburg Landing, and at Savannah, a cluster of houses on the opposite bank, nine miles down stream. Grant moved his men to Pittsburg Landing, but kept his headquarters at Savannah while awaiting the arrival of General Buell's force, which had been ordered to join him from Kentucky. No steps were taken to intrench the camp at Pittsburg Landing, though the enemy

was known to be only twenty miles away. Later in the war both sides became so expert and so cautious that every camp was surrounded by earthworks almost before the tents were in place; but in April, 1862, they had not learned to do this. For two weeks the camp at Pittsburg Landing remained unmolested; then on the morning of April 6 it was surprised by General Albert Sidney Johnston. Grant was at Savannah, suffering from a badly injured ankle, which had been crushed by the fall of his horse. On hearing the noise of guns, he ordered steam up on his launch, sent his horses aboard, and started. As the slow miles of river slipped behind them, his staff listened and speculated. The general sat silent, a stern expression gathering on his face, which his officers came to know as his battle look. As the boat neared the landing, he hobbled to his horse and painfully swung himself into the saddle; then all pain seemed to leave him, and almost before the gang-plank was down he was galloping toward the heaviest firing. All day he rode among the men, calm and vigilant, directing, encouraging, doing all a commander could do, and more than a commander should, for he exposed himself to fire with absolute indifference, paying no more attention to the enemy's shot than to so many drops of a summer shower. Yet despite

all he could do, he saw his soldiers driven back and still farther back.

General Buell arrived late in the afternoon ahead of his army and asked what preparations had been made for defeat. The battle look on Grant's face deepened. "I have not despaired of whipping them yet," he replied. Somebody ventured to ask if the prospect did not look gloomy. "Not at all," was the answer. "They cannot force our lines around those batteries to-night; it is too late. Delay counts everything with us. To-morrow we shall attack with fresh troops and drive them of course." It was one of Grant's frankest critics who reported this speech, and he added, "From it I date, in my own mind, at least, the beginning of any belief in Grant's greatness."

So, though the Union lines had been pushed back a mile and a half, though death and suffering were everywhere that night, and a fear worse than death lurked among the stragglers cowering by the river bank, somehow Grant's faith that to-morrow the rebels would be driven back "of course" communicated itself to the exhausted soldiers who lay down in the mud and rain to wait for dawn. By morning Buell's army had come up. The Confederates had been disheartened by the loss of their beloved General Johnston, killed

in a charge on the previous afternoon; though they fought stubbornly and well under his successor, General Beauregard, they gave way at last, and the battle of Pittsburg Landing or Shiloh, as it is more often called from the church around which it raged, ended in a Union victory. But it was a victory that filled the land with mourning. The losses, thirteen thousand and forty-seven on the Union side, and ten thousand, six hundred or more on the Confederate, taken together were more than four times as great as the loss of the Americans during the whole of the Mexican War.

After Shiloh there was no more severe fighting in the West for several months, though engagements took place which for numbers rank with the great battles of the Revolution. General Halleck took the field in person and began making war according to rule. Overdoing the work with pick and shovel that Grant had neglected at Pittsburg Landing, he burrowed his way like a mole toward Corinth in northern Mississippi whither Beauregard had retired. The Confederates had covered the distance in two days when they marched north to surprise Grant. Halleck consumed thirty-seven days in his elaborate approach, and came at the end to an empty town guarded by "Quaker" guns, ferocious-looking

logs of wood mounted and painted to look like cannon, the Confederates having withdrawn with all their artillery. Halleck hid his mortification as best he could. His telegrams announced a bloodless victory. The army laughed unpleasantly. The public, not being in possession of all the facts, was grateful, as indeed it should have been, for the possession of even an empty Corinth was a gain which forced the Confederates to abandon important points on the Mississippi River, notably Fort Pillow and Memphis.

While General Halleck was personally directing operations, Grant, as second in command, had little to do and found the position most irksome, disapproving as he did of Halleck's slow methods. After General Halleck was called to Washington in July, Grant held chief command in the West, but was so hampered by the orders and the unfinished plans Halleck left behind him that it was the middle of October before he could seriously undertake the task he had most at heart. This was the capture of Vicksburg, perched high on its bluff on the eastern bank of the Mississippi. He worked for months at this, trying plan after plan that to onlookers seemed impractical and wild. He had been acclaimed and also much criticized for the battle of Shiloh. More than one general, intentionally or otherwise, let it be

inferred that if every man got his deserts, the credit for that victory would fall upon himself and not upon Grant. President Lincoln had been beset by demands for Grant's removal; but thinking of McClellan, he shook his head and answered: "No, I cannot spare Grant. He fights." Now, as the weeks slipped by in futile, if not aimless, attempts at Vicksburg, the number of Grant's detractors increased. Old stories against him were whispered anew, and he seemed to be sinking back into his old place as the man who was not wanted.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE LAND OF THE FREE

COUNTING battles and skirmishes small and great, there were during the Civil War nearly three thousand engagements. In addition to the main movements, numerous lesser engagements and expeditions took place east and west, in which men did their best and laid down their lives, with little result as far as a heart-sick public could see, except to swell the lists of casualties printed daily in the newspapers. The Union cause seemed to be making no perceptible gain.

From colonial times on, it had been our American theory that there should be no compulsory military service. Every citizen was supposed to be ready and anxious to obey a call to arms. In the first flush of enthusiasm after the fall of Sumter everybody had seemed ready to enlist, but as the slow months drove home the conviction that, instead of an easy victory, the rebellion would have to be crushed out inch by inch, the unlovely side of war asserted itself. Men saw it for what it is, a chance for martyrdom and daily sacrifice, stripped of all luster and glory. Human na-

ture recoiled at the uselessness and squalor of it all, and the number of recruits grew visibly less. It was not that men were less devoted to the Union, but that the care-free and enthusiastic had already offered themselves, and that the time was now at hand for the less spontaneous to come forward. It is always so. The same thing happened in the first weeks and dreary after days of the Revolution, and is likely to happen as long as human nature remains no worse and no better than it is. One hundred and fifty years of trusting to voluntary enlistments in America have proved that while in the end it comes out right, strife is prolonged and the task made infinitely harder by this unavoidable period of dejection. It is, therefore, well that in the present hour of need a law has made military service as much a part of duty as taxation, with no more stigma attaching to a summons to the colors than to the call of the tax collector, whose bill is paid, as a matter of course, "for value received."

At the time of the Civil War the country was not yet ready for such a law. Before the end of the struggle, however, both sides came to conscription. The Confederates were forced to it in 1862, the Federal Government a year later. By 1862 the long series of Union losses had already caused great depression in the North, not

only in men's minds, but in that infallible business barometer, the stock market. Something had to be done; there was one vast source of rebel strength against which no move had yet been made,—the institution of slavery, which had brought on the war and was present, either in brown human flesh or in the thoughts of men, in every army camp, North and South. Slave labor was useful to the Confederates in a thousand ways; for building forts, for hauling supplies, for raising food. On the Northern side one of the first results of the war had been to give opportunity to enterprising and discontented slaves to escape into Union camps, sometimes in embarrassing numbers. Many of them could render valuable service as guides or cooks or teamsters; but their presence was sure to bring up troublesome questions.

General orders stated, "We are neither negro stealers nor negro catchers." This could be interpreted to justify either course, and some army commanders welcomed the black people into their camps; others tried to exclude them. Shortly after General Butler took command at Fortress Monroe in the spring of 1861, the agent of a rebel master came to him and, invoking the fugitive slave law, demanded the return of three negroes. The general answered that they would

be given up when their master returned and took the oath of allegiance to the United States; but that as long as he asserted Virginia to be a foreign country he had no right to claim that laws of the United States were in force there. Newspaper accounts of this decision pointed out that since negroes were of value in building Confederate fortifications, they were undoubtedly "contraband of war," and no more to be given up than cannon or ammunition. Both the phrase and the logic appealed to popular fancy, and "contrabands," as a name for such colored people, sprang quickly into use. But while it was picturesque and convincing, it did not solve the problem. General Butler soon reported that he had nine hundred black men, women, and children of all ages on his hands. Were they still slaves or had they become free? Could negroes whose masters had run away and left them be considered fugitive slaves? It was not only a knotty legal problem; upon the proper solution of this question of slave property might depend the fate of four border slave States, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri, which up to that time had not joined the Confederacy.

The administration was not left without advice: radicals besought the President to free all the black people at once, while those of contrary

views declared that it was unjust to allow a single slave in a Union camp. When it was found that Mr. Lincoln took no immediate action, his critics taunted him with not having the courage of his antislavery convictions. Others said that he was letting his dislike of slavery bring ruin upon the country.

In his inaugural address he had taken the ground that the Southern States could not secede, and were therefore still in the Union. He had sworn to "preserve, protect, and defend" the laws of the United States. This meant all the laws, including those about slavery. His published speeches left no doubt of his personal belief that slavery was a great evil; but it was lawful in certain parts of the country, and he felt that he had no right to interfere with it in those sections just because he did not like it himself. All the agitation leading up to the Civil War had been about allowing slavery in new territory. To that he was unalterably opposed; but never, up to the time he became President nor for months afterward, did he advocate immediate emancipation. He recognized that such a course would work hardship to masters and slaves alike. His own belief was that a system of gradual emancipation, with pay to owners to compensate them for the loss of their property, and training for the slaves to fit

them for freedom, would be best for all. While a member of Congress, he had introduced a bill proposing this course for the slaves in the District of Columbia; after he became President he made more than one effort to persuade the border slave States that remained in the Union to agree to the plan. When objections were made on account of the cost, he pointed out how little it would cost compared with the blood and treasure that were being consumed in war.

As long as possible he continued to treat slavery as a civil and not as a military problem, and just so long he refused to have existing laws disturbed. Twice during the early part of the war military commanders issued orders freeing the slaves in the districts over which they had control, and both times he refused to allow these orders to stand. The first instance was in August, 1861, when General John C. Frémont, the gallant and adventurous, if not always wise, officer who had won California in 1846, was commanding in Missouri. Finding himself less successful than he had been in the picturesque experiences of his lieutenant days, he issued a proclamation establishing martial law throughout Missouri and announcing that "the property, real or personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri who shall take up arms against the United States or who

shall be directly proven to have taken an active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use; and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free men."

This proclamation was issued without the knowledge of the President, at a time when there was no military necessity for such an act. In a kind letter Mr. Lincoln asked General Frémont to modify it as of his own accord; and when Frémont refused to do this, he publicly ordered him to make the change. The other instance occurred in the following May. General David Hunter, a most gallant and loyal officer, commanding the Department of the South, issued a military order that read: "Slavery and martial law in a free country are altogether incompatible; the persons in these three States,—Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina,—heretofore held as slaves, are therefore declared forever free." News of this order reached Washington by slow ocean mails, and Mr. Lincoln's first comment was emphatic. "No commanding general shall do such a thing upon my responsibility, without consulting me." He published a proclamation declaring General Hunter's order void, and added:

I further make known that, whether it be competent for me as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, to

declare the slaves of any State or States free, and whether, at any time, in any case, it shall have become a necessity indispensable to the maintenance of the government to exercise such supposed power, are questions which, under my responsibility, I reserve to myself, and which I cannot feel justified in leaving to the decision of commanders in the field. These are totally different questions from those of police regulations in armies and camps.

“His responsibility” was the key-note in all these decisions. The sense of it never left him day or night; and as the weeks went on in continued gloom, it pressed upon him very heavily, carving deep lines upon his face. Those whose duty took them past him in moments when he sat alone said that he appeared unaware of physical things, and that his eyes “looked inward,” as Washington’s used to do, absorbed with the tremendous questions he alone must decide. In the previous December he had forbidden the secretary of war even to make public announcement that the Government might at some future time find it necessary to arm slaves and employ them as soldiers; but in the course of the summer of 1862 he became convinced that the treatment of this great question of slavery had ceased to be a matter for civil government.

The time and manner in which he came to his great decision can best be told in his own words,

often quoted, as they were taken down by his artist friend, Frank B. Carpenter, while the latter was painting his picture of the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation.

"It had got to be," said Mr. Lincoln, "midsummer, 1862.¹ Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing; that we had about played our last card, and must change our tactics, or lose the game. I now determined upon the adoption of the emancipation policy; and, without consultation with, or the knowledge of, the Cabinet, I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, and after much anxious thought, called a Cabinet meeting upon the subject. . . . I said to the Cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject-matter of a proclamation before them, suggestions as to which would be in order after they had heard it read."

It was on the twenty-second of July that the President read them the draft of this first proclamation. It announced that at the next meeting of Congress he would again offer compensated emancipation to such States as chose to accept it, and went on to order, by virtue of his authority as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, that the slaves in all those

¹ It will be remembered that this was the date of the end of McClellan's Peninsular Campaign.

parts of the country that were still in rebellion on the first day of January, 1863, should "then, thenceforward and forever" be free.

Two of the seven gentlemen who composed the President's cabinet had received a hint of what was coming. To the rest it was a veritable bombshell. Different opinions were expressed, but the President had already made up his mind that the proclamation must be issued. Secretary Seward approved, but suggested that it would be better to wait until after a Union victory. If issued now, after a series of Union disasters, the country and Europe might think it a cry of despair.

Mr. Lincoln continued: "The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force. It was an aspect of the case that, in all my thought upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory."

Instead of victory, came the second defeat at Bull Run, after which the President was assailed with much more gratuitous advice. His mind was made up, but it did not suit his purpose that this should become known; so during this season of waiting he was forced to reply in a way to restrain the impatience of both sides. "What would you do in my position?" he asked a critic from Louisiana. "Would you drop the war

where it is? Or would you prosecute it in future with elder-stalk squirts charged with rosewater?" The "New York Tribune" published a long open letter accusing Mr. Lincoln and many officers of the army of neglect of duty through a kindly feeling for slavery. The President replied to this with great dignity in an open letter addressed to the editor.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. . . . My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

After General Pope's defeat a company of ministers went from Chicago to Washington expressly to urge Mr. Lincoln to free the slaves at

once. His answer, while perfectly courteous, showed the strain under which he was living. "I am approached with the most opposite opinions and advice, and that by religious men, who are equally certain that they represent the Divine will. . . . I hope it will not be irreverent for me to say that if it is probable that God would reveal His will to others on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed He would reveal it directly to me. . . . What good would a proclamation of emancipation from me do, especially as we are now situated? I do not want to issue a document that the whole world will see must necessarily be inoperative, like the Pope's bull against the comet. . . . Do not misunderstand me. . . . I have not decided against a proclamation of liberty to the slaves, but hold the matter under advisement. And I can assure you that the subject is on my mind, by day and night more than any other. Whatever shall appear to be God's will, I will do."

Then the battle of Antietam was fought. It was not a brilliant victory, considering McClellan's wonderful chance; but a few days proved that it could reasonably be claimed as a Union success. President Lincoln called the cabinet together and told them that the time had at last arrived to issue the proclamation. He wished it

was a better time, but he had determined to take the step as soon as Lee's army should be driven out of Pennsylvania. "I said nothing to any one, but I made the promise to myself," he said, then, hesitating a little, added, "and to my Maker. The Rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfil that promise. . . . I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take."

It was on the twenty-second of September that this preliminary proclamation was issued, giving notice to the public of what he meant to do; and on January 1, 1863, one hundred days later, the final proclamation was signed and went into immediate effect. This also was a purely military decree. It exempted certain small portions of the South not at that time in rebellion; but the slaves in these soon became free by process of law.

It was on the afternoon of New Year's day, without prearranged ceremony of any kind, in the presence of about a dozen persons met in his office, that Abraham Lincoln wrote his name at the bottom of the great edict of freedom that liberated four million human beings and made this country of ours in truth what it had long been in theory, the land of the free.

Of course the South cried out in horror. Jefferson Davis sent a message to the Confederate

Congress in which he called Lincoln's act "the most execrable measure recorded in the history of guilty man." The Confederate Senate talked of raising the black flag. It was charged that emancipation had been planned with the deliberate purpose of inciting the slaves to rise up and kill their masters; but the one massacre of the war was on the other side of the ledger, the tragedy at Fort Pillow where several hundred negro soldiers lost their lives.

Indeed, the devotion of these lowly and not always well-treated black people to their white owners is one before which the world may well bow in humble admiration. They were ignorant, and often as unwise as children; but they held many a master's home together after the stress of war had brought it to poverty and sorrow; and the suffering of the Southern whites, both during and after the war, would have been infinitely greater without their unselfish, faithful service.

They did their duty also by the Government that freed them. By the time emancipation was a year old nearly fifty thousand of them were serving in the Union ranks. But it was far from home that the Emancipation Proclamation had its greatest immediate effect. It carried conviction to Europe that the Federal Government was indeed waging a war for the sake of principle.

CHAPTER XXV

A MOMENTOUS FOURTH OF JULY

AS the Mississippi flows through the Southern States toward the Gulf it winds down its great valley cutting at every time of freshet new channels for itself in the soft rich earth. The abandoned channels form a tangle of bayous and swampy islands, muddy water and soggy ground clogged with creeping vines, through which troops could no more march than through quicksand. Occasionally the river leaves the center of this region, "where the water needs straining and the land draining to make either properly wet or dry," to sweep close to bluffs at its eastern edge. Vicksburg is on such a bluff, two hundred feet above the river, which curves here in such a way that gunboats running its batteries had to pass twice under its fire, their own guns meanwhile being as powerless to inflict damage upon the works above them as though it were a city in the clouds.

The Western armies had the assistance of two fleets of gunboats, the one which helped Grant at Fort Henry, and another under Admiral Far-

ragut, approaching from the south. With the help of the latter New Orleans was captured late in April, 1862; and by autumn the two fleets, working together "like two shears of the scissors," in concert with the Union armies, had succeeded in gaining possession of all except about two hundred miles, the stretch from Vicksburg south to Port Hudson. But this was a most important section, guarding the entrance to the Red River, a stream to the west that gave access to a rich country from which the Confederates could draw food and recruits and cotton as long as Vicksburg held out.

Twice, after the fall of New Orleans, Admiral Farragut made a dash north past the batteries of Vicksburg, very much as the British admiral ran the batteries of Quebec during the French and Indian War; but General Halleck refused to send troops to coöperate with him, thinking he needed every man for his mole-like approach upon Corinth. At that time the defenses of Vicksburg were not finished, and it might have been captured by a comparatively small force; but the Confederates continued to work upon them until it was well worthy to be called the Gibraltar of the West.

Grant watched all the movements against this important point with deep interest and, as soon

as he was free to do so, began his own efforts to reach it. It was impossible to attack it from the west, because the country stretched away for miles, only a few inches above the water-level, a mass of swampy islands without one spot firm enough for the erection of heavy batteries. Late in 1862 he tried to approach from the direction of Jackson, Mississippi, while General Sherman came from Memphis. They hoped to unite their forces, but were unsuccessful, and Grant lost his supplies and had to forage upon the country as best he could for a fortnight before getting in touch again with regular rations. In the end this proved a most valuable experience, but at the time it seemed a real disaster.

Between January and April, 1863, he tried a series of experiments that appeared rash indeed, though Admiral Porter, now in command of the northern fleet of gunboats, gave him cheerful and hearty support. First, Grant tried to cut a channel across the tongue of land formed by the bend of the river at Vicksburg, so that the gunboats could slip by out of range of its batteries. Then he attempted to force boats up the swampy Yazoo, which enters the Mississippi a few miles above Vicksburg, hoping to find a landing-place from which his soldiers could march upon the rear of the town through country that was rough

and full of ravines, but at least was solid under foot. A third experiment was to search for a way into the Yazoo much farther north and come down that stream to a landing instead of sailing up it. Another was to cut a canal into Lake Providence, seventy miles above Vicksburg, find some practicable route through two hundred miles of bayou, join General Banks and Admiral Farragut, who were endeavoring to capture Port Hudson, and, after that was accomplished, to move north with the combined force.

All these schemes involved vast labor. Natural conditions made them hard enough, and a vigilant enemy added immensely to the difficulty. Sharpshooters lurked behind trees. Confederate batteries opened at unexpected places. Squads of slaves were driven through the swamps at the point of the bayonet to fell trees in front and rear of the slow-moving Union gunboats; and many expeditions by night and by day were necessary to rescue the fleet. Sometimes the soldiers lighted their way through the cane-brakes with candles and torches. Life in the swamps bred disease until the graves dug for men who died in this way became more numerous than for those killed by bullets. It was a nightmare of war. Infantry splashed through water; boats uprooted trees; everything seemed distorted and

inverted; everything happened in an unreal, unexpected, unsuccessful way. Grant's critics became very busy.

In April he entered upon another attempt, wilder still if possible. He had wanted all winter to try it, but it was necessary to wait for the hardening roads of Spring. Admiral Porter, whose help was essential, agreed heartily and set about preparations without loss of time; but Grant's officers were aghast. The plan was for Porter to divide his fleet, run past the Vicksburg batteries with fifteen or twenty boats, and take them sixty miles or more down-stream. Grant would meet him at that point with thirty-five thousand men after having marched them seventy miles by roundabout ways through a tangle of bayous on the west bank of the Mississippi. Porter was to ferry them across the stream, after which this force of infantry was to start north again, fighting whenever necessary and living entirely off the enemy's country as it had learned to do in the disaster of the previous fall. Grant's generals protested. He listened to all they had to say, the stubborn look deepening on his face. When they were quite through, he remarked, "I am of the same opinion," and gave orders that the movement be carried out. He assumed no light responsibility, for failure meant not only

the loss of his army; it meant very likely the loss of the Union cause.

In preparation Porter's boats were piled high with cotton and grain to protect their boilers; and when the time came, men were stationed below to stop up with cotton as best they could the holes that might be shot through their hulls. It was about ten o'clock on the night of April 16 that the admiral's flag-ship swung into the channel from behind a sheltering screen of trees where these preparations had been made, the others following one after the other at intervals of a few minutes. A watchful Confederate lookout gave the alarm. Battery after battery opened upon them. Bonfires were kindled, and frame houses on the river bank were given to the flames for the light their destruction would fling upon the current. In this carnival of flame and noise the Union boats slipped past fourteen miles of rebel batteries without the loss of a single life; though each boat was hit many times.

At the appointed place the army was met and ferried across the river. Then Grant started north without baggage and without food, his ammunition being carried in a motley procession of country vehicles requisitioned in the neighborhood. In fact his expedition traveled very much as the patriot armies had marched during the

Revolution, commander and privates living in a democracy of privation. It is stated that the general's personal luggage was reduced to the minimum of a tooth-brush. He ate where he could and slept where night found him. His men saw him riding among them on his borrowed horse, spattered with mud, silent, determined, quietly confident. They spoke of him among themselves as the "old man," but the tone in which they said it showed that it was no title of disrespect.

Grant's last message to General Halleck as he plunged into the enemy's country had been, "You may not hear from me for several days." During the first twenty days of May he marched one hundred and eighty miles and fought five successful battles, capturing nearly ninety guns and over six thousand prisoners, a success that caused General Pemberton to withdraw his army within the defenses of Vicksburg. This was indeed news to a country hungering for victory. Grant's soldiers were eager to assault at once, and confident they could take the place within an hour. Learning that Confederate reinforcements were on the way, Grant consented; but the next news to reach the country was that there had been two assaults, and that both had failed. Union soldiers had scrambled through cane-brakes and rugged ravines to the very foot of the defenses. At one

point a Union flag had been planted upon the parapet; but it was not allowed to stay there, and the daring soldiers had been obliged to lie close under the enemy's walls until darkness fell and they could be rescued. The loss of life had been very great, and not a single redoubt was taken. So it proved not a victory, but the beginning of a long siege. General Pemberton declared that he would not give up until every animal and every grain of corn had been eaten and every man had perished in the defenses. The non-combatants showed the same spirit. They burrowed into the clay bluffs to make caves where the women and children would be safe from exploding shells, furnished these as best they could from their abandoned dwellings, and settled down to a life of valiant discomfort. The siege went on for six weeks. Day by day the Union trenches pressed nearer. Day by day supplies in Vicksburg dwindled, and the thousand things needed to keep a town in comfort grew less. By the first of July the two picket-lines were so close that chaffing conversations took place. "When are you coming to town?" the Confederates would ask, and the others would answer that they meant to celebrate the Fourth of July there, or retorted that their antagonists were already prisoners and were being made to feed themselves.

It was meager fare. 'Almost the last grain of corn had been eaten and the last animal had given up its life, when Pemberton's flag of truce appeared. He and Grant were old acquaintances of the Mexican War. They met between the lines, Grant showing no emotion, whatever he may have felt, Pemberton laboring under evident excitement. Grant had already made it known that unconditional surrender would be required, but had added that troops as brave as the defenders of Vicksburg must always command respect and be treated as became prisoners of war. After an awkward silence Pemberton broke out in protest that he had not been allowed terms and conditions. It was not a pleasant conference. Grant remained unmoved, the Confederates dissatisfied, the other Union officers distressed. After returning to his own camp, Grant wrote out the terms he was willing to accord, and they were so liberal that his subordinates protested. He paid no more heed to the protests than he had paid to remonstrances against the plan that had led to the reduction of the city.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the national holiday the thirty-one thousand defenders of Vicksburg marched out from their sally posts, stacked their arms, and marched back into Vicksburg, prisoners of war. Not a cheer went up

from the Union ranks, for these men had been brothers and friends before they became enemies; and they were pinched and thin to the verge of starvation. The soldiers fraternized instantly, the northerners sharing with their late antagonists the contents of their well filled haversacks; while the Union commander, seeing how the people were living in their caves and that their food was indeed exhausted, issued at once ten days' rations.

The fall of Vicksburg opened the Mississippi River, for Port Hudson, the one point still held by the Confederates, surrendered when it heard the cheers with which General Banks's soldiers greeted the news. The country rang again with Grant's praises, as it had rung after Donelson, and he was quickly made a major-general in the regular army, his previous rank having been in the volunteer service. He accepted the praise as he had taken the blame, with irritating calm; and when an acquaintance tried to compliment him on his "brilliant strategy" and "grand logistics," answered, with a simplicity that pricked the fine bubbles of language, that he had "just pounded away until he pounded the place down."

July 4, 1863, proved to be the turning-point of the war, for victory crowned it in the East also. The Army of the Potomac had fared badly since

the retirement of General McClellan. Commander after commander and month after month passed without bringing it success. The chief distinction of General Burnside, who followed McClellan, is that he lost the cruelly destructive battle of Fredericksburg on December 13, 1862. The Confederates had ample time to fortify the heights above the town on the Rappahannock, and did it so thoroughly that when General Burnside attempted to throw a pontoon bridge across the river and attack in front, "the whole declivity was one bristling mass of cannon and muskets, served by stout-hearted soldiers waiting silently in the grimmest joy a soldier knows,—that of seeing his enemy approach him and in his power."

General Couch, who took part in the battle, described what he saw when he mounted to the top of the court-house for a moment's view of the field.

Howard, who was with me, says I exclaimed, "Oh, great God! See how our men, our poor men, are falling!" I remember that the whole plain was covered with men prostrate and dropping, the live men running here and there, and in front closing upon each other and on the wounded coming back. . . . I had never seen fighting like that; nothing approaching the terrible uproar and destruction. There was no cheering on the part of the men, but a stubborn determination. . . . As they charged, the artillery fire would break their formation and they

would get mixed; then they would close up, go forward, receive the withering infantry fire, and those who were able would run to the houses and fight as best they could; and the next brigade coming up in succession would do its duty and melt like snow coming down on warm earth.

The weather was so bitterly cold that dead bodies stiffened as they fell, and were rolled forward to make protection for the living. The battle lasted a whole day, until the whole right wing of the Union Army was shattered. General Burnside spent the following night in visiting his various commands, a cheerless promenade. With a stubbornness akin to desperation, he wished to renew the attack in the morning and to lead it in person, but he was dissuaded, and retired on the night of the fifteenth. He assumed all blame for the disaster, in very manly words; but that could not make good the losses.

The year 1863 was to be one of very heavy fighting for the Army of the Potomac, and its woes began in January with the famous "mud march" by which Burnside tried to correct his mistake at Fredericksburg. Many of his officers disapproved of his plan for a forward movement at this time; but he persisted, and pressed on until a continuous cold, drizzling rain had turned the roads into seas of glue. Everything on wheels sank into the bottomless ooze. It required

twenty horses to start a single caisson; hundreds of the poor beasts literally died in harness. As for the soldiers, one private wrote feelingly that "Mud took all the military valor out of a man." This was not true; it required more than mud to quench valor in the Army of the Potomac. But at last even Burnside saw that the march must be given up, and men and horses struggled and floundered back to camp. Some of the division commanders regarded the deluge as heaven-sent, and at least one thought Burnside was losing his mind.

After this it was evident that the Army of the Potomac must have another commander. The President chose "Fighting Joe" Hooker, who had been free in his criticism of his superior, General Burnside, and, indeed, had not hesitated to say wherein he disapproved of the management of the whole war. In the kindest letter ever written by the ruler of a great nation to the commander of its chief army, Mr. Lincoln told him just why he had promoted him and warned him of dangers ahead. He wrote:

I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you

to be a brave and skilful soldier, which of course I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain success can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it; and now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

“He talks to me like a father,” said Hooker. “I shall not answer his letter until I have won him a victory.”

General Hooker found the right word. Lin-

coln had a father's tenderness for his great military family. It was not only for generals; his sympathy reached down through the ranks to the last private. The hours he spent every week going laboriously over details of army administration, such as sentences of court martials for desertion, which he quaintly called his "leg-cases," testify how deeply he felt for the men in the ranks and how anxious he was that not one of them should be unjustly treated. Washington, the military chief, had been a severe, but appreciative taskmaster. Lincoln, the civilian chief of one of the largest armies of modern times, was anything but severe in his dealings with men and officers. Indeed, he was so lenient as to be the despair of those who felt discipline to be all-important. He admitted that they were right in theory, but followed his instinct, which bade him temper justice with much mercy. In another branch of the theory of war this citizen-commander developed great skill as time went on. Almost every campaign and forward movement that he advocated proved by experiment to be a wise one. His acutely logical mind did not play him false when turned upon military problems, while that same logic not unfrequently caused him to detect flaws in plans submitted by men trained all their lives along military lines.

About the middle of April, General Hooker felt that he was ready to begin his forward movement; but he did so only to meet defeat at Chancellorsville in the first days of May. He started with every prospect of success, crossed the Rappahannock and gained a position from which to attack the rear of Lee's army; and then, for some cause never satisfactorily explained, his energy gave place to an indecision strangely at variance with his usual nature. The Confederates discovered that his right wing was unprotected. An aide of General Lee's, sleeping with his saddle for a pillow, woke in the chill hour before dawn on May second to see two men in earnest conversation as they bent over a little fire of twigs. It was a conference between General Lee and Stonewall Jackson. With the first rays of the sun, Jackson was leading a third of Lee's army to outflank and drive in that unprotected right wing. All day they marched, and in the evening, as the men of General Howard's division of the Army of the Potomac lounged at their ease, waiting for supper, they were startled by a strange invasion. Rabbits and birds and even deer came leaping and flying toward them through the underbrush, followed by their own comrades driven in from picket duty; and after them Stonewall Jackson's corps, three deep.



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

From a photograph by M. Miley & Son taken in 1867
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

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Before Hooker could determine what to do, the division so rudely disturbed was pressing panic-stricken upon his center, with the Confederates in close pursuit. Twilight fell upon a scene of utmost confusion. A cavalry charge, the quick shifting and wheeling into place of twenty-two guns from various batteries, and spirited work with bayonets after it had grown so dark that men were guided by the sound of firing and the flash of their comrades' guns, brought disaster in turn upon the Confederates. It was in the confusion of this twilight firing that Stonewall Jackson fell, mortally wounded by his own men as he rode, praying and exhorting, far ahead of his battle line.

By morning the damage done to the right wing of the Army of the Potomac had been almost repaired; but early on this day General Hooker met with an accident that rendered him unconscious for a time and deprived the army of his direction for several hours. The outcome was that the Union Army withdrew north of the Rappahannock and the prestige of another victory fell to Lee.

Lee's success inspired the highest hopes in the Confederacy, but more than ambition prompted him to continue his invasion of the North. The pinch of want was already being felt in the South.

It had been hinted, whether officially or not, that he might look for rations in Pennsylvania. He crossed the Potomac above Harper's Ferry and moved through Maryland into Pennsylvania, Hooker following "on the inside track," as Mr. Lincoln expressed it, to keep his army between Lee and Washington. But Hooker and Halleck, the general-in-chief, were not on good terms, and at this point their quarrel grew so acute that Hooker asked to be relieved. General George G. Meade was appointed to succeed him, while the troops continued their march with unbroken step.

By the time they reached the Pennsylvania line, the Confederates were threatening Harrisburg, spreading terror far and wide. Improvised forces gathered upon the banks of the Susquehanna; and Lee, finding that stream too well guarded, turned east. Meade was marching north, and this brought the two armies together at the town of Gettysburg in Pennsylvania, where on the first, second, and third of July the most decisive battle of the war was fought.

On the first day the Union troops made a stubborn effort to hold the town, but the Confederates drove them out of it. Half a mile to the south, however, the Union regiments established themselves on Cemetery Ridge and Hill. Several rocky elevations and a crest of boulders at its

northern end made this a natural fortress, and skilful intrenching soon rendered it nearly impregnable. Across a wide valley to the west lay Seminary Ridge, of which the Confederates as quickly took possession. The next morning both commanding generals were early in the field. Lee ordered attacks on the extreme right and the extreme left of the Union position; and the end of that day found him partly successful on the right, though completely repulsed on the left.

At dawn of the third day General Meade was the aggressor and retook the ground lost the day before. Then an ominous hush of preparation fell upon the battle-field, to be broken at noon by a furious cannonade begun by rebel guns. For an hour the ground shook and echoed, at the end of which the Union batteries ceased their answer in order to cool and be ready for the assault that was sure to follow. After a period of painful expectancy the flower of the Confederate infantry, seventeen thousand strong, moved out across the valley to be met and almost mowed down by Union grapeshot and the aim of Union riflemen from behind their rocks and intrenchments. The advancing line wavered, pressed on, wavered again, and finally disappeared in the destructive fire. A few Confederate battle-flags managed to reach the crest of Cemetery Ridge, but only to fall

there; and in that vanishing line the South's dream of capturing Philadelphia and dictating peace in Independence Hall disappeared forever.

Trees still stand as living witnesses to the fury of the fight, for they show the scars of battle after the healing of fifty summers has passed over them. Spots are still pointed out where the dead lay in heaps, as they lay in the Alamo; and a monument marks an exposed position where a gun had three cannoneers shot down in quick succession before a fourth stepped forward and fired the charge. Not all who fought that day were enrolled in the army. Tales are current upon the battle-field even yet of old John Burns, a neighborhood farmer past his threescore years and ten, a veteran of early wars, who appeared near a skirmish line in his old blue swallowtail coat with brass buttons, his rifle on his arm. The soldiers laughed; then, finding that he had really come to fight, pressed a cartridge-box upon him. He slapped his pantaloons' pocket and answered, "I can get my hand in here quicker than into a box; I ain't used to them new-fangled contraptions," and, taking his place behind a tree, fired until thrice wounded.

The losses of Gettysburg speak for themselves. Over three thousand were killed, fourteen thou-

sand wounded, and five thousand captured or missing on the Union side; there were twenty-six hundred killed, twelve thousand wounded, and five thousand missing of the Confederates. Yet it is doubtful whether either general realized at the time all that this battle meant of victory and defeat. Meade was surprised next morning to find that the Confederate Army was hurrying away toward the Potomac. Unable to cross because the river was swollen by heavy rains, Lee was detained upon its banks for a full week. This gave Meade ample time to pursue, and the end of the war seemed in sight. But he let the golden opportunity pass, though, as Mr. Lincoln said in sorrow, the entire Confederate Army had been within his easy grasp. On the night of July 13, Lee and his men got safely across the river; Meade followed, but never did he regain the chance he lost while the swollen waters held his opponent in a trap. Repeated minor engagements took place; but the weeks lengthened into months, and when cold weather again drove the opposing armies into winter quarters, they confronted each other not far south of where they had been in 1861.

One other event that makes that day of battle memorable belongs to no one section of the coun-

try, but to all. The battle-field of Gettysburg was turned into a great national cemetery where the soldiers from North and South, East and West, lie buried. It was in setting aside the ground for this pious use that President Lincoln pronounced the noble dedication whose words we cannot too often recall. He said:

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate,—we cannot consecrate,—we cannot hallow,—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall

not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS

AFTER the fall of Vicksburg, the most important point remaining in rebel hands in the West was Chattanooga in eastern Tennessee. This was the chief railroad center of the South, where lines from the West connected with those from Atlanta and the coast. The task of capturing it had been entrusted to General Rosecrans, a soldier of spirit, but testy and petulantly inclined to dispute suggestions sent him from Washington. He had commanded the Army of the Cumberland since August, 1862, and on the last day of December and in the early days of January, 1863, had displayed such high qualities during the heavy fighting at Murfreesboro that the President sent him and his army a telegram of thanks in behalf of the whole nation.

It seemed to be the nature of General Rosecrans to alternate brilliant activity with long periods during which he was incapable of doing anything except drill his troops and quarrel with the powers above him. After Murfreesboro it

was midsummer before he moved again. Then he woke from his lethargy and in nine days of skilful strategy forced the Confederate General Bragg to retire as far as Chattanooga. This movement, ending on the day before the fall of Vicksburg, added its share to the Union rejoicing. Again Rosecrans became stationary and remained so for six weeks, to the great distress of the President and general-in-chief, who felt that the Confederates should not be allowed to rest and fortify that important gateway to the Confederacy. In August they sent Rosecrans imperative orders to advance. He delayed ten days, to assert his independence; then taking the field, he crossed three mountain-ranges and the Tennessee River, while Bragg was expecting him to move by a different route, and compelled the Confederates to abandon Chattanooga, the Union Army entering the town without firing a shot. But to do this Rosecrans dangerously scattered his forces, and Bragg, who was not in full flight as Rosecrans fondly imagined, turned and attempted to whip the Federal detachments before they could be reunited. In this he failed, and on September 19 the two armies lay on opposite sides of Chickamauga Creek, eight miles from Chattanooga.

That day and the next witnessed a battle in

which there were enough dramatic turns of fortune to furnish plots for a whole series of military novels. Because of a miscarriage of orders on the second day a gap was left in the Union line through which Confederate battalions rushed with a momentum that swept the whole Union right into disorderly retreat. Rosecrans himself was caught in the panic and, believing the day lost, hurried to Chattanooga to report the disaster and save the remnants of his flying army; but his second in command, General George H. Thomas, took up a strong position at the head of a ridge and maintained it through a long afternoon, gradually collecting about him half the Union army and repulsing assault after assault with a steadiness that earned him the sobriquet, "The Rock of Chickamauga."

The Union forces remained in possession of Chickamauga, but almost in a state of siege, for Bragg quickly closed in upon them and blockaded their river communications. The only way in which they could get supplies was by hauling them sixty miles over a difficult road. It was impossible to bring in enough to keep men or animals in good condition. Ten thousand horses and mules died of starvation, and each one that perished made it increasingly difficult to provide for the soldiers and beasts that remained. Jefferson

Davis visited the Confederate camp on Lookout Mountain at this time, and from the height above the town surveyed his enemies and rejoiced that they were caught "like rats in a trap."

When it became evident that Rosecrans was powerless to extricate the Army of the Cumberland from its peril he was removed, and General Thomas was promoted to his place, while Grant, now in command of all the Union forces between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, was directed to go in person to Chattanooga. On the way he met and talked with General Rosecrans, who explained the situation and made some excellent suggestions. Grant wondered why he had not carried them out. General Grant had sent a telegram to General Thomas, directing him to hold out, and had received an answer after his own heart, "We will hold the town till we starve." But the full force of that message came to him only when he beheld the wrecks of wagons and the skeletons of horses lying by the roadside and saw how bare the surrounding country had been stripped of food and forage. Even before he arrived, General William F. Smith had worked out a plan by which the long line of sixty miles could be reduced to eight. Under Grant's encouragement this change was quickly made, and in ten days the men were strong once more, and

the Confederates, aware that a new spirit animated their enemies, began to wonder if, after all, their prey was secure. General Hooker arrived with the reinforcement of two whole corps from the Army of the Potomac. General Sherman was expected with his army; awaiting his arrival, Grant wrote his orders for a battle, leaving the date blank.

Chattanooga lies in a great curve of the Tennessee River. Back of the town a plain two miles wide stretches to Missionary Ridge, a narrow mountain several miles in length. That portion of Missionary Ridge opposite the town was crowned with heavy rebel guns and defended by abundant infantry, as was also the much higher elevation some distance south and west called Lookout Mountain. It was from this height that Jefferson Davis had looked down upon the Union army. The Confederates also held a low hill on the level plain known as Orchard Knob. Grant's task was to gain possession of all these heights. He ordered Sherman's Army of the Tennessee to storm the north end of Missionary Ridge. General Hooker's two corps from the Army of the Potomac, which had been camped thirteen miles away on account of the famine, were directed to move upon Chattanooga, possessing themselves of Lookout Mountain on the way; and Thomas's

men, already in the town, were to attack Missionary Ridge in front after Sherman had advanced far enough to make their help of use.

Grant intended to begin the battle on November 21, but rain delayed it for two days. Then the clouds and fog that had filled the valley lifted like a curtain and disclosed to the Confederates two splendid divisions of Union troops moving out with music and banners and all the precision of a dress-parade. At first the spectators mistook it for this; but as they watched, the holiday spectacle changed to sudden earnest. The Union troops made a quick rush forward and, before their opponents knew what was happening, had driven in the Confederate pickets, seized the first line of rifle-pits, gained possession of Orchard Knob, and turned its guns upon its former occupants.

Evening closed with a great roar of artillery on both sides, and that night Sherman led his men across the Tennessee River to begin the attack on Missionary Ridge. He labored at this all the next day; but the dramatic interest of that second day's fighting centered on Lookout Mountain. Its palisaded crest and steeply furrowed sides had been made, by means of excellent rifle-pits and breastworks, into a citadel capable of defense by a mere handful. The forces led against

it by General Hooker were about equal in number to its defenders, who had, of course, their great advantage of position. But the Union soldiers were not without a protection of their own, banks of rolling cloud to oppose to these ramparts of stone. The mists had lifted only temporarily, and it was behind curtains of trailing vapor that they climbed warily, but steadily, upward. Sometimes they crouched waiting under the very muzzles of rebel cannon; again, taking advantage of the drifting mist, they advanced boldly over ledges and rocks. Their watching comrades on the plain below could see only masses of shifting cloud pierced by red flashes from the discharging guns. Then the clouds would part, give a momentary glimpse of battle-flags and advancing men, and shut down again, blotting out everything except the noise of conflict. At two o'clock the darkness was so great that the fight had to stop. When the thickest clouds rolled away, it began anew, but by four o'clock this unique struggle was over.

That night the defenders of Lookout Mountain withdrew, to throw all their force against General Sherman. A day's advance had brought him to the point on Missionary Ridge that he had selected as his first objective; but once there he found that his work was all to do over again,

since Missionary Ridge was not one long continuous mountain as he had supposed it to be. A valley still separated him from the strong position of his opponent; but, as nothing more could be done before daylight, he intrenched and waited, the gleam of his camp-fires cheering Grant with the belief that he had fully succeeded. Next morning he attacked, and the conflict upon this third and final day of the battle lasted well into the afternoon. From noon until three o'clock Sherman looked anxiously for the expected help from General Thomas, while Thomas's soldiers waited impatient for the signal to advance. General Thomas, with Grant and a group of officers, stood upon Orchard Knob watching the progress of the fight. The first line of Confederate intrenchments lay four or five hundred yards in front of the troops. From that point to the top of Missionary Ridge, which bristled with guns, was perhaps nine hundred yards more. Half-way up the slope there was a third line of defenses.

When at last the longed-for order came, the line rushed forward at full speed. General Sheridan of the cavalry, who was in the lead, looked back and thought that nothing on earth could withstand such a magnificent array of men and steel. The Confederates, seeing them com-

ing, threw themselves flat in their trenches, and the Union soldiers went over and beyond them before they could stop. A thousand Confederate prisoners were taken in the rush, and sent to the rear under a leaden rain that poured upon friend and foe alike.

The order had been for the Federal troops to halt at the first line of trenches and reform; but to stop in that murderous fire was death, while to turn back was impossible to men filled with their spirit. One by one the color-bearers made their way to the front. The men sprang after them and, paying small heed to regiments or lines of formation, the whole mass began to mount the hill. The strongest were nearest the colors, but all seemed to sweep upward together. From time to time they dropped upon the ground, panting and out of breath. At such moments the Confederates were sure they had been repulsed; but each time the blue line lifted and went on.

The group on Orchard Knob watched in tingling excitement. As the troops broke away from the first line of intrenchments to begin the perilous climb, Grant turned quickly to Thomas and demanded, "By whose order is this?" Thomas, who knew his men, smiled proudly and answered, "By their own, I fancy." As they neared the summit, General Smith looked away, so fearful

was he of failure; but Grant watched, with his face stern and set. When the Union line poured over the summit like the crest of a wave, a cheer broke forth that seemed to fill the whole valley. General Bragg had been riding along the ridge in triumph only a moment earlier, believing the charge repulsed. He turned to see his men in flight and his own guns being trained upon them. General Sheridan, who was a small man, but the embodiment of energy, had been in the lead below, and reached the summit with the best of them, though horseless. He climbed upon a cannon and from that height urged on the pursuit. Even Grant's calm gave way under the excitement; and feeling the need for instant action, he ordered his horse and galloped away to the newly captured ridge.

Once more the country rang with Grant's praises. Congress voted him a gold medal and revived the grade of lieutenant general, a rank previously held in America only by Washington, and in brevet by General Scott. He was called East to receive his new commission, and a little scene took place in the White House that was characteristic of the simplicity of both President and general. Lincoln made a speech of less than a hundred words in handing him the commission, and Grant, with very evident embarrassment,

read a reply that he had penciled on half a sheet of note-paper. These unavoidable formalities out of the way, the two had a comfortable talk together, quite without ceremony. Grant asked what special service was expected of him, and the President answered that the people desired him to take Richmond. He said that he could do this, provided enough troops were given him; and these were promised.

Richmond was to be taken; but after all that was only an incident. Grant knew that the capital of the Confederacy might fall and its civil government be scattered to the four winds, yet the Confederacy live on as long as its splendid army commanded by a splendid general remained in the field. Lee had become the idol of the South; its affections seeming to cling to him the more closely as faith in Jefferson Davis waned and real hope of Confederate success faded away. "Lee's army will be your objective," Grant instructed General Meade, who was still in command of the Army of the Potomac. "Where Lee goes, there you will go also." Being now at the head of all the armies of the United States, Grant determined to use all, as nearly as possible at the same moment, for this one task of vanquishing Lee's army.

The new lieutenant-general gave little time to

laying plans and none at all to loitering. He received his commission on the ninth of March. The next day he visited General Meade at his headquarters, and there he spent one day studying the situation with the silent intensity peculiar to him. Returning to Washington, he declined an invitation to dine at the Executive Mansion, with the characteristic explanation, "Really, Mr. President, I am tired of all this show-business," and was off to the West to arrange his affairs and sever personal connection with the armies that had given him his victories. He promised to return within ten days. Eastern newspapers were amazed. "He hardly slept on his long journey East," was the comment, "yet he went to work at at once." This is significant not only of the ways of his predecessors, but of the difference between railroad travel in the sixties and now. We do not consider the journey he made a long one.

General Sherman was promoted to Grant's position in the West, and the two met to discuss the coming campaign. They agreed upon two leading movements. Sherman was to start from Chattanooga and lead the combined Western armies against the Confederates under General Joseph E. Johnston, who had succeeded General Bragg, while Grant was personally to conduct the Army of the Potomac against the army under

General Lee. The two Confederate forces were eight hundred miles apart. Should either give way, it was to be followed to battle or surrender in order to prevent the two coming together. A few minor expeditions were to be arranged or were already under way; but these were the main outlines of the plan.

The Army of the Potomac had present for duty one hundred and twenty-two thousand men; Lee's Army of Northern Virginia numbered about sixty-two thousand. But this was not so overwhelmingly in Grant's favor as at first appears, because the Confederates held an immense advantage of position. Every hill and by-path of the country was familiar to Lee, while to Grant the region was entirely strange. Every white inhabitant was Lee's friend, ready to sacrifice all he possessed for the Confederate cause. Lee could retire, if he chose, into the prepared fortifications of Richmond, where, according to Grant's opinion, "one man inside to defend was more than equal to five outside besieging and assaulting." Another element of very real strength possessed by Lee's army was its pride in the fact that for three years it had successfully barred the way to Richmond. Every Union general pitted against it had failed, and it

occupied nearly the same position it had held at the opening of the war.

It was indeed a wonderful army, and its leader was undoubtedly the most brilliant military man the war had produced. Grant, who had known Lee personally in Mexico, realized his quality, and did not underestimate the difficulties of his task; but, as he wrote in his memoirs: "The natural disposition of most people is to clothe a commander of a large army whom they do not know with almost superhuman abilities. A large part of the national army, for instance, and most of the press of the country, clothed General Lee with just such qualities; but I had known him personally, and knew that he was human,—and it was just as well that I felt this."

Hints of increasing want and of growing hardship in the Confederacy now came frequently to the North. With these in mind, and the glow of Grant's western success kindling popular imagination, not many people realized that a long year of most destructive warfare still lay between Grant and his goal. Undoubtedly that also was just as well. He set forth with the utmost confidence of the country and the administration. President Lincoln, who had been forced so many times since the beginning of the war to interpose

in military matters, took care to let Grant know that he did not intend to hamper his movements. He wrote:

Not expecting to see you again before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plan I neither know nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant; and pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any constraints or restraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster or capture of our men in great numbers shall be avoided, I know these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know. And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you.

CHAPTER XXVII

ALL TOGETHER

THE month of April was devoted to preparation, and on May 4, 1864, when spring sunshine had dried the roads and the battle-scarred orchards of Virginia were again in bloom, Grant began his campaign against Richmond. It resolved itself into two parts: first, six weeks of swift marching and hard fighting, during which he strove to defeat Lee in open battle and failed; then a long siege of Richmond that succeeded. The first was a contest of strategy as well as of battle. Grant endeavored to get south of his enemy, moving by the left flank. He bore off toward his own left in an effort to get around the right of Lee's army. Lee responded by throwing his men against the flanks of Grant's columns.

The campaign had hardly commenced before the two were fighting in the region called the Wilderness, a wild tangle of woods and streams where only a few men could be seen at a time and the effective use of large bodies of troops was impossible. The first battle raged from the fifth to

the seventh of May, and was inconclusive, though Grant lost fifteen thousand men. The Army of the Potomac wondered if he was to be like all the rest of its commanders. Instead of ordering a halt or a retreat as they would have done, Grant ordered a further advance.

On the tenth of May, Lee's strong position near Spotsylvania Court House was fiercely assailed, to little purpose. At the end of the first week of the campaign the Union general wrote his report of the fighting and heavy losses, ending it with that famous phrase of his, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

On the twelfth the Union forces stormed and held the earthworks known as the "Bloody angle," or "Hell's half-acre." In all the hard-fought battles of the Civil War, few so deserved the name. Trees a foot and a half in diameter were completely cut in two by musket balls. Men fought hand to hand across the breastworks; and after breastworks were demolished, skulls were crushed, and guns were fired muzzle to muzzle. The enormous losses filled the newspapers, and people called Grant a butcher; but time only strengthened the army's belief in him. His imperturbable calm bred confidence. He was one of the very few men whose nerves are absolutely steady under fire. He appeared not to know that

shots were flying. There was little of the pomp of war about him. Dressed like a private, save for the shoulder-straps denoting his rank, without retinue beyond an aide or two, he rode wherever duty called him. "Is it all right, General?" a private would ask as he passed. A nod and, "Yes, I think so," and he would be gone, but his mood remained behind. "Lee no longer commands both of these armies!" the soldiers exulted. "We've got a general of our own now."

So they went on, marching and fighting, until they reached Cold Harbor, ten miles from Richmond, with Lee's intrenched camp between it and them. Two days of inconclusive fighting were followed by a day of rest, after which Grant ordered an attack on the third of June to break through the barrier. This attack also failed; and though it was over before eight o'clock in the morning, the Union loss was between five and six thousand, an even heavier toll for the time the battle lasted than the tremendous loss at Fredericksburg.

After this Grant and his men disappeared as suddenly and completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. "Where is Grant's army?" "Find Grant's army," Lee telegraphed frantically to his generals. What Grant had really done was to move once more by the right

flank, "as though," one of his biographers admiringly observes, "Cold Harbor had never existed." It was an audacious thing to do, almost as audacious as his successful march upon Vicksburg. This time he had to withdraw from positions within a few hundred feet of a watchful enemy and to cross two unbridged rivers, the Chickahominy and the James, in order to join General Butler's Army of the James, fifty miles away. Lee commanded bridges over both these rivers and, having inside lines, could get south of Richmond before Grant, and might even destroy Butler's force before he arrived. "But the move had to be made," Grant believed, "and I relied upon Lee not seeing my danger as I saw it."

This sentence gives the key to the fundamental difference between the first commander of the Army of the Potomac and its last one. It was not Grant's dogged persistence so much as the contrast in their manner of reasoning. McClellan invariably overestimated the numbers of his antagonist and underestimated the difficulties under which he labored. If it rained, the mud would affect the movements of his own troops, but never those of his opponent. Grant reasoned more clearly both ways from a given point; and if any favor was to be given, was apt to claim it

for his own army. He "relied upon Lee not seeing" the matter quite as he saw it.

The great losses at Cold Harbor convinced him that he could not fight it out on that line without a hideous sacrifice of life; and this move of his across the James was in anticipation of a siege. Richmond was strongly fortified, its defenses having been planned not only to protect that city, but Petersburg, the town twenty-three miles to the south from which the rebel capital drew all its supplies. Three railroads and two plank roads converged at Petersburg, and Grant hoped by this sudden move to gain possession of it before Lee could send sufficient force to oppose him, well knowing that, with Petersburg in his hands, the larger town must surrender or starve. He almost succeeded; but the narrow margin of failure made a nine months' siege necessary.

Including General Butler's army and the reinforcements that Grant received from the North, he had about one hundred and fifty thousand to Lee's seventy thousand inside excellent defenses where, according to Grant's estimate, one man counted for as many as five outside. Grant pursued the policy of threatening Lee's lines alternately north and south of the James River, gradually pushing his own lines out meanwhile to gain

and command the various roads that brought supplies into Richmond. In time they reached a total of forty miles, and the end came when Lee was no longer able to man his defenses along their entire length. That day was yet far distant, and Lee used every device to make his adversary's task difficult.

Meantime, on the day after Grant started upon his march, Sherman began operations near the battle-ground of Chattanooga and gradually pushed his antagonist as far south as Atlanta. Grant's main object being to annihilate an army, while Sherman's was to gain territory, they used different methods. Grant pounded away, fighting with sledge-hammer blows, reckless of human life; Sherman manœvered with his antagonist Johnston for position, fighting a little here and a little there, but refusing battle under unfavorable conditions. Although Sherman wrote that during the month of May fighting was continuous across one hundred miles of country so filled with trees and undergrowth that it was rarely possible to see one hundred yards ahead, his loss was small compared with Grant's. When he neared Atlanta he changed his tactics, and a fortnight of heavy fighting ensued, with two principal battles, one at Pine Mountain on the fourteenth of June, and the other at Kenesaw Moun-



GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN

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tain on June 27. Both of these were gallantly fought and stubbornly repulsed. Then the commanders returned to their earlier game of maneuver, and in July Johnston was forced to fall back into the carefully prepared fortifications of Atlanta. He had shown himself skilful and vigilant at every step; and Sherman, with approximately double numbers, had never once been able to take him at a disadvantage. But constant falling back was most unwelcome to the Confederate authorities, and in response to clamor for greater "energy," General Johnston was relieved and replaced by General John B. Hood, one of his corps commanders who had freely criticized his superior. He began by making vigorous attacks upon Sherman's positions, but soon found that he had more than he could do in guarding the defenses of Atlanta, which had to be evacuated by the Confederates in the early days of September.

Atlanta was a Southern city that had been transformed by the war. It had become a town of mills and foundries, from which the Confederates drew a large part of their ammunition and military equipment. Its loss was, therefore, a heavy blow. Sherman proceeded to turn it into a purely military post. He furnished transportation south for its noncombatants and their be-

longings, and strengthened its defenses until they were nearly impregnable. General Hood protested against the "barbarity" of sending away the inhabitants; but Sherman replied that war was war and that he was willing to abide by the judgment of posterity as to whether it was more humane to fight with a town full of women and children behind him or to send them away to places of safety.

He was secure enough in his new stronghold; but his communications now depended upon a line of almost two hundred and seventy miles of railway to Nashville. Hood, who was too weak to attack Atlanta, devoted himself to systematic attacks upon this. After a season both sides grew tired of it as a futile waste of time and men. The Confederate attacks changed into an invasion of Tennessee, while Sherman made up his mind that, instead of losing one thousand men a month in merely defending a railroad, it was better to abandon the whole line, to send part of his men under General Thomas to the defense of Tennessee, to destroy Atlanta's mills so that they would be useless to the Confederates, and to march eastward with the remainder of his army, "making the interior of Georgia feel the weight of war."

General Thomas's part in this program included winning the hard-fought battle of Frank-

lin on November 30. This was such a crushing victory that Hood's army was reduced to panic, and from that time ceased to be a factor in the struggle. But for some reason much less attention is given in history to this excellent work of this most excellent commander than to the joyous and care-free march of Sherman's men as they swept almost unopposed to the sea. The Confederate authorities called upon the people of Georgia to "fly to arms and assail the invader in front and in rear, by night and by day"; but there was not sufficient strength left in the region to respond. While Kilpatrick's cavalry kept the Union front and flanks free from such improvised forces as presented themselves, and the negroes flocked to join the "invaders" in numbers that were embarrassing, Sherman's infantry marched across the State in four columns abreast, jubilantly gathering in provisions and wrecking all property that might be of military use to the Confederates, completing the destruction of railways in a most thorough manner by heating the rails red hot over bonfires made of the wooden ties, and twisting them, while thus heated, around convenient tree-trunks.

Those days of idleness while McClellan's army drilled and drew its rations and was reviewed by its handsome commander, and this march of

Sherman's bronzed veterans over the uplands of Georgia through the delightful autumn weather were the two episodes of ease in the long struggle of the common soldiers with the sordid details of war. The first was useless, and the march of Sherman's men was denounced by the South as the act of vandals,—an accusation inevitable, though doubtless colored by hate and personal loss.

On December 10, Sherman reached the outer defenses of Savannah; and before Christmas he had captured the city. When five weeks later he led his men northward to join Grant, it was no holiday excursion that they began. The bracing weather of autumn had given way to winter storms, and the country through which they marched was that region of swamp-bordered rivers through which British and patriot armies had battled during the Revolution. In addition to the work of military destruction and of foraging to relieve their own hunger and increase the hunger of their adversaries, there were now endless miles of corduroy road to be built through mire into which the builders sank waist-deep. Under such conditions they traveled four hundred and twenty-five miles in fifty days, crossed five navigable rivers, occupied three important cities, and rendered the railroad system of South Carolina

quite useless. As they neared the North Carolina line, Sherman learned that his old antagonist Johnston had been summoned by General Lee to oppose his progress. Knowing and honoring the excellent qualities of this chief, he became more circumspect. Johnston fought two engagements, but the force that he had been able to gather was too small to seriously inconvenience Sherman. On reaching Goldsboro on the twenty-third of March, Sherman joined a Union army under General Schofield, which had reached that point by sea only a few hours ahead of him, and the combined force of nearly ninety thousand swept on toward Virginia.

Slow as had been the progress of the war, the Union gains, year by year, were distinctly marked. At the end of 1861 the Confederacy controlled a solid block of territory covering more than a quarter, though less than a third, of the whole area of the United States. By the end of 1862 this had been almost, but not quite, cut in two along the Mississippi River. At the close of 1863 a wide band of territory on each side of the Mississippi was safely in Union hands, and each sundered half had been encroached upon elsewhere. The end of 1864 saw the Confederacy cut into four parts; and by the beginning of March, 1865, the operations of Grant and

Sherman and the bringing of troops East from Nashville to prevent Lee's escape into the mountains had virtually narrowed the field of conflict to the neighborhood of Richmond.

It had been by no means steady progress. As late as July, 1864, General Jubal A. Early had suddenly led a force out of the Shenandoah Valley to within six or seven miles of the Capitol at Washington. In September, General Sheridan had swept down the same green tunnel, with all the impetuosity he displayed at Chattanooga, and had not only defeated Early, but had laid waste that granary of the Confederacy with such thoroughness that there came to be a saying that "a crow flying the length of the valley had to take his rations with him." Gradually, but inevitably, the hand of famine was tightening upon the Confederacy. To use that phrase which wakens pity and horror at once, the South was being "bled white." Soldier for soldier and man for man, it was never conquered. Woman for woman the mothers and daughters of the South matched in devotion any that the world has ever seen. One of their futile attempts at sacrifice was the proposal that the women of the South should give their hair as a common donation toward the payment of the Confederate debt.

The credit of the Confederacy had sunk to a

point where even the zeal represented by such a gift could no longer avert disaster. The rebellion was nearing the end of its resources. Want stared at the Southern people from every side. Their railroads, such as had escaped the destruction of Sherman's march, had become so worn and dilapidated that they could carry,—and carry very badly,—only a part of the little freight still left to transport. Food was scarce and enormously high. Flour cost a thousand dollars a barrel in Confederate currency. Slaves had ceased to have any money value. Most serious of all, the strength of the South had been sapped in the brave men who died upon the battle-field. They had perished and it could never be replaced. Squads of soldiers were sent out upon the streets of Richmond with orders to arrest every able-bodied man they saw, and conscription laws made boys of fourteen liable to military duty.

The Union authorities knew all these things and could therefore form a very accurate guess about actual conditions in the rebel capital, but no guess at all as to the length of time these brave foes could still nerve themselves to hold out.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A GENEROUS VICTOR

THE siege of Richmond went on for weeks and months with many grim incidents, as Grant stretched his lines westward and gained possession, one after another, of the roads that brought food to its inhabitants. The grimmest incident of all was the explosion of the mine at Petersburg late in July, when the colonel of a regiment of Pennsylvania miners used the skill of his men in an attempt to blow a hole in the Confederate defenses through which assaulting columns might rush and capture the town. The garrison of Petersburg learned what was being done and countermined madly, to find the spot and stop the digging, while the whole town was in a panic, not knowing when or where the explosion would come.

It was timed for daybreak on July 30, and the commanding general bivouacked that night near by. The hour came; twenty minutes passed, yet there was no explosion. Every moment's delay counted against success, as daylight must show

the Confederates the troops formed for the assault. An officer learned that the fuse had been lighted at the proper time. Another fifteen minutes passed in tense silence. Then the Pennsylvanians sent word that two of their number had volunteered in face of almost certain death to enter the tunnel and find out what was wrong. They discovered that the fire had been interrupted at a point where the fuse was spliced. It was re-lighted. A shock like an earthquake was followed by the heaving into the air of a great cone-shaped mass of earth that hung poised a long moment while tongues of flame shot through it like lightning through the clouds. Then it came down in a dreadful shower of earth and splintered wood and mutilated human bodies almost upon the heads of the Union soldiers. A hole was torn in the ground, thirty feet deep and almost two hundred feet long. The sides were so steep that, once in, it was almost impossible to climb out again. The officer in actual charge of the assault proved unequal to his task. The soldiers attempted to go on without leaders and became confused, some stopping to help wounded Confederates, some intent only on scrambling up the steep sides of the pit. The defenders of Petersburg rallied on the opposite side, as more Union soldiers struggled toward the trap, while shells

and shot shrieked through the air. It was Grant himself who extricated the men, risking his life unprotected on the outside of the Union earth-works to give the order to withdraw, while an aide followed, sick with apprehension. Of course he had no right thus to expose himself; the order to withdraw could have been carried by some one else; but hearts will quicken and blood tingle in sympathy with a commander who so forgets his duty to right a hopeless blunder.

At the very end of January, 1865, three high officials of the Confederate Government, including its vice-president, came to Grant's headquarters, desiring a conference with Mr. Lincoln. They worded their request in such a way that it seemed to the President well worth while to meet them in person, and he made the journey; but the interview came to nothing, for despite the straits to which their cause was reduced, they were not yet ready to admit that it had failed. On March 3, about a month after this interview, Grant received from General Lee a proposal that the two meet with a view "to a satisfactory adjustment of the present unhappy difficulties by means of a military convention." Grant saw in the wording of this another attempt to enter into political and not military negotiations, and referred it to Washington for instructions. The

answer was as he expected, that he must hold no conference with General Lee except for the capitulation of Lee's army or for some purely military matter.

By this time all the roads leading out of Petersburg were in Union hands, with the exception of a single line of railway, and Grant began to fear that Lee might be moving his soldiers to safety by this route and that he himself would wake up some morning to find the whole Confederate Army gone, leaving only a picket-line behind. If this should happen, the war might drag on for another year. But Lee determined to make one more dash at Grant's lines before giving up Richmond. Grant had warned his generals to be on the lookout for such a move, and had added, "With proper alacrity in this respect, I would have no objection to seeing the enemy get through,"—a statement which shows the degree of confidence he reposed in his army.

Before daylight on March 25 the Confederates made an assault upon Fort Stedman, opposite the Petersburg defenses, with such vigor that it bade fair to succeed. The Union pickets mistook the Confederate skirmishers for an unusually large party of deserters, and the storming party that followed with a rush gained temporary possession of the fort, but with increasing daylight, the loss

was quickly retrieved. That this mere incident of the siege, not important enough to be dignified by the name of battle, cost Lee four thousand men and Grant two thousand shows the proportions to which the struggle had grown.

Grant had been impatient to begin the forward movement that he felt sure must end the war; but it was necessary to wait for the roads to become hard after the winter storms; and he also wanted the help of Sheridan, who was away with his cavalry on a final expedition in the Shenandoah. On March 29 this last movement of the war began. President Lincoln, who was at Grant's headquarters on one of the short visits that gave him relief from the strain of office, accompanied Grant and his staff to the railroad that carried them the first few miles on their way. He had a hand-clasp and a word for each of the little group as they stepped aboard their car; and the last thing they saw as the engine bore them away was the tall gaunt form of the President, standing almost alone upon the platform, looking after them, hat in hand.

This culminating movement of the war was to be a movement to the left, but the general-in-chief gave out to his officers details of another plan that might be followed in case things went badly. He did not intend to have any miscarriage of his



GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN

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real design looked upon as a serious defeat. The campaign developed from hour to hour. A storm set in which reduced the Virginia roads to that state of mud which "takes the valor out of a man" and causes artillery wagons to stand as firmly fixed as though rooted to the center of the earth. But if this somewhat dampened the ardor with which the troops set forth, Grant's confidence and Sheridan's whirlwind enthusiasm fanned it again to eagerness.

Sheridan advanced to Five Forks, an important junction of roads southwest of Petersburg, where Lee gave him one of the liveliest days of his experience. A messenger sent by Grant to learn how things were going found him being pushed back toward Dinwiddie Court House; but the band of his rear-guard was playing "Nelly Bly" as gaily as for a picnic, though with instruments somewhat damaged, and Sheridan stoutly maintained that his opponent, General Pickett, was worse off than himself. Grant, more apprehensive than Sheridan, passed the night making arrangements for his relief; but General Pickett was evidently of Sheridan's own opinion, for he withdrew into his intrenchments. Sheridan followed, and in the thick of the fight next day, upon his coal-black battle-horse Rienzi, cheered on his men with such vigor that it seemed the dead them-

selves might respond. He did in truth galvanize the severely wounded to renewed life, and gained a victory by which Lee's right wing was completely shattered.

That sealed the fate of Richmond. News that the capital must be abandoned reached the city on a quiet Sunday morning while many of its inhabitants were at church. The Sabbath calm broke at once into feverish activity. Banks were opened and besieged by lines of anxious depositors. State papers were hurriedly bundled up to be sent to places of safety. Railroad trains rumbled away, crowded to their utmost limit, leaving hundreds of would-be passengers behind. The governor and legislature of Virginia departed by canal-boat; and in the slave-traders' jail a last slave-coffe was hurriedly chained together to be taken south; but in the confusion and lack of transportation it mercifully went to pieces.

Next morning Grant and Meade entered Petersburg early enough to see the streets ahead of them still packed with gray-coated hurrying soldiers. Confident of Lee's speedy surrender, Grant had not the heart to turn his artillery upon the departing enemy. After the last Confederate regiment had passed over the bridge, Petersburg became as quiet as a city of the dead. Being in pursuit of Lee's army, Grant had no time for

captured capitals and did not himself enter Richmond. General Weitzel, sent with soldiers both black and white to preserve order, found the city in flames and given over to an orgy of lawlessness. The colored regiments worked with a will to put out the fires; but the sight of former slaves in the uniform of their conquerors must have seemed to the inhabitants of Richmond the last bitter drop in their cup of humiliation.

Bending every energy to get his army safely away to join Johnston in South Carolina, Lee kept up a fine show of spirits. His regiments were ordered to rendezvous at Amelia Court House, where provisions were to meet them. It was a terrible disappointment, when the half-famished men gathered there on April 4, to find no food awaiting them. A delay of twenty-four hours was necessary to collect supplies, and this proved fatal; for by the time they could start again, their pursuers had spread out so that Lee was obliged to change his course. He turned directly west toward Lynchburg; but Sheridan, in the advance as usual, learned of his altered plan.

A man in Confederate uniform emerged from the bushes by the roadside as Grant rode by and, ignoring the threatening bayonets that instantly surrounded him, took a tin-foil pellet from his mouth, saluted, and handed him Sheridan's dis-

patch. Grant gave it one glance, ordered a fresh horse, and bade the scout lead the way. Accompanied by four officers and only fourteen men, he followed through the gathering dusk and through the moonlight, while the scout led them so close to Confederate camp-fires that one of the officers cocked his pistol and held it ready, half convinced that the chief was being decoyed into ambush. But the scout brought the little party to Sheridan's pickets, who demurred at letting it pass, so incredulous were they that the lieutenant-general could be roaming the country thus informally by night. A few of the soldiers, sleeping on their arms, woke and recognized Grant picking his way among them, and fell to speculating under their breath as to what was to happen on the morrow. After conferring with Sheridan, Grant went on to the camp of General Meade, and in this manner the night passed.

It rained, and the soldiers were weary, but buoyed up by the consciousness of great things to come, they swept on next day in fine form. That night Union headquarters was in a little country tavern at Farmville south of the Appomattox River. As they marched by, the troops spied their general sitting on the dark piazza and gave him an ovation. Bonfires were hastily lighted, torches improvised, and cheers rang from throats

already hoarse. Pursuit and flight continued throughout the sixth of April, the Confederates halting and partly intrenching, only to be driven out of each position. On the seventh, Lee's officers advised him to surrender, but he answered that they had too many men to consider such a thing. Grant passed that night in a room which had been occupied by Lee only a few hours earlier; and before he slept sent the Confederate general a note pointing out the hopelessness of resistance, saying that he felt it his duty, in order to shift from himself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, to ask him to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia. Lee's answer was not "satisfactory," and the remnant of the Confederate Army stole away again in the night on the desperate chance of finding food at Appomattox and some way of reaching General Johnston.

On the evening of April 8, General Sheridan succeeded in planting himself directly across Lee's line of retreat; and though he had only cavalry with him, and Lee's whole force was coming up the road, he held his ground. Supporting regiments soon arrived, and next morning, when the Confederates advanced, believing they had only horse to contend with, the cavalry fell back, disclosing rank on rank of blue-coated infantry.

Then Lee knew that the marching days of the Army of Northern Virginia were over forever.

On Sunday, April 9, a week almost to the very hour from the moment Richmond's calm had changed to the confusion of flight, the generals of the two armies met at the house of Mr. McLean at Appomattox Court House. Grant had offered either to meet General Lee in person or to send officers to meet any officers he might name. Washington had been equally considerate at Yorktown, and it will be remembered that Cornwallis, rather than bear the personal humiliation of surrender, had sent General O'Hara. Lee, disdainful of such subterfuge, came himself to give up his sword, a courtly figure, gray of beard, gray of hair, gray of uniform, which was immaculately new. Grant, who had not seen his personal belongings since his night conference with Sheridan, stepped forward to meet him, still clad in his private's blouse with the shoulder-straps of a lieutenant-general, wearing no sword, and with his boot-tops spattered with mud. He seemed depressed, and his evident desire to make the interview as easy as possible for Lee caused one of the younger witnesses of the historic meeting to whisper under his breath, "Who is surrendering here, anyhow?"

It was the defeated general who brought the

conversation to the point by inquiring what terms Grant was willing to accord; and after Grant had stated them and the conversation had passed to other matters, returned to it and asked that they be set down in writing. It is interesting that a full-blooded Indian, Colonel Parker, was the best penman on Grant's staff and copied out his chief's liberal terms, while Lee's secretary did the same with the Confederate general's short letter of acceptance. When these momentous documents had been signed and delivered, Lee took his leave, Grant and his staff accompanying him to the door and standing with hats raised as he mounted and rode slowly away.

The news of the surrender spread like wildfire through the Union camps. Grant's gunners prepared to fire a national salute, but he forbade it. Before the week had passed, the nation was plunged in deepest mourning by the assassination of President Lincoln, the strong, patient civilian who had been at the head of army and country through four long years of war. Because of his death, there was never any national or widespread expression of rejoicing over the end of strife.

The war virtually ended at Appomattox, though General Johnston did not surrender to General Sherman until the twenty-sixth of April,

and General E. Kirby Smith held out beyond the Mississippi for a month longer. Before the end of May, however, the last Confederate soldier had laid down his arms. Before the end of May, also, occurred that final review of the Union armies as they marched up Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington before disbanding to fade away into the ranks of civil life.

First came the oldest of the volunteer armies, the Army of the Potomac, with General Meade riding at its head. People cheered, and strewed its way with flowers. Next came the cavalry, seven miles of horsemen, led by General Merritt, Sheridan being already away on other duty. Night fell before that stream had passed by. The next morning Sherman's men from the West took up the march, with a trifle more vigor in their stride perhaps and a trifle less neatness and discipline in their ranks than in the ranks of the soldiers of the East. With them came their squads of "bummers" and their regimental pets. Crowds of spectators lined the streets and cheered and cheered, acclaiming not only the men, but their battle-flags, grimy, faded shreds of silk and wool, at sight of which applause would suddenly choke, to break out again louder than before,

General Grant stood beside the new President

who reviewed this great procession in Lincoln's stead. Ranks and spectators alike saw more than the living host that passed. All were aware of the greater, invisible army, those comrades who were not present, having given their lives to make this holiday parade possible. And when the black soldiers passed, for whom this day meant more than for all the rest, one and all saw the tall form of President Lincoln, who had so longed for peace.

More than half a century has passed since that great parade, and most of the soldiers who took part in it have gone on to join their silent comrades. Enmity did not die down in a moment or in a decade; but at this distance few, if any, in this broad land of ours regret the outcome of the struggle or question the justice of those words in Lincoln's Second Inaugural, when, speaking of the war, he said:

If God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

PART VI

SPANISH WAR

A FIGHT FOR A WEAK NEIGHBOR

CHAPTER XXIX

THE UNEXPECTED

AT the time of the grand review the Government had at its disposal more than a million veteran soldiers. They were rapidly disbanded, and two years later the regular army numbered about fifty-four thousand. Congress felt this to be a needless expense and twice further reduced it, after which its strength remained for many years at about twenty-five thousand.

Each household cherished memories of the Civil War, some of them sweet, some very bitter. To the last day of his life every veteran retained a pride in his knowledge of the technic of fighting, as well as a feeling that he was a specially appointed guardian of the country he had borne arms to defend. But he could see no reason for teaching the technic to his son. Indeed, the desire to bring about friendly relations between North and South made it seem best not to lay stress upon it. Sentiment enjoined silence, and there seemed no practical need for speech. Secure in the knowledge of our good-will toward the

rest of the world, it appeared impossible that Americans would ever be called upon to meet a foreign foe; and now that slavery was out of the way, it seemed even more unlikely that any question could arise to set our people fighting among themselves.

Meantime science and invention wrought their marvels, changing our very thoughts as well as the details of our daily lives. Almost the only theory or practice that was not turned upside down during the thirty years that followed the Civil War was our old idea that an American army could spring full panoplied from the ground in case of need. Some of the lessons learned in the Civil War were utilized in channels of peace. Other lessons acquired at great cost seemed to be forgotten utterly. The one taken most eagerly to heart was the value of team-work, the marvels that could be accomplished by large masses of men working together. After the country had regained energy for new efforts, the era of great business enterprises set in,—enterprises in which veritable armies of men were employed, and in which, alas, the casualties were sometimes as great as in a battle. In time thoughtful persons came to see that our very success in business might be breeding dangers of its own. Corporations that were inclined to take advantage of the

helplessness of the poor began to find that they had to deal, not with individual persons as formerly, but with brotherhoods of laborers and with great trade-unions, organizations larger than their own, and occasionally quite as unreasonable. It was admitted that strikes might lead to the use of armed force, but state militia was thought adequate to deal with the menace. Some state organizations were excellently trained; but as a whole the idea that soldiering came by instinct had made their training perfunctory, and they were efficient along social rather than military lines. As the old darkey explained while watching a governor's staff ride by in its gay uniforms:

"Dey is two kinds ob soldiers. De malicious, dey 's fo' peace; de rag-lars, dey 's fo' wah."

The small force of "rag-lars" was kept busy protecting settlers from restless Indians on the frontier or representing the majesty of the Union in our forts and arsenals. A military writer has said that it was "doing police duty," and that this was the period of dry-rot in the service. We did not keep up with new inventions, and gradually fell behind in many ways.

Thirty-three years, a third of a century, passed before the country found itself again on the verge of war. To its honor be it said that when the crisis came it was not due to trade disturbances

within our own borders or to any idea of conquest abroad. Cuba at our doors was being sadly misgoverned, and our Government, pledged to liberty and justice, felt called upon to interfere.

From the days of its earliest discovery that fair island had been the scene of contention and avarice, one form of political tragedy following another in its romantic history. It was so near our own shores that its history was of necessity tangled with our own. Human motives are always mixed. Cuba's harbors, protected at their narrow entrances by jutting headlands that screen everything which goes on inside, made the island an ideal place for the operations of numerous filibustering expeditions organized by Americans partly to help insurgent Cubans, partly with a view to benefits much nearer home. In addition, there were many perfectly legitimate business enterprises connecting it with our mainland. More than one administration had tried to buy it from Spain. Spain answered President Polk in 1848 that she would rather see Cuba sunk in the ocean; and whatever her answers at other times, her acts had been to keep it for herself and to resent interference.

During the decade between 1868 and 1878, Cuba was in constant revolution, and the interests of the United States suffered to such an extent



MAJOR-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT

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that President Grant threatened intervention. In 1895 another revolution broke out in which not only American business interests, but American sympathies, were deeply involved. Spain sent over many soldiers to put down this revolt, and after a time ordered General Weyler, who had a particularly successful and cruel record in the Philippines and in Catalonia, to return as commander to the island where he had served as a young officer during the previous disturbances. As one means of enforcing his authority he ordered that Cuban peasants who sympathized with the revolution "reconcentrate themselves" in towns occupied by his troops. Here they were penned up away from their scanty means of subsistence, and almost literally left to starve. Pictures of half-famished children, their little bodies distorted and their eyes pleading piteously for help, were printed in every journal of the United States and raised a tempest of indignation.

In June, 1897, President McKinley formally protested in the name of humanity. Spain recalled General Weyler and offered the Cubans self-government, but by that time matters had gone so far that nothing short of independence would satisfy the islanders. By recalling Weyler and proposing reforms, Spain had admitted the justice of our protest; but American interfer-

ence was resented, and relations with Spain grew more and more strained. During hostile demonstrations in Havana in January, 1898, General Blanco, Weyler's successor, thought it necessary to place a guard over the American consulate. Ten days later the United States battle-ship *Maine*, visiting Havana on a friendly mission, was directed to an anchorage in the harbor; and on the night of February 15, while lying in this spot, she was blown up, with a loss of over two hundred and sixty lives. It was assumed in the United States to be an act of treachery, and there was great excitement. The Government took time to investigate; but the finding of a board of naval experts that the explosion had occurred outside the ship, probably by means of a mine on the harbor bottom, did nothing to allay indignation. At this point it must be confessed that anger became stronger than altruism, and that the vengeful cry of "Remember the *Maine*!" drowned appeals for the famished reconcentrados.

Much as he deplored war, President McKinley was convinced that it was necessary to interfere. On April 11 he sent a message to Congress, asking it to take action, but advising it not to recognize the insurgent Cuban Government. A week later Congress passed resolutions directing the

Government of the United States to demand that Spain give up its control of the island, declaring that the people of Cuba were free and independent, and authorizing the President to use the military and naval forces of the United States to carry the resolutions into effect. The further statement that the United States would leave the government of Cuba to its own people, and did not propose to exercise authority over it, made it peculiar as a declaration of war, but did not lessen its hostile intent.

Our army at this time numbered about twenty-eight thousand men. Population had so increased that it was a smaller number proportionally than we had ever had at the beginning of a war, something less than $4/100$ of one per cent. Fifteen thousand men at most, taken a few here and a few there from necessary duties at home, were all that could be spared for foreign service. An army had therefore to be made before we could begin the war. The President called for one hundred and twenty-five thousand volunteers, while Congress authorized other enlistments until a total of two hundred and sixty thousand new troops had been provided for; and the answer came with a promptness which showed that the sons of the Civil War veterans had inherited all their fathers' patriotism. But they had not in-

herited their training, and in some ways the young men of 1898 were not nearly so well equipped for their task as their fathers had been. During the years since the Civil War population had gathered in cities. Many of these youths had spent all their lives between brick walls, knew nothing about the use of firearms or about life in the open, and were "soft" in every physical sense. They were sent to training camps. We thought we had learned a great deal about hygiene and sanitation in the meantime, but the record of preventable illness in these camps is not one to rouse American pride.

Congress made its old mistake of allowing state governors to appoint regimental and company officers, with the result that most of them had no more training than the men under them, and that many of the appointments were made from political motives, with small regard to the fitness of the man for his task. There were no funds available to buy many things necessary to an offensive war in a foreign country, and the military authorities had to wait with folded hands until Congress provided the money. Some supplies required both time and money, and in these the United States was woefully deficient, owing to the Government's lack of interest during the long interval of peace. Inventions and improvements in

guns and ammunition had been continuous. Smokeless powder, for instance, had been invented and its worth demonstrated, and other nations, even second-rate powers like Spain, had adopted it. We had investigated and experimented, but had not adopted it; and in the hour of battle the old-fashioned black powder used by our field-artillery gave our adversaries a murderous advantage in locating our positions. This was only one item in a long and discouraging list, traceable to our happy-go-lucky methods.

Meantime the country clamored "On to Havana" as insistently as it had clamored "Forward to Richmond" thirty-odd years before. The available regiments of the regular army and a few of the best equipped regiments of volunteers were sent to New Orleans, Mobile, and Tampa, to be ready to embark for Cuba; but there, perforce, they stopped. It had been hoped at first that Havana could be captured before the rainy season set in. General Nelson A. Miles, then in chief command, was ordered to take seventy thousand men to Cuba for that purpose. Just where seventy thousand trained soldiers were to be found at the moment is not clear. It became his painful duty to point out to President McKinley the real situation. Havana was one of the most strongly fortified places in the western hemi-

sphere. There were in or near it one hundred and twenty-five thousand Spanish soldiers, with one hundred field guns, besides one hundred and twenty-five guns of heavier caliber in strong positions. The Spaniards were thought to have one thousand rounds of ammunition per man, while we had not enough available ammunition to permit an army of seventy thousand to fight one battle; nor could a sufficient quantity be manufactured in the United States within the next two months. In such circumstances it would be very hazardous to send an unacclimated army to a tropic island in midsummer, especially when the enemy might gain control of the sea and prevent it from coming home again. Needless to say, the order was suspended; but the fact that it was ever given shows the confusion and lack of understanding in high places.

“Two things,” says a military historian, “were necessary before we could attempt a campaign upon Cuban soil: first, control of the sea; and second, an army.” An army was being improvised as rapidly as our national traditions permitted, but, after all, the other was the more important. Spain and the United States were believed to have about equal naval strength. Indeed they were thought to be so evenly matched that the loss of a single battle-ship might determine

the result, and eyes were turned in anxious inquiry upon the sea.

It was known that Spain had three fleets: a feeble one in the Philippine Islands; a larger one commanded by Admiral Cámara in Spanish waters; and the largest of all under Admiral Cervera at the Cape Verde Islands, those dots in the Atlantic Ocean about one third of the sailing distance between Spain and Cuba. As for ourselves, Admiral Sampson commanded a powerful fleet at Key West, an excellent point from which to blockade Cuba and guard the gulf ports, yet within easy distance of our Atlantic harbors. What was known as the "Flying Squadron," consisting of two battle-ships and three cruisers under Commodore Schley, was being held at Fort Monroe to reassure timid dwellers in Boston and New York who feared that Spanish guns might damage their cities. The battle-ship *Oregon*, pride of our navy, was at some point off the east or west coast of South America, hurrying back on her 14,700-mile voyage from San Francisco to join Admiral Sampson's fleet. Her exact location was impossible to determine, for wireless telegraphy had not yet been invented. The possibility that she might meet disaster on the way, added an element of worry for those who could not find enough to perturb them nearer home.

There was a fleet of second-class American ships in Chinese waters, commanded by an unobtrusive officer named Dewey. In the multiplicity of things to watch perhaps the majority of Americans paid scant heed to him or his ships; yet it was he who provided the first sensation of the war. He was no novice in the service, having received his commission in time to fight under Admiral Farragut at the taking of New Orleans. His Vermont grandfather had answered the call of Lexington's guns; and this descendant of his, albeit a quiet man, had inherited his decision of character. A story of the future admiral's childhood illustrates this. He and a group of boys and girls were playing at plays, private theatricals being their favorite game. At the last moment the heroine dropped out, leaving the usual void. Young Dewey directed his sister to assume the rôle. She declared that it was impossible; but he fixed her with his glance and said, "This play must go on."

He was at Hong Kong when news came of the break with Spain. It was not unexpected, and his ships had already been provided with coal and painted the slate-gray color of battle. He was quite ready when the governor of the neutral colony ordered him to leave, and, acting upon the theory that "time is the essence of opportunity in



ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY

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war," sailed immediately to execute his orders from Washington, which were to capture or destroy the Spanish fleet in Subig Bay.

Admiral Montojo, warned of his coming, withdrew to Cavite; and thither Dewey followed him, leading the way in his flagship, though informed that Manila Bay had been mined. Rockets sent up from Corregedor heralded his approach as the American squadron steamed in through the darkness about midnight of April 30. The Spaniards had extinguished all lights, but neither mines nor menacing shoals, nor a shot or so fired half-heartedly from El Fraile battery as the last of Dewey's ships slipped in, stopped them. Once inside the bay, they slowed down until daylight should disclose the position of the enemy. Admiral Montojo was presumably off Manila, where he would have the assistance of a powerful shore battery. Dewey therefore kept his ships moving gently in that direction, allowing his men meanwhile to snatch a little sleep at their guns. Dawn showed the Spaniards lying instead off Cavite, five miles nearer the entrance to the bay. The flagship leading, the Americans rounded in a great curve to bring them closer, and that famous quiet order, "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley," was given in the early morning of May 1, 1898, when the distance between the fleets had

been reduced to about two and a half miles. Leading the way in the *Olympia*, Dewey passed and turned and wove back and forth, his ships firing with the utmost vigor, until the Spaniards had felt the power of American guns five successive times. Then he signaled to withdraw. Popular legend has it that the halt was called to allow the American crews to partake of breakfast. This struck the fancy of the people at home, causing both amusement and pride. "We could lick the Dagos without half trying," they said, "and stop to eat in the middle of the fight." The firing did stop, and our men undoubtedly needed their coffee, but we have the American admiral's assurance that it was prompted neither by hunger nor bravado. He feared that his ammunition was running low, and withdrew temporarily for a redistribution. The smoke of battle hung so thick over both fleets that he did not know victory was already his, nor could he believe that all his own ships were intact. Even as he steamed out of range, however, it was evident that the Spaniards were in distress, and when he returned to finish the work, only the shore batteries and one gallant little ship remained to oppose them. That night the American admiral wrote in his diary: "Reached Manila at daylight. Immediately engaged the Spanish ships and battery at Cavite.

Destroyed eight of the former, including the *Reina Christina* and *Castilla*. Anchored at noon off Manila." A short account, certainly, of a great victory; and it was not until three days later that he found time to send a full report to Washington. More than eight Spanish ships were accounted for, eleven being destroyed and two captured; but the American fleet remained uninjured, and only seven of Dewey's sailors had been slightly wounded.

The American admiral bore testimony to the personal valor of the Spaniards, and to "the courageous defense made by all the vessels of the Spanish squadron," mentioning particularly "the desperate attempt of the *Reina Christina* to close with the *Olympia*, and the heroic conduct of her captain, who, after fighting his ship until she was on fire and sinking, lost his own life in his attempt to save his wounded men." Spanish pride was terribly hurt by the outcome of the battle. Some of the officers who escaped injury could not endure the disgrace, and that evening at sunset, while the *Olympia's* band was playing "La Paloma" and other Spanish airs in compliment to the crowds gathered along Manila's water front to gaze at the American squadron, the colonel who had commanded the battery shot himself through the head.

Admiral Dewey's officers felt that they were away from the real theater of war, and were not prepared for the enthusiasm and the flood of congratulatory messages that flashed to them as soon as the news reached home. But this victory, won before the war was ten days old, produced an electrical effect in Europe as well as in America. Dewey cabled that he controlled the bay and could take the city of Manila at any time, but had not sufficient men to hold it. This caused the war department to order that a force of twenty thousand assemble at San Francisco to be sent as soon as possible to the Philippines. Lack of vessels prevented the full number reaching Manila before the war ended; but by early August, General Merritt had eighty-five hundred men in position three miles south of the city.

While waiting the arrival of this force Dewey continued to blockade Manila. Foreign warships entered and left the bay, those of all nations except Germany showing him every courtesy demanded by naval etiquette under the circumstances. But the German commanders were either most ignorant or most intentionally offensive, giving the impression that they sympathized with Spain and were more than half inclined to openly espouse her cause. The quiet admiral's management of this situation reflected as much

credit upon him as did his management of the naval battle, though it was many years before his reticence let all the facts be known.

Admiral Dewey had brought back with him from Hong Kong one Emilio Aguinaldo, who had already given the Spaniards trouble in the Tagalog insurrection of 1896; and this energetic native was so diligent in pursuit of his old calling that within six weeks of his return he had organized a brown army, set up a provisional government, and had actually mastered seven provinces. Indeed, almost the only Spanish garrison holding out against him was the one at Manila. This he was threatening, but General Merritt, who desired to avoid all possible entanglements, held no intercourse with him or his army, making his dispositions "without reference to the situation of the insurgent forces," and concentrating his attention on the defenses of the town.

Manila was one of those composite places possible only in the South Seas. The old town was surrounded by a characteristic Spanish wall, built with inclined planes on its inner side up which cavalry could trot comfortably to the top, and wide enough, when the top was reached, for a number of horsemen to ride abreast. This wall was pierced by six massive gates through which the townspeople had passed openly by day and in-

trigued their way by night for three centuries. Watch-towers and disused portcullises and other romantic properties of medieval warfare added to its picturesqueness, but did nothing to increase its strength. The wall, the cathedral, Fort Santiago, even the old stone Bridge of Spain leading to the principal shopping district, were of Andalusia, but the Chinese curio-shops spoke eloquently of the Orient. Outside the walls and beyond the fire limits, the town continued in a maze of little settlements connected by narrow streets and winding waterways. Here the houses on stilts, with liberal accommodations underneath for pigs and chickens, were built mostly of bamboo and nipa palm in a style neither Spanish nor Oriental. Two modern steel bridges across the Pasig River brought a Western note into the picture. Mountains were to be seen in the distance, and to the west, on the waters of the bay, Dewey's slate-gray fleet rose and fell with the tide.

The Spaniards had thirteen thousand troops inside their works, which consisted of a more or less continuous line of intrenchments around the entire town. General Merritt concentrated his attention upon one portion of it, that at right angles to the shore between himself and the Pasig River. With the fleet in the harbor and the insurgents in the rear, resistance was hopeless,

but the soldiers of Spain played their part, making night attacks on the Americans and inflicting small losses. General Merritt asked that the ships shell the Spanish lines, believing that this would end the night firing; but the American admiral feared that it might bring on the general engagement which he was anxious to delay until after the arrival of the next transport from San Francisco. When this had come, Admiral Dewey and General Merritt united in a demand for surrender. This was refused, and a combined attack of fleet and army took place on August 13.

It was carried out with such gratifying precision and such monotony of American success that historians are apt to dismiss it in a few sentences as being short and effective and uninteresting. When General Merritt's troops advanced after a preliminary bombardment by the fleet they found the trenches in their front empty. There was some resistance in the chief residence sections of the city, Malate and Ermita; but a white flag was hoisted an hour and a half after the fleet opened fire, and a formal capitulation took place next day. The American loss had been seventeen men killed, and ten officers and ninety-six men wounded. Thirteen thousand prisoners, twenty-two thousand arms, and nearly

nine hundred thousand dollars in public funds were the immediate fruits of the capture.

Much trouble was a secondary result; for Aguinaldo now turned his zeal against the Americans. He had respected General Merritt's request not to take part in the attack; but he disregarded the further warning not to enter the city in the wake of the American troops, and demanded joint occupation. When this was refused and it was insisted that he withdraw even from the suburbs, he did so sulkily, only to dig a line of intrenchments facing the American lines, where he remained until the outbreak of the hostilities known as the Philippine War in the following February. In this long-drawn insurrection he led his pursuers a lively chase until captured; but the story of the pursuit, interesting as it is, hardly belongs in this volume.

CHAPTER XXX

PRIDE AND HUMILIATION

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S victory disposed of one Spanish fleet very early in the war; but it was the least important one, and nobody knew the exact location of the others. It was learned that Admiral Cervera had sailed west from the Cape Verde Islands on May 29. Presumably he would reach the West Indies about the eighth of May, and would be obliged immediately to enter a port to coal. Admiral Sampson, who had been blockading Havana and the coast of Cuba, sailed with most of his ships toward Haiti and Porto Rico to intercept him, and Americans gave themselves up to a guessing contest as to where and when and how the Spanish fleet would make its appearance on this side of the Atlantic. There were timid souls a hundred miles inland who expected to be blown to atoms by Cervera's guns, and optimists serenely confident that the mere sight of an American war vessel would be enough to scuttle the whole Spanish Navy.

The numerous islands of the West Indies, with

their well-hidden harbors, made the search as exciting and uncertain as the game of hide-and-seek up and down the Shenandoah. Admiral Sampson, who knew as little about Cervera's whereabouts as any one, bombarded the harbor of San Juan, Porto Rico, on May 12 on the chance that the Spanish fleet might be hidden there. Next it was learned that it had been at Curaçao, off the coast of Venezuela, on May 14, and Schley's Flying Squadron started for the Gulf of Mexico.

Because it was necessary to tow his torpedo-boat destroyers, Cervera made a very slow voyage. Touching at Martinique, he learned the position of the American ships and that they were about to bombard San Juan; so he changed his course and went to Curaçao. He hoped to meet colliers there, but they had not arrived, and the Dutch governor, faithful to the obligations of neutrality, would allow the Spanish ships only fuel enough to take them to another port. Cervera heard that the harbor of Santiago on the southern coast of Cuba was unguarded, and entered it safely on the nineteenth of May. That very day the news was reported to Washington and sent to both Sampson and Schley, but neither of them believed it. Schley was morally certain that he had the Spaniards bottled up inside the

harbor of Cienfuegos, and continued attentively to guard it until one of his officers went ashore and learned that the pleasant belief was erroneous. Setting off then in all haste for Santiago, Commodore Schley found three auxiliary American ships vainly scouting for the enemy. This confirmed his belief that the rumor was false and, being in need of coal and unable to take it from another ship because of rough seas, he continued toward Key West. A messenger-boat met him with dispatches that repeated the story and ordered him to get positive information. Fortunately, the sea went down; he took coal from the *Merrimac*, turned back and, reconnoitering, discovered the Spanish ships.

Cervera had found both coal and supplies scarce at Santiago and regretted that he had not gone on to Porto Rico. He still had enough fuel to take him to San Juan; but while he hesitated, the sea grew rough. He learned also about the three American ships scouting outside and, determining to await a better opportunity, lost his chance of escape.

Santiago has one of those deep pouch-like harbors characteristic of the West Indies. It extends several miles inland, while protecting headlands at its narrow entrance lock its secrets from the outside world. As soon as they were in-

formed of Cervera's whereabouts, the American ships gathered outside. On the third of June, Lieutenant Hobson, with a crew of seven men, attempted to sink the collier *Merrimac* in the channel near the mouth of the harbor. If they could thus block the exit, the Spanish ships would be effectively kept inside, while the American Navy would be free to go about other work. The next day newspapers in the United States were filled with accounts of the deed, which had been carried through gallantly and with success in all details except one; but that detail unfortunately was the very one for which it had been planned. Instead of sinking directly in the channel, the *Merrimac* drifted a little to one side, where it formed no barrier whatever. On June 6, Admiral Sampson shelled the forts at the entrance to the harbor; but Cervera's ships were out of range as well as out of sight, and his two thousand shots did little damage. Very soon after this he captured Guantánamo Bay, forty miles to the east, gaining thereby a safe place in which to coal and to take refuge from hurricanes; but it brought him no nearer his enemy, who seemed likely to remain secure as long as he could obtain food.

It was known that the mouth of Santiago Harbor was sown thick with Spanish mines, and that Morro Castle, the antiquated stone fortress

guarding its entrance, mounted a number of modern guns along with many of obsolete pattern. To force a passage and engage Cervera's fleet inside involved too great a risk; yet Sampson and Schley could not afford to wait indefinitely for hunger to drive the Spaniards forth. The whereabouts of Admiral Cámara's fleet was still unknown. Rumor said that it had started for the Orient by way of the Suez Canal on hearing the news of the fight in Manila Bay; but it might easily turn back and attack our northern coast. If it did so, Admiral Sampson would have to go in pursuit, and that would release the Spanish ships blockaded at Santiago. It was important, therefore, to end the matter with Cervera at once. Since the navy did not seem able to do this alone, it was determined to send over soldiers to attack Santiago and its harbor from the land. "This," wrote one of the irrepressible war correspondents, "is probably the only instance where a fleet has called upon an army to capture another fleet."

General Shafter, in command of the Fifth Army Corps, which was already at Tampa, was ordered to take his troops under naval escort to Cuba. A regiment or two might have sailed from Tampa with great ease, but a whole army corps taxed its capacity beyond reason. It had neither sufficient water nor sanitary appliances

for such numbers, and its railroad facilities were utterly inadequate. During the weeks that the army had been waiting there supplies had been side-tracked all the way to Columbia, South Carolina. No labels had been placed on the cars to show what they contained; and until one was opened, it was impossible to tell whether it was full of boots or bacon, shells or shirts. That was just one detail of the confusion. An inadequate line of railway connected the town with Port Tampa nine miles away. At Port Tampa there were no storage facilities at the docks, and only docks enough to allow a very few ships to approach at a time.

Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt of the Rough Riders, which was one of the three volunteer regiments allowed to go with the expedition, describes the embarkation as a "seething chaos." Notice came one evening that the start would be made next morning at daybreak, and that unless the men were aboard their transport at that time they would be left behind. Not meaning to have this occur, they were beside the railroad track with all their belongings by midnight; but the train was missing. The men lay down to sleep while their officers searched for information. "We now and then came across a brigadier-general or even a major-general," says Mr. Roosevelt, "but nobody

knew anything." At three o'clock in the morning they were told to go to another track,—where the train was again missing. At six o'clock some empty coal-cars rumbled up, and by arguments very likely more forcible than logical, the engineer was persuaded to back his train down the entire nine miles to Port Tampa, where the regiment arrived looking like coal-heavers, but happy.

Here there was even greater confusion. They were advised to hunt up the depot quartermaster, an apparently mythical personage. They found his office at last, in charge of a clerk who vaguely believed the quartermaster might be asleep on one of the transports lying at anchor far from shore. He was not; but with ten thousand distracted human beings swarming about and working at cross-purposes, he might as well have been asleep or non-existent. The colonel of the Rough Riders, now General Leonard Wood, and his second-in-command, who had separated to conduct the search on independent lines, found this official at the same moment, and were told that they were to sail on the *Yucatan*, a transport lying far out at anchor. Colonel Wood commandeered a stray launch and hurried on board, while the lieutenant-colonel, who had learned in some way that all three volunteer regiments were assigned to the same ship, which had accommodations for only

one, ran at full speed back to his train, left a guard with the luggage, and double-quickened the rest of his command to the very edge of the wharf in time to spring upon the *Yucatan* as she came in, and to defend her against the other regiments that now appeared confidently expecting to have her for themselves. After heated argument had settled the matter, the men of the regiment spent the rest of the day traveling back and forth with burdens of food and ammunition, their supplies having been unloaded as far as possible from the wharf. The few horses that they were allowed to take to Cuba went on another vessel. Nothing was in its proper place. Many things were embarked, with small heed to fitness or convenience. Medicines and hospital stores, for instance, were buried under heavy freight.

The *Yucatan* was so crowded that the men had little chance to exercise. The meat issued to them was a scandal that cried to heaven. They had no facilities for cooking their unsavory rations, no ice, and not enough water; but they were embarked for Cuba, and before that glorious fact inconveniences dwindled. By the afternoon of June 8 the expedition was ready, but it was scarcely under way when sailing orders were countermanded because of a rumor that Spanish ships had been seen in Nicholas Channel. Await-

ing new orders, the transports swung at anchor for five days, with the men cooped up on board in the stifling heat. They cheerfully made the best of it. Every book on tactics was in use from morning till night, and the one diversion the situation allowed, bathing off the ship's side, was enjoyed to the utmost. At last sailing orders were renewed, and the expedition was really off. The confusion of landing was nearly as bad, though the sailors and launches of Admiral Sampson's fleet rendered all possible assistance.

Before disembarking, General Shafter talked with the admiral to learn the plans of the navy, and with General Garcia of the insurgent forces to learn the whereabouts of the Spaniards. There were in the province about thirty-six thousand, five hundred Spanish troops, but the Cubans had managed to isolate two thirds of them so completely that they took no part in the defense of Santiago; a fact which must be remembered to the credit of the Cubans when it is charged that they did nothing important toward the reduction of the city. The Spanish forces in the neighborhood of Havana did not enter into the contest at all. Our army had therefore to do with only about twelve thousand of the many Spanish soldiers on the island; and it seems that General Linares, their commander, did not use these few

as well as he might have done. In the opinion of experts, half of them, rightly handled during the confusion of landing, could have driven General Shafter into the sea.

The coast is very rugged. It begins at the water's edge with a broken ridge one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in height, cut by ravines through which short rivers discharge into the sea. Back of this is a line of foothills; and back of these again is the low mountain-range called the Sierra del Cobre. Santiago lies several miles back from the sea on the shore of its harbor, and an occasional village is to be seen on the ocean shore.

As a preliminary to landing, the navy shelled the village of Daiquiri, seventeen miles from Santiago where the first six thousand Americans went ashore, and also shelled a few other villages for good measure, including Siboney, to which the landing was soon transferred. A force of Spanish soldiers had been at Daiquiri that morning, but had withdrawn before the ships began firing, to make their stand at Guásimas, three miles from Siboney, at a point where a trail and what was called by courtesy a road, climbed a precipitous hill through jungle growth, and came together in a V, to continue as a single trail toward Santiago.

General Shafter had no wish to bring on an engagement until all the troops and "a reasonable quantity" of supplies had been landed; but the eagerness of the men and the impetuosity of the officers, among them General Joe Wheeler, a gray-haired veteran who had fought on the Confederate side in the Civil War, pushed General Young's brigade forward to this place, where a fight occurred, which has been variously described as an ambush by the Spaniards and a deliberately planned attack by the Americans. Owing to the dense growth, the latter could see very few of their own men and almost none of the enemy. The Spaniards were driven back with a loss of about thirty, the Americans losing twice as many. The Spaniards seemed to think that the Americans disregarded the rules of war. "When we fired a volley," one of the prisoners complained, "instead of falling back, they came forward. That is not the way to fight, to come closer at every volley." Another said of the Rough Riders, "They tried to catch us with their hands."

This engagement secured for the American camps a well-watered location with Santiago in full view; but another result was less fortunate. It deluded the Americans into the belief that they would encounter no serious opposition. They spent the next eight days in landing and trying

to bring a little order into the chaos of their supplies, quite oblivious of the Spaniards, who occupied the interval in industriously digging earth-works, as was found when the struggle for the possession of Santiago took place on the first and second of July.

This proved to be a battle in two parts: first, a fight of nine hours in and near El Caney, a suburb of Santiago, where five hundred and twenty Spaniards, occupying a blockhouse and a stone church, disputed the American advance with stubborn skill; and second, the taking of the real key to the situation, a ridge near the San Juan River, of which San Juan Hill and Kettle Hill were prominent points. The Spanish soldiers fought far better than they did at Manila, for the good reason that they had something to fight for. With Cervera's fleet intact, fighting seemed worth while.

Military critics find much fault with our conduct of the battle. They claim that the sacrifice at El Caney was unnecessary, since San Juan Hill could have been taken without it. They mention with eloquent reserve a captive balloon whose presence on our advance line gave the range to the enemy and enabled Spanish gunners to open with disastrous effect on our men as they awaited orders, huddled together in a long stretch of nar-

row road. They censure the commanders because of the small amount of American artillery in action, and say that the heavy guns were either left at Tampa or not unloaded from the transports. They greatly blame the Government for only providing old-fashioned black powder. They say that the richest nation in the world sent only three ambulances to carry its wounded to the dressing-stations; and they deem it most unfortunate that General Shafter should have remained in the rear because of illness.

Perhaps there can be no unprejudiced account of a fight. The participants are sure to be biased, while the story of the man who was not present is open to question. In this case, however, much testimony points to one conclusion: that the battle was badly planned by those whose business it was to plan, and superbly fought by those whose business it was to fight. An eye-witness wrote:

Our troops could not retreat as the trail for two miles was wedged with men. They could not remain where they were, for they were being shot to pieces. There was only one thing they could do,—go forward and take the San Juan Hills by assault. It was as desperate as the situation itself. To charge earthworks held by men with modern rifles and using modern artillery, until after the earthworks have been shaken by artillery, and to attack them in advance and not in the flanks, are both impossible military propositions. But this campaign had

not been conducted according to military rules, and a series of military blunders had brought 7,000 American soldiers into a chute of death from which there was no escape except by taking the enemy who held it by the throat and driving him out and beating him down. So generals of divisions and brigades stepped back and relinquished their command to the regimental officers and men. "We can do nothing more," they virtually said, "There is the enemy."

Much praise was given at the time to the Rough Riders for their work in the capture of San Juan Hill. The Ninth Infantry, a colored regiment, was also commended. But it seems unfair to single out one regiment or one man. An officer who was asked after the battle if he had any difficulty in making his men follow him, answered: "No. I had some difficulty in keeping up with them." The white-haired General Hawkins who led the Sixth and Sixteenth Regulars, distancing men thirty years his junior, was the most conspicuous figure in the charge, "so noble a sight that you felt inclined to pray for his safety." Then there was Roosevelt, mounted, and charging the rifle-pits at a gallop, quite alone. For him "you felt inclined to cheer." The number that made the actual charge seemed perilously small. A group close together struggled up the steep, sunny hill the top of which was a line of flame. They stepped heavily, and held their guns pressed

across their breasts. Behind these few, "spreading out like a fan," were single lines of men who slipped and scrambled and moved forward as though wading through water waist-deep. The fire at the top doubled in fierceness as they advanced. At every step one or more of them would pitch suddenly forward or sink down out of sight in the deep grass; but the line kept creeping higher and higher. Near the top it gathered itself together and went forward in a burst of sudden speed. The Spaniards were seen for an instant silhouetted against the sky, aiming, yet poised for flight. They fired a last volley and disappeared, seeking refuge in their second line of defense, while the flags of the storming party were driven into the soft earth of the captured trenches, and the sound of a tired cheer floated down to those below.

The victors were in a most precarious situation, for they were greatly exhausted and had no reserves to support them until the arrival during the night of the troops who had taken El Caney. With their help the position was held and the fight continued during July 2. That evening General Shafter called his officers together and proposed that the army fall back five miles to the plateau between Siboney and the San Juan River. This met with such opposition that he agreed to hold

the position for another day and then reconvene the council. Next morning he sent off two messages: one to Washington reporting that he was seriously considering this retrograde move; and the other a notice to General Toral, who succeeded to the command on the first day of the battle when General Linares was wounded, that he would bombard the city unless it surrendered. General Toral had heard that reinforcements had evaded the Cubans and would arrive that day; so he showed no enthusiasm about surrendering. He asked for an extension of time in which to remove the women and children; and Shafter agreed not to shell the city until July 5.

Meantime the American general sent off another cablegram that filled the Government at Washington with foreboding. He reported that word had just reached him that Cervera's fleet had escaped from the harbor, and that Sampson had gone in pursuit. With the army about to fall back, and the prize for which both army and navy were striving slipping away, July 4, a date so fruitful of crises in our country's history, seemed likely once again to bring us poignant emotions. It did, but they were emotions quite different from those Shafter's dispatch had led the officials to fear.

Cervera sailed out of the harbor; but he real-

ized that it was impossible for his ships to get away. He had sent two thirds of his men ashore to help General Toral, and had made up his mind to destroy his fleet in case the Americans took the city. But the authorities at Madrid and General Blanco, who had supreme command on the island, decided otherwise. Cervera was ordered to reëmbark his men and take his ships out at once, and like a brave officer, he prepared to obey. At 9:30 on the morning of July 3 he led the doomed procession down the narrow channel in his flagship, the *Maria Teresa*, the others following in single file, a few hundred yards of water between them. The *Viscaya* followed the *Teresa*, and was followed in turn by the *Colon* and the *Oquendo*. Then came the two torpedo-boat destroyers, the *Furor* and the *Pluton*. It was a better fleet than the one Dewey sank in Manila Bay. In forty-five minutes after the American ships closed in upon them, the *Teresa*, "a floating slaughter-house," was beached and on fire; and within the next few minutes three of the others had met their fate. The *Viscaya* managed to keep afloat an hour longer, and went ashore twenty miles from the harbor, burning, and riddled with shot. The *Colon* lasted until 1:15, when she was beached fifty miles away. Two of the Spanish captains were killed, and two

wounded, while Admiral Cervera and one other were made prisoners. One hundred and fifty of their men had been wounded and twice that number killed, and seventeen hundred and eighty-two were captured. The total American loss was one man killed and less than a dozen wounded. Sampson was absent from the fleet, though within hearing, and Schley had been in command.

The destruction of the fleet sealed the fate of the island, but Spanish procrastination managed to delay the surrender of Santiago until July 17. In this game of delay General Shafter was no match for his opponents. It was only after the arrival of General Miles en route to Porto Rico with an expedition, that the argument of fifty-seven good American ships off the city brought the formalities to a close. It was necessary for the army to remain in occupation for some time after this, and during these weeks disease did deadly work in every regiment. Yellow fever had made its appearance as early as July 4 and increased until three fourths of the troops were infected. It seemed equally cruel to leave them there to suffer, and to return them to the United States to spread the disease. Finally Shafter's officers united in a round-robin which read, "This army must be moved at once, or it will perish." The army surgeons signed a similar paper, and

the effect of the two was to hasten orders for the return of the troops to a healthful quarantined post on Long Island; four regiments that were immune from the disease replacing them for guard-duty in Cuba.

It is gratifying to record that in face of the same problems and drawbacks, the tropical rainy season, bad roads, inadequate facilities for landing, black powder, and a force inferior to that of the enemy, General Miles's expedition to Porto Rico proved a contrast to the nightmare of our invasion of Cuba. General Miles profited by the experience and mistakes of his brother-officers. With even a smaller force than was originally planned, because the yellow fever made it impossible to detach any of Shafter's regiments, he managed to land where he was not expected and to move his army in four columns toward the conquest of the island so successfully that when word came that an armistice had been arranged and that military operations must cease, his men could not forego a little grumbling. "The simple fact is," wrote General Wilson, "that the campaign and occupation of Porto Rico in July and August were managed so well that the officers and men, as well as the people of the island, regarded it as a continuous picnic or gala *fiesta*." Says another writer: "Porto Rico was

a picnic because the commanding generals would not permit the enemy to make it otherwise. The Spaniards were willing to make it another nightmare. They were just as ready to kill in Porto Rico as in Cuba,—but our commanding general in Porto Rico was able to prevent their doing so.”

This war, with a brilliant naval victory at each end, lasted one hundred and nine days. From the point of view of national pride there are two ways of regarding it, and both are worth consideration. Not a single defeat was met, and not a prisoner, color, gun, or rifle was captured by the enemy. “In this respect,” said General Miles’s report, “the war has been most remarkable, and perhaps unparalleled.” General Shafter added his testimony as to the army discipline. He called it “superb,” and said that as far as he knew, neither an officer nor an enlisted man was brought to trial by court martial.

The other way of looking at this campaign is that one of the great nations of the earth found difficulty in sending a few thousand soldiers to a nearby island. It fed them “embalmed” beef,—a scandal that reeks after twenty years. It equipped them with a kind of ammunition so out of date that poor broken-down powers like Spain, disdained it. It was criminally reckless of human life in sending unacclimated men into the field.



GENERAL NELSON A. MILES

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Worse still, it let sickness get into its camps of instruction at home, as well as into its camps in Cuba, and take immense toll. "Out of 223,235 volunteers enlisted during the war," says Huydekoper, "only 289 were killed or died of wounds received in action, whereas no less than 3,848 died of disease. And it must be distinctly remembered that the majority of these volunteers never got into action at all."

Spain had in Cuba about one hundred and ninety-eight thousand soldiers. We sent about seventeen or eighteen thousand. Good luck overcame the discrepancy,—amazing good luck, such as could not be expected to happen twice in the lifetime of the planet. Thanks to Garcia, the troops in the province of Santiago were hopelessly divided before the landing of our forces, and those available were not used as they should have been. Experts also believe that if Admiral Cámara's fleet had hurried to our northern shore while Madrid boasted loudly of what it would accomplish, Sampson would have been forced to return to defend the North Atlantic ports, and Cervera could have sailed out of Santiago to cooperate with his brother admiral. Apparently then, the unwisdom of the Spanish commanders was pitted against the stupidity of America's haphazard methods of going to war. Perhaps it

will require severe defeat instead of expensive victory to teach us the value of preparation.

The war freed Cuba as we intended, but it did many other things that were not in our original plan. It changed the relations of the United States to the whole world, and saddled upon our Government large and vexatious problems that we never dreamed of assuming. Had the voters of the country been told at the beginning of that hundred days that the war would end without a single military reverse, they would have thrown up their hats and given three rousing cheers and then added, "Of course." Had it been predicted that two naval battles and the taking of two cities would bring into the United States as permanent possessions the whole Philippine archipelago, Guam, Hawaii, and Porto Rico, ninety out of every hundred would have received it with shouts of laughter as a huge joke, and the other ten would have turned away shaking their heads in doubt. Had the orgy of disease and mismanagement been foretold, the prophet might have escaped with his life, but only after rough handling.

Our war with Spain resulted in great victory; but it was a most chastening experience.

PART VII

1917

A FIGHT FOR HUMANITY

CHAPTER XXXI

OUR HERITAGE OF RESPONSIBILITY

THE fashions of battle change. In the days of Louis Fourteenth wars were largely a matter of siege and defense. Napoleon and Frederick the Great developed offensive campaigning. In our own Civil War we strengthened the defense. Infantry fire, with American accuracy of aim behind the rifle, was immensely effective; and intrenching, even while a battle was in progress, was carried to a point of perfection never attained before. Yet the trenches of our armies in Virginia were the merest scratches on the surface of the earth compared with the deep-planned and deep-dug defenses in France today. We are told that cavalry charges are now a thing of the past; that rifles are relics to be placed in a museum; that cannon, and more cannon, and still heavier cannon are needed. "This is a war of instruments and tools," says an expert. "It is the man behind the gun that counts; but if he has not the gun, he does not count."

It would indeed seem that all the methods and all the weapons of all the ages, from arrows to

aeroplanes and poison gas are called into service today. Slow airplanes for observation and photography; swift flying machines to protect them; the immense importance of heavy artillery; the passing of the rifle in favor of the hand-grenade, the bayonet, the revolver, or any weapon suited to hand-to-hand fighting; the stellar rôles assumed by spade and barbed wire; trench mortars; helmets that are a triumph of modern cunning, yet look like the headgear of the Crusades; armoured motor-car batteries; tanks that look like nothing seen on earth since the age of the dinosaur; camouflage, the art of imitative coloring, learned from microscopic insects and magnified to dimensions capable of protecting an entire frontier. The student who would read of war today must master a whole new language, braided together of science and industry and skill.

Only one thing remains unchanged,—the need for well-trained soldiers. The experience of past and present, of foreign nations and our own, is incessantly the same on this point. The short terms of enlistment in our War of the Revolution were most wasteful. "Lighthorse Harry" Lee asserted that "a government is the murderer of its citizens which sends them to the field uninformed and untaught," to fight men disciplined for battle. A recent military authority points out

a fact which he rightly says every schoolboy knows, "that no enthusiasm however great, will win athletic victories without long weeks and even months of training." He calls drudgery "the Gray Angel of success." Our campaigns in Mexico, where we had the greatest proportion of regulars and trained officers, were the most brilliantly successful.

The volunteers of 1861 were exceptionally intelligent, and carried into their new work all the skill of their old trades. The mine at Petersburg was only one unfortunate example of the kind of thing that went on in almost every regiment, North and South. Not every nation has infantry that can repair more than a hundred miles of railroad in forty days, forging and manufacturing its own tools as it goes along. Not every general has at his command an engineer capable of building "out of jackstraws" a bridge strong enough to bear the weight of an army, as was said of one man with the soldiers of the Union. Not all gunboat crews are adepts in such logging operations as were required by Grant in his attempts against Vicksburg. President Lincoln called a certain able officer his "web-footed general" because he held one commission in the army and another in the navy, and was equally fitted for command in both. Yet despite all this intelligence and adapt-

ability, more than a year had to pass before the soldiers North and South could do their best. The mind shudders at what might have happened had a fully prepared enemy ever come among us during the months when our soldiers were passing through their larva and pupa stages.

It is stated on authority that fifty per cent of new recruits drop out for one cause or another during the first six months of service. This provides food for thought. General Joffre was quoted as saying that it would require time for him to catch up with things after his short visit to the United States in the spring of 1917, because "ways of making war change every day now,—almost every hour." A recent English writer has stated that the practise of war altered more in the two years between 1914 and 1916 than in the two thousand years that preceded them.

Every one of our American wars has had a character of its own. The determined farmers of the Revolution; the gallant sailors of those stirring sea-fights of 1812; our care-free young men and officers marching through Mexico; the set spare faces of our Civil War veterans; the plucky slangy youths of that unhappy campaign in Cuba; could hardly have found places in any campaign except their own, though each was

fought by Americans, full of American faults and virtues. Perhaps this unlikeness of one conflict to another explains, in part, why, though each of our wars has trained officers for the next, it has been rare for one general to achieve success in two wars. Either he has been obscure in one and prominent in the next, or, successful in the first, he has failed lamentably in the second. Another reason is of course the strain that war puts upon a man. It wears out the human machine.

War has its triumphs of healing as well as of destruction. The world learns slowly,—far too slowly, as the prevalence of disease in our camps of instruction during the war with Spain, proved. Yet when we review the work of a century and more in army medicine, we see how it has advanced. Washington's hospital at Valley Forge is still standing; a little cabin with hard wooden bunks in tiers along its walls, and a rough wooden operating table, ostentatiously grim, in the middle of the room. That was before the day of anesthetics. The tortures of his wounded are not easy to contemplate. And scarcely an account of siege or camp up to that time, or even later, fails to mention quite casually that smallpox was raging. Disease was thought to be an unavoidable part of the cruel fortunes of war.

The Sanitary Commission of the days of the Civil War, organized to give Union soldiers comfort and healthful conditions in camp and hospital, undertook such work on a larger scale than had ever been attempted in America, and became the fore-runner of our great Red Cross. Yet the methods in use then seem little less than criminal now. "Think how we treated those cases," wrote a surgeon who was young in those days and has lived to see the marvels of his profession as practised at present. "We knew absolutely nothing about bacteria and their dangers, or about real infection and real disinfection. Anything that covered up a bad smell we then called a disinfectant. We thrust our undisinfected fingers into wounds. . . . Is it any wonder that blood poisoning had, to our shame, a mortality of 97.4 per cent?"

The greatest triumph of the Spanish War was not over Spaniards on land or sea; nor was it achieved solely by Americans. It came afterward, during the American occupation of Cuba, when army surgeons, with army devotion to duty, won for the cause of science the secret of the mosquito which carries yellow fever, and by the help of army discipline succeeded in banishing that scourge from the city of Havana, where it had not relaxed its grip for one hundred and fifty

years. That, and the later victory of our General Gorgas over tropic illness in Panama, long believed to be the sickliest spot on the earth's surface, show what armies can do when their forces are trained against disease. Such discoveries are not necessarily made because of war; but they have been hastened because of war's great need. Already medical discoveries of the greatest value have been made in the present war; of these, a new treatment of cleansing and healing wounds bids fair to do away with the necessity for maiming and amputation in four cases out of every five. Fortunately there is an international fellowship in such strife, and many surgeons of many nations have contributed their share to victories which will benefit mankind long after the names of these gallant soldiers have faded from memory.

There is another aspect too, in which the world is growing civilized, though we are slow to believe it. Unspeakable atrocities have been committed since the present year was born. They have occurred in greater or less measure in every war since the beginning of recorded history. The outcry against them now, shows not only that there are still brutes in human form, but that public sentiment is shocked and horrified by acts which would not have called forth half the protest a hundred years ago. During our French and

Indian Wars the massacres by Indian allies were accepted as a matter of course, just as smallpox was.

War is indeed a dreadful business. We look forward hopefully to a time when it shall cease, as slavery has already ceased among civilized people. But from the dawn of history to the present day it has been one of the painful, costly means whereby great reforms have come to pass. A noble purpose is its only excuse; but there are some things worse than war fought in a righteous cause. Indifference to moral issues, a carelessness whether evil flourishes or is cut down, shows a national state of mind more to be deplored than all the waste and agony of battle.

A time of war is sure to be either a time of great spiritual growth or of rapid moral decay. In the case of our own country the large part wars have played in upbuilding the ideals of our peace-loving people is only realized when we try to imagine how the United States would have developed without them. The mind refuses the task at the very beginning, for without revolution we should never have become one country. "The splendor of nationality" dawned upon the thirteen colonies through the smoke of battle. Twice it has been granted to Americans to rise to greater moral heights through the bitterness

of war. The Revolution, begun in a quarrel about taxes, ended a willing sacrifice to the ideal of a nation dedicated to political liberty. Again, after we had grown prosperous and indifferent, war came upon us, and strife begun in selfishness ended by setting an oppressed race free.

All sections of our country contributed in turn to these, our highest national ideals. The Puritan sense of justice, born of religious conviction and bred in the stern air of New England, gave the first impulse toward freedom. But it was not New England, it was Virginia, oldest and mellowest of the colonies, that produced Washington. Lee, the greatest general of the Civil War, came from the South; but it was the West, with its wide skies and democratic simplicity, that gave us Lincoln.

Washington and Lincoln, our most beloved heroes, are our heritage from years of battle. Not, be it always remembered, because of warlike desires or warlike purposes, but for uprightness and strength and purity of motive, working through the impediment of war toward a goal of righteous peace. Washington, one of the richest Americans of his generation, and Lincoln, one of the poorest in that noble democratic army of high ideals and small fortunes, stand as American types in our two great crises, strangely alike and

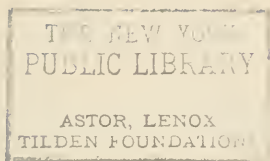
subtly different. Both were physically vigorous and commanding beyond ordinary men; both were benign of aspect; both "looked inward" in their search for truth. Both modestly underestimated their own abilities, Washington asserting that he was "not equal" to the command of the Continental Army, Lincoln saying that he was "not fit" to be President. Yet each accepted his task as a duty laid upon him, and pursued it fearlessly, growing in strength and wisdom to meet every need.

After all, our country is still very young. The national heart beats with the throb of youth; and with the answer of youth we have replied to the new call that has come to us from across the sea. "The instinct that sends a nation to battle is deeper than words or eloquence . . . and those who fight or send their sons to fight can say whether there is great difference between the drum-beat of '76 and '61 and '17." The call stirs not only emotions that leap forward, but echoes that reach back into our past. A centenarian, daughter of a soldier who fought under Washington and Lafayette, but herself not aged,—only "one hundred and one years young," as Edward Everett Hale would have said,—applied to the treasury on the first call for the privilege of buying a Liberty Bond. The gray-clad Con-

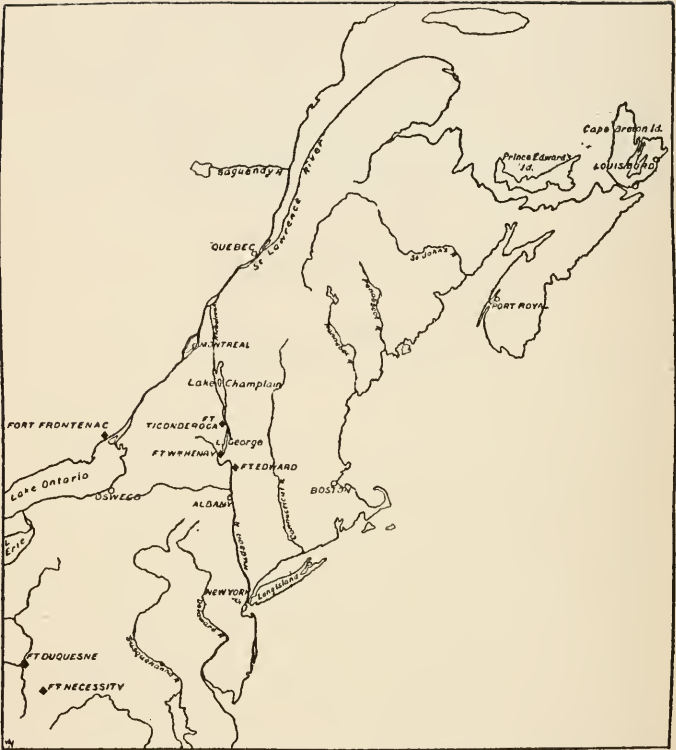
federate veterans, white-haired survivors of Lee's armies, who walked up Pennsylvania Avenue not many months ago, some of them with uncertain steps, but keeping step with survivors of the Grand Army of the Republic, did so through a blaze of national colors, British, Belgian, French, Italian, Russian, with their eyes upon one flag, the Stars and Stripes, and their desires outstripping their physical strength. How some of them envied their stalwart grandsons in khaki who marched in the same parade and were soon to brave the perils of the sea to fight in France!

Up to this time our country has profited to the utmost by the cruel kindness of war, but has never felt war's full horror. We have been scorched, but never burned, by its terrible flame. It is true that we twice suffered invasion; but only the edge of the land was touched. Portions of the South suffered greatly during the struggle over slavery, but as a whole the country knew little of war's physical horror or mental agony. It may be that dark days are ahead of us, that in this struggle upon which we have entered we are to taste a bitterness we have not known before. If this be so, we must remember that we have a great heritage of ideals and of opportunity. That gallant French saying, "Noblesse oblige,"

applies to nations as it does to individual persons. We have had our Washington; we have had our Lincoln. We have enjoyed blessings such as have been showered on no other people in recorded history. Our fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers were true to the wonderful trust put into their hands. We must and we shall be worthy of our country, and of them.



APPENDIX MAPS



THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS IN THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

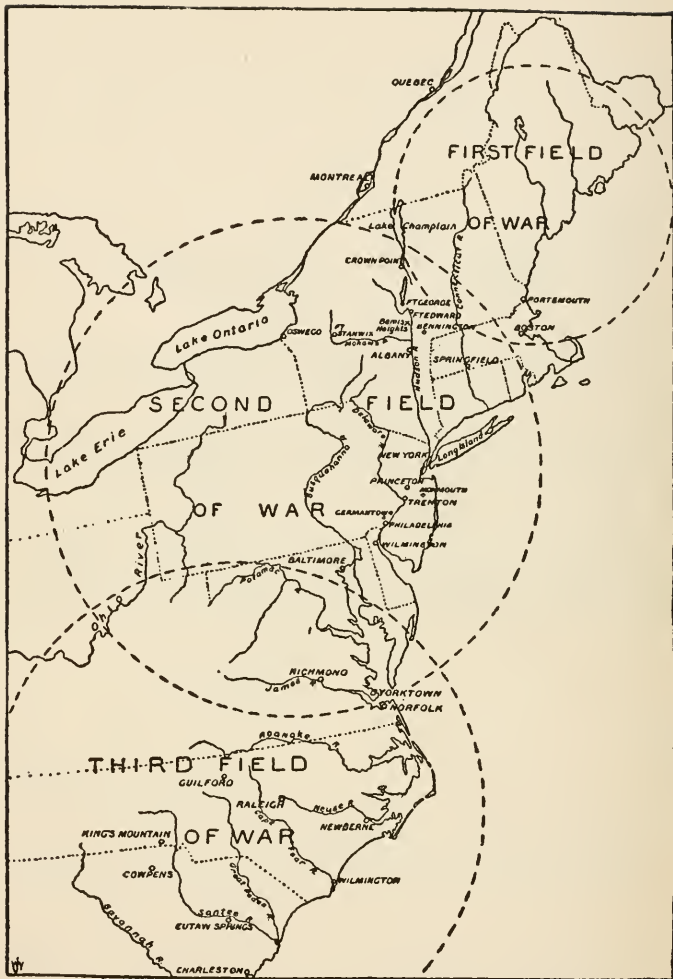
FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

TIME: Nine years, from 1755 to 1763

Effort of the French to strike down into the heart of the colonies by way of the St. Lawrence, Lake Champlain, Lake George, and the Hudson River.

· PRINCIPAL BATTLES: Braddock's Field, Lake George, Oswego, Fort William Henry, Ticonderoga, Louisburg, Fort Duquesne, Quebec.

PRINCIPAL GENERALS: *English*, Braddock, Forbes, Abercrombie, Amherst, Loudoun, Howe, Wolfe; *French*, Drucourt, Bougainville, Lévis, Montcalm.



THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

REVOLUTIONARY WAR

TIME: Seven years and six months, from 1775 to 1783.

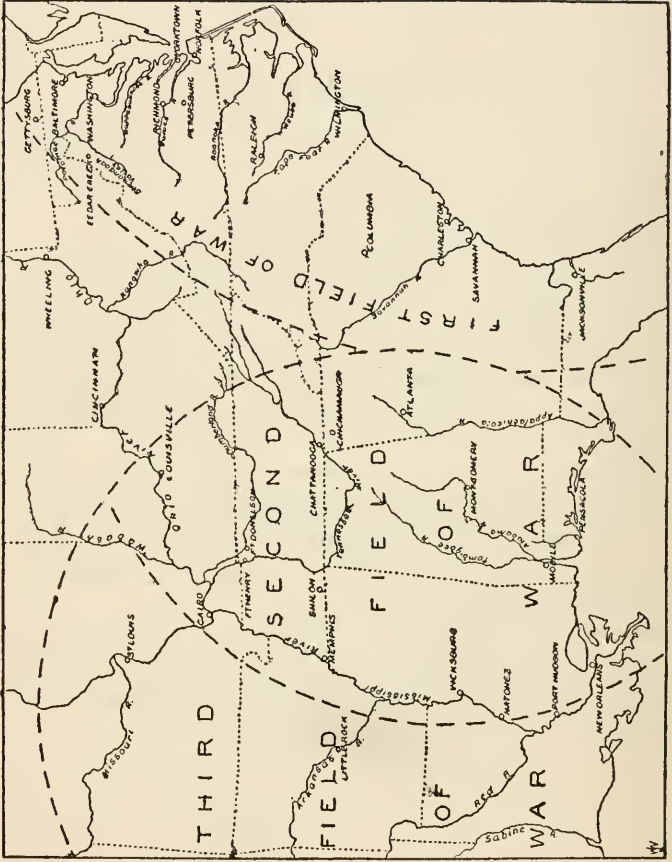
OPENING SCENES: New England.

MAIN STRUGGLE: New York, Delaware, New Jersey.

FINAL CAMPAIGN: Southern Colonies, ending in Virginia. England tried: first, to cut off New England from the rest; second, to cut colonies in two along the old route from St. Lawrence through Lake Champlain to the Hudson; third, to reconquer the South, colony by colony.

PRINCIPAL BATTLES: Lexington, Bunker Hill, Long Island, Trenton, Germantown, Brandywine, Bennington, Fort Stanwix, Saratoga, Monmouth Court House, Stony Point, Camden, King's Mountain, Cowpens, Guilford Court House, Yorktown.

PRINCIPAL GENERALS: *American*, Washington, Greene, Lincoln, Schuyler, Lafayette, Rochambeau, Von Steuben; *English*, Gage, Howe, Burgoyne, Clinton, Cornwallis.



THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS IN THE CIVIL WAR

THE CIVIL WAR

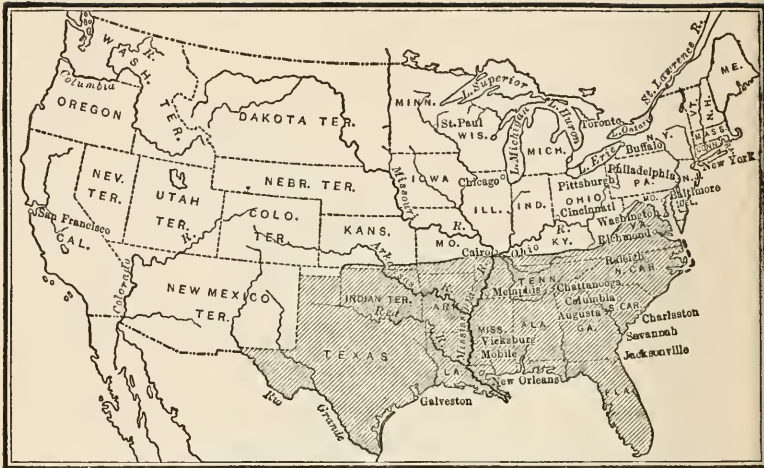
TIME: Four years, from 1861 to 1865.

OPERATIONS IN FIRST FIELD: To gain control of coast and establish blockade, capture Richmond, and vanquish Lee's army.

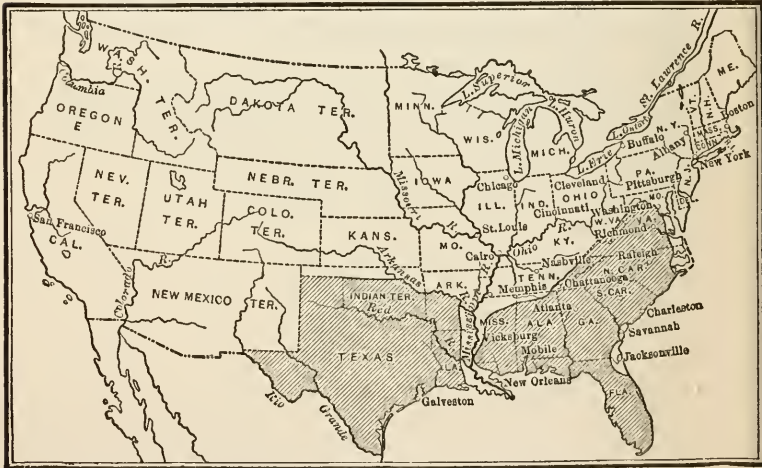
OPERATIONS IN SECOND AND THIRD FIELDS: Mainly to gain undisputed control of Mississippi.

PRINCIPAL BATTLES: Two battles of Bull Run, naval fight of *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, Shiloh, Yorktown, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Atlanta, Cedar Creek, Nashville, Five Forks.

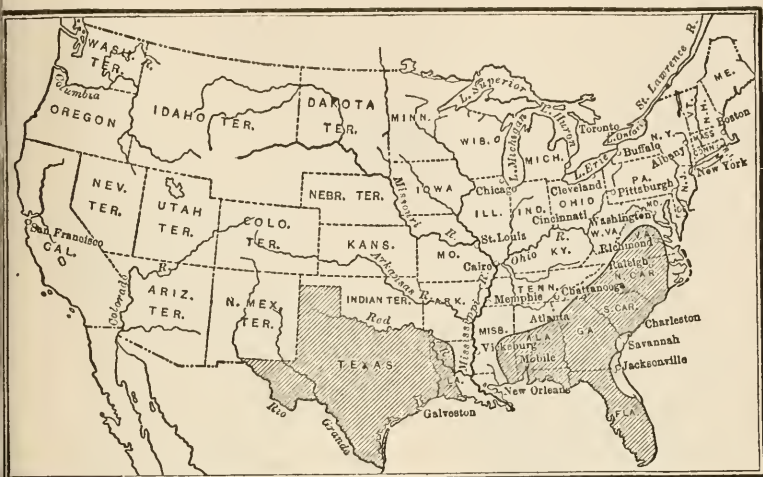
PRINCIPAL GENERALS: *Union*, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McClellan, Hooker, Meade, Thomas, Burnside, Halleck, Banks, Thomas; *Confederate*, Lee, Jackson, Pemberton, Early, Johnston, Pillow, Floyd.



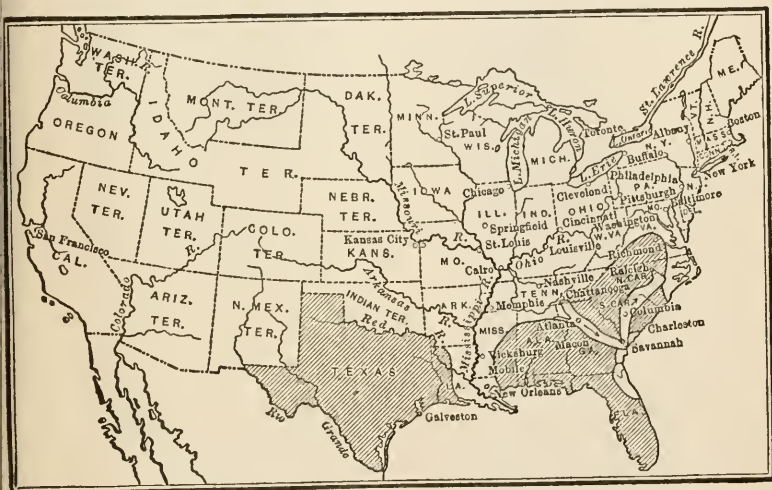
TERRITORY HELD BY THE CONFEDERATES AT THE CLOSE OF 1861



TERRITORY HELD BY THE CONFEDERATES AT THE CLOSE OF 1862



TERRITORY HELD BY THE CONFEDERATES AT THE CLOSE OF 1863



TERRITORY HELD BY THE CONFEDERATES AT THE CLOSE OF 1864

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